

THE



SIGN

A · NATIONAL · CATHOLIC · MAGAZINE

Maynard: Catholic Intellectual Freedom

Chesterton: Babies—Cats or Creations?

Belloc: The Protestant Domination

Gwynn: The French Catholic Press

Browne: Our Gregorian Calendar

Smalley: Snare of the Fowler

Griffiths: Gangplank to China

Henry: Playing with Fire

Duffy: "Joseph Taylor"

Dinnis: Merlac's Mirror

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THE SIGN

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE

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No Missionary Depression

IN spite of the hard times the missionary record of the Church in America has not been lowered. In the past year American missionaries (Priests, Brothers and Sisters) to the number of 122 extended their apostolic activities to widely distanced lands. The following summary is impressive:

MARYKNOLLERS (18)

Sixteen Priests and two Brothers made up the 1932 contingent to the Far East. Of these, 16 went to China and 2 to the Hawaiian Islands.

JESUITS (38)

To the Philippines: 6 Priests, 8 Scholastics and 1 Brother.

To British Honduras: 2 Priests.

To Jamaica, B.W.I.: 7 Priests, 1 Scholastic and 1 Brother.

To Patna Mission, India: 1 Priest and 2 Scholastics.

To China: 1 Priest and 2 Scholastics.

To Bagdad, Iraq: 4 Priests.

To Alaska: 2 Priests.

HOLY CROSS FATHERS (4)

Four Missionaries (3 Priests and 1 Brother) of the Congregation of the Holy Cross went to India from their Foreign Mission Seminary, Brookland, D. C.

HOLY GHOST FATHERS (3)

Three Priests of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost went to the Vicariate Apostolic of Kilimanjaro Tanganyika, Africa.

PASSIONISTS (5)

Five Priests of the Congregation of the Passion from the Eastern Province of the United States went to the American Prefecture of Hunan, China.

LA SALETTE MISSIONARIES (4)

Two Priests to Brazil.

Two Priests to the Mission of Sakalavia, Madagascar.

VINCENTIANS (8)

Eight Priests went to China: 4 from the Eastern U. S. Province to the Vicariate of Kanchow, Kiangsi; 4 from the Western U. S. Province to the Vicariate of Yu Kiang.

REDEMPTORISTS (2)

Two Priests were assigned to the mission headquarters at Matto Grosso, Brazil.

SOCIETY OF THE DIVINE WORD (7)

To the Philippines: 3 Priests.

To Indore, their new mission field in India: 3 Priests.

To Honan, China: 1 Priest.

FRANCISCANS (6)

Five Priests of the New York Province for the Shasi Mission, Hupeh, China. One Priest of the Cincinnati Province for the Vicariate of Wuchang.

MARYKNOLL SISTERS (12)

To China: 1.

To the Philippines: 1.

To the Hawaiian Islands: 10.

SISTERS OF MARY (5)

Five Sisters of the Third Order Regular of Mary went from Boston to the Marist Mission in Oceania.

HOLY GHOST SISTERS (4)

Four Missionary Sisters, Servants of the Holy Ghost, left Techny, Ill., for a new mission in Indore, India.

SISTERS OF CHARITY (2)

Two Sisters of Charity from Cincinnati went to St. Joseph's Hospital, Wuchang, China.

SISTERS OF THE HOLY NAMES (2)

The Sisters of the Holy Names, pioneer missionary nuns of the Northwest, entered the foreign mission field by sending two of their members to Kagoshima, Japan.

SISTERS OF THE HOLY CROSS (2)

Two Sisters of the Holy Cross from Brookland, D. C., went to the Dacca Mission in India.

SISTERS OF CHARITY (2)

Two Sisters of Charity from Mt. St. Vincent's, New York, went to the Prefecture of the Bahamas.

THE record is one that every enthusiastic American Catholic can well be proud of, but such Catholics will not be satisfied with giving these missionaries a measure of praise and admiration. They will realize that the various Religious Orders who are giving the personnel to the foreign missions are in need of more money than is at their command to educate and train future missionaries and to support the missionaries who are already actively engaged abroad. A good resolution for all Catholics during 1933 is to aid these missionaries by their continued prayers and alms.

Father Harold Purcell, C.P.

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THE SIGN



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CURRENT FACT *and* COMMENT

IN his Christmas message addressed directly to twenty-four Cardinals and radioed to the world, Pope Pius XI named the sources of his present sorrows and joys, and proclaimed a Holy

The Holy Father's Christmas Message

Year in celebration of the nineteen-hundredth anniversary of the Death of Our Lord Jesus Christ.

Among the sources of his sorrow he specified "those whose duration and gravity have made and still make more painful the most sad and iniquitous conditions for our holy religion, for its faithful, for its hierarchy in Spain, in Mexico and in Russia.

"No less dolorous is the sorrow caused us by the continuation of so many difficulties and so much distrust, of so many divisions and conflicts among peoples and States, not excepting the horrors of war and of civil war and consequent continuance if not worsening of a universal financial and economic crisis without precedent in history and in which what is most deeply felt and most painful is the suffering of the poor classes and of the workers, because they are the most needful and most worthy of the aid of social justice and Christian charity."

Among the causes of his joy he mentioned the great Eucharistic Congress in Dublin, the admirable development of the missions and missionary work in spite of the unheard-of world difficulties, the extension of Catholic Action not only in Europe, but throughout the world, and the signal examples of fidelity to the Faith—a fidelity frequently involving martyrdom—on the part of bishops, priests and the laity in countries now witnessing an active and virulent anti-God campaign. He expressed his gratitude for his success in effecting a Christmas truce between Paraguay and Bolivia. By implication he thanked Senator Marconi for the installation of the Vatican radio station through which he can communicate with all members of the Church, from Cardinals to mission catechists.

"And to the peoples let all our felicitations go out, and for the peoples all our incessant prayer to God; wishes and prayer for peace and tranquillity in the order of mutual confidence, for friendly relations, for greater extension of assistance where the need is greater, for sufficient remunerative work, for less troubled and less uncertain general conditions of life."



THE Holy Father ended his Christmas message with the proclamation of a Holy Year from April 2, 1933, to the same date 1934. "We have remaining quite another message for all our

The Holy Year: April, 1933—1934

dear sons in Christ, indeed, to all humanity, for all of whom Jesus Christ has paid the price of redemption and opened the fountains of grace so that all

might there slake their thirst and find life and the abundance of life.

"And we call to the attention of all the redeemed peoples the ineffable work of human redemption accomplished by Jesus Christ.

"Even more than a work and accumulation of Divine works it is most wonderful to consider it in its central culminating phase. Let us reflect an instant on the Last Supper, the institution of the Eucharist, the first communion, the initiation of the apostles into the priesthood, the passion, crucifixion and death of Jesus, Mary at the foot of the Cross made the mother of men, the Resurrection of Christ confirmed to the apostles the remission of sins, the primacy conferred on Peter, the ascension of Jesus into Heaven, the coming of the Holy Ghost, the triumphant beginning of the apostolic preaching.

"Of all these wonderful deeds, from which began the true renaissance of the world, this life and this Christian civilization, of which we are enjoying the mature fruits, the coming year 1933 is that which the common opinion of the faithful identifies unhesitatingly as the year 33 of the present era, with the year of the death of Jesus Christ, and maintains as we have had testimony from diverse directions that the centenary year is the nineteenth centenary.

"Science does not believe itself able to assert the contrary categorically, but even according to science (we have restudied to our best ability this difficult problem, we have interrogated authoritative specialists) the year 33 and year 30 are those upon which argument of greater probability if not of absolute certainty are fastened. Only a very weak probability remains for the year 34, however much supported by the great names of Bellarmine, saint and doctor of the church, and of the great Baronio, father of ecclesiastical history. To men, to the redeemed, living today, there remains only the coming year 1933 to celebrate authentically the centenary of the death of the Lord and of His above-mentioned cycle of Divine deeds which crown it.

"And to this observance we invite from today, from this moment on, all men redeemed in the blood of Jesus Christ, blood which the Catholic Church, and she alone, preserves uncorruptible and uncorrupted with all the fruits of grace and of supernatural life which germinate and mature in it even from her first days and throughout the centuries down to our time and with the Divine promise of eternal fruitfulness. What centenary more grandiose?

"What benefits greater than those which it brings? What centenary celebration more dutiful? It is particularly dutiful for us and our generation, since to celebrate centenaries had become almost a fashion, and for this reason necessarily embraces subjects and events of very questionable dignity and grandeur. Is our observance less dutiful owing to the uncertainty of the year? But the uncertainty of the year does not take away the certainty and infinite greatness of the benefits received by all of us. If the men of 2033 shall have arrived through new discoveries and calculations at a certainty as to one of the years in question, they will have known how to do their duty; we must satisfy ours.

"For this reason a dutiful and beneficent observance is desired

by very many men, and it will be no slight benefit that the world should not hear any longer and practically not talk about conflicts, antagonisms, lack of confidence, armaments and disarmaments, damages and reparations, debts and payments, moratoriums and insolvencies, economic and financial interests, individual miseries and social miseries, that it should not only not hear these notes but instead those of high spirituality and of a strong recall to the life and interests of souls, of the dignities and preciousness of these souls in the blood and grace of Christ, of the fraternity of all men divinely united in the same blood, of the saving mission of the Church toward humanity, of all other holy thoughts and holy elevations which cannot disassociate themselves from the Divine deeds which will be the object of this centenary, however little attention the spirit pays them.

"And in order that our celebration consist not in fleeting acts, and that to all souls, even the busiest, find time and manner for profiting from it to the necessary extent, we dispose that the celebration itself take place during an entire year, a year which from now on we proclaim a holy jubilee, so that the celebration may gain the greatest possible value in prayer, expiation, propitiation, holy indulgences and reform of life.

"Of all this our days have such particular need in the midst of so many tribulations, in so much forgetfulness of the eternal, in so much paganism which pervades life, in so much pursuit of pleasure, of worldly things and of money which is abused in one way and another.

"To take into account on one hand the probabilities, however slight, with reference to the year 34 and on the other to give the necessary time to the episcopacy, to the clergy and to the faithful for the opportune, in fact necessary, preparation, we dispose that the announced year of holy jubilee run from April 2, 1933, Passion Sunday, until April 2, 1934.

"We shall direct our attention with the beginning of the new year to the publication of the documents and instructions to be used.

"May the good God bless our holy intentions and those of all the sons of the great family entrusted to us by Him, even as we bless in your name all present and absent, near and far."



IF one is still optimistic enough to doubt that America is sick, perhaps a glance at a certain national item of ours will prove an eye-opener. The investment of the U. S. A. in hospitals amounts

Our Hospital Bill: A Suggestion

to \$4,000,000,000, and the yearly maintenance to \$900,000,000. Plainly all is not well with America. And the irony is that, with all our supposed shrewdness, we pay more for ill-health than for anything else. One would really think that we enjoy it! At any rate, we are much too fond of the things that secure and assure it; and for these we seem to hold that no price comes too high.

The result is that we keep doctors and nurses hale and affluent, while our own systems have high blood-pressure and our bank-accounts anæmia. With a little more moral grip, our national health might be a whole lot better. Such folk as are good-for-nothing usually have to pay well, in the long run, for the distinction and—extinction; and generally it is those whose character includes self-control that elude the scalpel and can laugh at prescriptions.

America has had too little control; hence her hospital expenses, increasing by leaps and bounds.

Would it not be economy, then, to practise Christianity, which inspires, as much as it sanctifies, restraint? Better souls would largely mean better bodies; and better bodies would require fewer hospitals; and few hospitals, in these hard times, would return to

us not a little of that amazing sum which, year after year, we have had to invest in ways and means of combating and curing the physical effects of our folly.



PROFESSOR EMIL GUMBEL was recently expelled from the University of Heidelberg because of an alleged insult to German patriotism. His offence, if any, was unique. According to his accusers, he had declared that "a turnip is better than a war monument."

Bread and Bricks: Professor Gumbel

Whether he said it or not (and he maintains he didn't), there must be any number of human-beings at present who agree with the sentiment. When folk are hungry, a fat general sitting on a horse, or a muse on a tip-toe offering to the air an inedible harp or a sheaf of floral bricks, is of zero inspiration. Just now, men want jobs and bread; and monumental stones seem a strange item on a national bill-of-fare. Such things might well wait.

It will ever be true, as the Supreme Teacher stressed, that "not in bread alone doth man live." Ideals and enthusiasms must be fed, even as the stomach. But neither stomach nor soul can digest stones; and expensive monuments, unveiled in the face of a harried, hungry people, seem about as appropriate as a tight-rope walker performing at a funeral.

Professor Emil Gumbel, if he said what he is said to have said, was wrong. Sometimes a turnip is not better than a statue "adorned by scantily clad ladies." It is *much* better.

Governments may yet find that out.



IN its issue of December 9, *The Banner*, organ of the Christian Reformed Church, has an article, "The Religious World," by the Rev. E. J. Tanis. Practically two-thirds of it are devoted quotations from *THE SIGN*, October issue. A lengthy comment is made on the series of articles by Hilaire Belloc now appearing in *THE SIGN*. The first

Mr. Tanis Pays an Unconscious Tribute

part of the article is devoted to a reprint of a question letter concerning a book about Purgatory, and our statement of the Church's teaching as set forth by the Council of Trent. Mr. Tanis comments: "These statements in a high-class Catholic magazine in the year 1932, plainly indicate that there remains an impassible chasm between a genuine Protestantism and a never-changing Romanism. Rome may adapt her practices in some measure to new situations, but *her essential doctrines remain the same.*" Note the words which we have italicized. What a tribute to the consistent teaching of the Church, and all the more impressive because not intended. We have read something similar in the writings of St. Paul: "Jesus Christ, yesterday, today, the same forever."



AFTER we had gone to press with our December issue containing Dennis Gwynn's enlightening article, "Ten Years of Mussolini," we came across a letter from an Anglican clergyman

A Non-Catholic Sees the New Italy

to the *Church Times* of London. Writing of "The New Italy," he notes the extraordinary revival of religion both in public and private, and continues: "Neither would that section of your readers who are especially interested in social reform be unwilling to learn more of the immense social progress among the industrial and agricultural proletariat, which has accompanied this spiritual change of heart. They would surely be glad to learn of the very great

improvement in public education, of which the inclusion of religious instruction during school hours is but one item. They might be interested to hear of the amazing work that has been done for the physical, as well as the spiritual welfare of Italian children during the last few years; of the great summer settlements by the seaside for those brought up in great cities; of the maternity homes provided for the mothers of the people; of the splendid organization of 'After Work,' giving healthy and educational pastime for the leisure hours."



WITH appropriate liturgical services the Missionary Society of St. Paul the Apostle—commonly called the Paulist Fathers—will celebrate the Diamond Jubilee of their foundation, from

The Paulists: Their Foundation and Work

January 15 to the feast of the Conversion of St. Paul, January 25.

The society is the only Religious Order of men indigenous to the United States. It was established in 1858 by Fathers Isaac Thomas Hecker, Augustine F. Hewitt, Francis A. Baker, Clarence A. Walworth and George Deshon. All these were American converts to the Faith and had formerly been members of the Redemptorist Order, from which they have been legitimately released by the direct authority of Pope Pius IX, who had himself suggested to Father Hecker the formation of a new society.

"The new society," says Father James M. Gillis, the distinguished Editor of *The Catholic World*, "reflected in some degree the character of the land in which it was born, just as other religious orders show in their constitutions and customs the ethos of the social and political world in which they first appeared. Some rules are reminiscent of monarchy, others of feudalism or imperialism. Naturally an American society shows indications of the influence of democracy. Has it not been said that an Italian artist paints an Italian Madonna, a French artist a French Madonna, a Saxon or a Flemish artist a Saxon or a Flemish Madonna, though one and all aim to represent the same Immaculate Mother? So, Catholicism in France doubtless shows certain Gallic characteristics, in Italy it reflects the Italian nature, and it is not hard to discover in religious orders of German origin certain marks of the Teuton temperament.

"This of course is not to say that the Catholicism of one land or of one race is essentially different from that of another. Catholic faith is *semper eadem*, forever substantially the same in all parts of the world and among all peoples. But though the substance and essence of the faith once delivered to the saints must, under penalty of ceasing to be the faith and becoming heresy, remain inviolably the same, the Church has never thought it necessary that Catholicism should be cast in any one national or racial mold. Indeed, it may be said, on the contrary, that the very notion of Catholicism is hostile to the infliction of the idiosyncrasies of one people upon another. The Romans, from whom the Church adopted much of her jurisprudence and from whom in the human sphere she learned the art of government, made no attempt to compel Greeks and Asiatics and Africans to conform to the customs and modes of thought of the inhabitants of the Capital City or of the Italian peninsula. So, the Catholic Church has countenanced very considerable, though non-essential, modifications of religious custom in India, China and Africa. There is therefore no compulsion upon Americans to accept the political or racial peculiarities of Europeans as a *sine qua non* of being or becoming Catholics.

"The spirit of the Paulist congregation has been from the beginning consciously and purposely American and, in the broad sense, democratic."

For the past seventy-five years the Paulists have labored with remarkable success in giving missions to Catholics and non-Catholics in the United States and Canada. Two of their mem-

bers, Father Walter Elliott and Alexander Doyle, organized in 1902 the Catholic Missionary Union, and established the Apostolic Mission House in Washington to train secular priests for conducting missions to non-Catholics. In 1917 Father Bertrand Conway established the Catholic Unity League whose ten thousand members maintain a free library and supply funds for spreading Catholic literature to all parts of the world. His splendid volume, *The Question Box*, has had a circulation of almost three million copies.

From their beginning the Paulists have been constant and enthusiastic apostles of the Press. *The Catholic World* was started in 1865, and has continued uninterrupted publication ever since, in spite of the fact that year after year it involves a deficit of large sums. For three generations it has been an outstanding "quality" periodical, bringing to the reading public the best thought of the leading Catholic writers at home and in Europe. *The Missionary* is the official organ of the Catholic Missionary Union. The Paulist Press in New York has produced millions of books and pamphlets, on a variety of subjects, many of which are distributed gratis.

The Paulists have never been a large community. At present they number eighty-four priests and about one hundred and twenty students preparing for the priesthood. May the great work they have done in the past seventy-five years be but a slight indication of the magnificent results they will accomplish when, with greater financial means and increased vocations, their specific apostolate will catch the imagination of American Catholics. *Ad multos plurimosque annos!*



TO the Most Rev. Neil McNeil, the venerable and scholarly Archbishop of Toronto, on his speedy recovery from recent injuries. ¶To Cornelius McGillicuddy (Connie Mack) on his

Toasts Within the Month

seventieth birthday. ¶To the Paulist Fathers on the Diamond Jubilee of the founding of the Congregation of St. Paul the Apostle. ¶To the 12,019 in England and Wales who were received into the Church during 1932. ¶To the Rev. Daniel F. Desmond of West Somerville, Mass., on his appointment to the See of Alexandria, La. ¶To the Archbishop, the clergy, and faithful of the Archdiocese of New Orleans on the establishment of *Catholic Action in the South*, a monthly publication, under the able management of Joseph Quinn. ¶To Gov. A. Harry Moore, of New Jersey, on his refusal to extradite to Georgia the author of "I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang." ¶To *La Croix*, the French Catholic daily newspaper on the occasion of its Golden Jubilee. (See "The Catholic Press of France" by Denis Gwynn, pages 365-367.) ¶To all Poles at home and abroad on the dedication of a statue of the Sacred, erected by public subscription, as a national thank offering for the independence of Poland. The statue stands in Liberty Square, Poznan, on the spot formerly occupied by a statue of Bismarck. ¶To Cardinal Pietro Gasparri, whose monument is the codification of the New Code of Canon, on the Silver Jubilee of his elevation to the Sacred College. ¶To Edouard Herriot on losing the Premiership of France in pleading for the payment of the French debt to the United States: "You are overthrowing me—so be it! I accept my fate, defending the interest of my country to honor its signature." ¶To the House of Representatives on passing the Philippine Freedom bill. ¶To *The New York Times* on its drive in behalf of The Hundred Neediest Cases. ¶To Dr. Harry M. Warren, founder of the National Save-a-Life League, who has interviewed 2,000 persons contemplating suicide and dissuaded most of them. ¶To Archbishop McNicholas, on his virile and striking address to the American Federation of Labor, in Cincinnati. To the Trustees of the Phelps Stokes Fund on the work they have done for the Negroes during the past twenty years of their stewardship.

CATEGORICA

Edited by N. M. LAW

ON THINGS IN GENERAL AND QUITE LARGELY A MATTER OF QUOTATION

THE SEAMLESS ROBE

Mary Brent Whiteside in the New York "Times":

THE fir trees in the Christmas street
Bear lighted garlands as before,
Of gold and green, and some repeat
The blue that Mary wore.
And there are stars and tinsel stuff,
But, Lord, there is not bread enough!
We need, through all the suffering globe,
The mercy of the seamless robe.
What did they learn of old, who saw
A young head pillowed in the straw?
Beyond the ecstasy of wings,
What was the vision of the kings?

Somewhere the world has blundered; in what fashion
Would He reward us, who may not forget
The garden of the vigil and the passion,
And the long road to Olivet?
Far have we wandered from the Holy City, yet
Something at last returns of His,
The ancient, lost simplicities!
We learn again what Mary knew,
Weaving the linen and the wool
(For Him the white, for her the blue),
How common things are beautiful!
So, fingers stitch the quiet seams
That knit realities with dreams.

Thus He returns, who will not be
Clothed in mortality.
And men shall say, that have no song:
"The road was long!"

ONE MAN'S FINANCIAL CAREER

IN "Literary Lapses" Stephen Leacock describes his first and last experience with a checkbook:

When I go into a bank, I get rattled. The clerks rattle me; the wickets rattle me; the sight of money rattles me; everything rattles me.

The moment I cross the threshold of a bank and attempt to transact business there, I become an irresponsible idiot.

I knew this beforehand, but my salary had been raised to \$50 a month and I felt that the bank was the only place for it.

So I shambled in and looked timidly round at the clerks. I had an idea that a person about to open an account must needs consult the manager.

I went up to a wicket marked "Accountant." The accountant was a tall, cool devil. The very sight of him rattled me. My voice was sepulchral.

"Can I see the manager?" I said, and added solemnly, "alone." I don't know why I said "alone."

"Certainly," said he accountant, and fetched him.

The manager was a grave, calm man. I held \$56 clutched in a crumpled ball in my pocket.

"Are you the manager?" I said. God knows I didn't doubt it.

"Yes," he said.

"Can I see you," I asked, "alone?" I didn't want to say "alone" again, but without it the thing seemed self-evident.

The manager looked at me in some alarm. He felt that I had an awful secret to reveal. "Come in here," he said, and led the

way to a private room. He turned the key in the lock. "We are safe from interruption here," he said; "sit down."

We both sat down and looked at each other solemnly. I found no voice to speak.

"You are one of Pinkerton's men, I presume," he said.

He had gathered from my mysterious manner that I was a detective. I knew what he was thinking, and it made me worse.

"No, not from Pinkerton's," I said, seeming to imply that I came from a rival agency.

"To tell the truth," I went on, as if I had been prompted to lie about it, "I am not a detective at all. I have come to open an account. I intend to keep all my money in this bank."

The manager looked relieved, but still serious; he concluded now that I was a son of Baron Rothschild or a young Gould.

"A large account, I suppose," he said.

"Fairly large," I whispered. "I propose to deposit \$56 now and \$50 a month regularly."

The manager got up and opened the door. He called to the accountant.

"Mr. Montgomery," he said unkindly loud, "this gentleman is opening an account, he will deposit \$56. Good-morning."

I rose.

A big iron door stood open at the side of the room.

"Good-morning," I said, and stepped into the safe.

"Come out," said the manager coldly, and showed me the other way.

I went up to the accountant's wicket and poked the ball of money at him with a quick convulsive movement as if I were doing a conjuring trick.

My face was ghastly pale.

"Here," I said, "deposit it." The tone of the words seemed to mean, "Let us do this painful thing while the fit is on us."

He took the money and gave it to another clerk.

He made me write the sum on a slip and sign my name in a book. I no longer knew what I was doing. The bank swam before my eyes.

"Is it deposited?" I asked in a hollow, vibrating voice.

"It is," said the accountant.

"Then I want to draw a check."

My idea was to draw out six dollars of it for present use. Someone gave me a check-book through a wicket and someone else began telling me how to write it out. The people in the bank had the impression that I was an invalid millionaire. I wrote something on the check and thrust it in at the clerk. He looked at it.

"What! are you drawing it all out again?" he asked in surprise. Then I realized that I had written 56 instead of six. I was too far gone to reason now. I had a feeling that it was impossible to explain the thing. All the clerks had stopped writing to look at me.

Reckless with misery, I made a plunge. "Yes, the whole thing."

"You withdraw your money from the bank?"

"Every cent of it."

"Are you not going to deposit any more?" said the clerk astonished.

"Never."

An idiot hope struck me that they might think something had insulted me while I was writing the check and that I had changed my mind. I made a wretched attempt to look like a man with a fearfully quick temper.

The clerk prepared to pay the money.

"How will you have it?" he said.

"What?"

"How will you have it?"

"Oh"—I caught his meaning and answered without even trying to think—"in fifties."

He gave me a fifty-dollar bill.
 "And the six?" he asked dryly.
 "In sixes," I said.
 He gave it me and I rushed out.
 As the big door swung behind me, I caught the echo of a roar of laughter that went up to the ceiling of the bank. Since then I bank no more. I keep my money in cash in my trousers pocket and my savings in silver dollars in a sock.

REINCARNATION

Violet Alleyn Storey in "The New York Times":

LO, He is born again unto all mothers
 In their children—Jesus, the Christmas Child!
 Though Peter-in-man, though Judas-in-man may later
 Deny and betray Him, He comes undefiled!

Lo, He is born, a Child unto the childless
 Who bear toward little children hungering love—
 The babe-bereft, the barren and the spinster,
 His is the cradle these may dream above.

Lo, He is born again in a dark manger!
 Again He is sleeping on the dusty hay;
 And again the world grows luminous with star-shine
 And softly fragrant as a garden in May!

CATHOLICS IN JAIL

FATHER McCaffrey's article contributed to the "Commonweal" is thus summarized, with comment by "Time," the newsmagazine:

A frequent question to Roman Catholic churchmen is: why so great a proportion of Catholics in prison populations? In last week's issue of *The Commonweal*, urbane Catholic weekly, was a reply by Father John P. McCaffrey, Roman Catholic chaplain at Sing Sing. Chief point: prison populations mirror the localities upon which they draw. Father McCaffrey demonstrates by a section in Massachusetts, as follows:

Religion	Reformatory Population	General Population
Catholic	66.3%	66.4%
Protestant	28.6	25.6
Jewish	3.9	6.7
Others	1.2	1.7

A survey of Missouri and Michigan State Prisons showed the Catholic percentage about 13% or 14%. A Tennessee penitentiary in the mountains had no Catholics at all several years ago, which corresponds roughly with the district it serves. In Sing Sing this year the percentage of Catholics is 50%, an increase of 10% over last year, with 855 Catholics, 518 Protestants, 177 Jews, 20 Christian Scientists, 8 agnostics, 2 Mohammedans, 1 Buddhist.

Chaplain McCaffrey thinks that most men in prison gave up practicing their faith before they were sentenced. Of people who blame crime on environment, heredity, and physical factors he says: "They are willing to put the responsibility . . . anywhere and everywhere except on the shoulders of the men who break the laws, and that is where it belongs. . . . It is not the Church that has failed, but the man who did the crime."

Other reasons adduced by Chaplain McCaffrey for Catholics being in prison: many are of races "addicted to the use of knife and pistol"; many are from the slums. Also, "a Catholic has more temptations because of the strict moral code that his Church holds him to, and especially in our complicated social structure where his economic conditions throw him into conflict with the laws protecting property . . . 70% of the men in Sing Sing are here because of . . . stealing in its various forms."

Many a Catholic, says Father McCaffrey, is ignorant as to the

church's teaching on the sacrament of Penance, which requires genuine sorrow rooted in an "intellectual appreciation" of sin and a firm purpose of amendment as well as simple confession. Many a non-Catholic misunderstands Penance, too; Catholics go to prison because they believe confession excuses their crimes and ends the matter. Not cited in Father McCaffrey's article is the fact that Catholics in prison are more publicized than non-Catholics because their priests do something about them. Nobody hears about the religious views of a Methodist criminal. But a Catholic makes copy, as when Francis ("Two-Gun") Crowley, killer of Patrolman Frederick Hirsch, refused meat on the Friday before his execution (*Time*, Feb. 1).

PERSONALITY DEFINED IN ANECDOTE

OLD-TIMERS in Idaho tell a story about U. S. Senator William E. Borah when he first opened a law office in Boise. A certain Jim Lusk heard a big French-Canadian say something nasty about a lady, and at once walloped him with a 14-inch spanner. The French-Canadian was dragged off to die.

Up until the close of the trial, things were going badly for Lawyer Borah and his client, Jim Lusk. The complainant had not died; in fact, he was in court—a prodigious man away over six feet tall and weighing more than 250. Mr. Lusk was a mere stripling by comparison—five feet nine, and 160 pounds.

The victim of Mr. Lusk's gallant wrath was demanding a lot of money for his injuries. Probably the most dismal of the man's hurts was that ever since that spanner met his skull he "was sick in his brain and could not remember nothing." On the witness stand he bravely demonstrated his inability to remember; his memory served him only to the extent that he recalled readily that he had never said an unkind thing about any human being, least of all a lady.

Then came Lawyer Borah to cross-examine. "Stand up," he roared; and the gigantic plaintiff arose. "Stand beside him," said Lawyer Borah to his client, Mr. Lusk. And there they stood—David and Goliath.

"Now show us," said Bill Borah to Jim Lusk, "just how you would strike a giant high on the head with a wrench."

And he produced from his pocket a very small bicycle wrench which he thrust into Mr. Lusk's hand. Before Mr. Lusk could demonstrate, the huge French-Canadian bellowed; "But that is not the wrench he hit me with."

"So?" cried Lawyer Borah. "Tell us about it."

"It was 14 inches long. Many times have I seen it in Jim Lusk's—"

"But your memory, your memory," purred Lawyer Borah. "Remember your memory." The jury turned Jim Lusk loose in three minutes.—Walter Davenport in *Collier's*.

WHEN Lady Blessington lived in Dublin, it was part of her duty to go about the city and visit among the people, just to keep their good-will toward the government. One day she passed a group of men digging a drain. One of the men was leaning against the wall, with his pipe in his mouth. When she approached, he removed the pipe, doffed his hat, bowed low and made this request: "Your leddyship, might I be so bold as to ask ye for the honor of lighting my poipe wid the spark from your pretty eye."—*Saturday Night* (London).

A NEW career starts for Madame Schumann-Heink, whose years in opera, concerts, and in the soldiers' training camps during the Great War are in the memory of all. Now she is doing a four-a-day vaudeville, singing her best, and making no apologies and asking no sympathy.

According to Madame Schumann-Heink: "Some women in New York said, 'This is terrible!' or else, behind my back, 'What a come-down! From grand opera to vaudeville.'"

"I said, 'You! You have rich husbands. And your husbands are jumping out of ten-story windows, these days. That is a come-down, hah?'"

"I make my living, and it isn't just because I am Schumann-Heink. I sing my best. And the people who hear me like it. It is a new world for me. Imagine an old lady of seventy-one years going over like that. And just starting in. Great, eh?"—*Literary Digest*.

AN ENGLISH lady bought a lovely watch in Rome and paid £35 for it. Proud of her buy, she took it to a London shop to have it appraised before insuring it. The jeweler told her the watch might be worth a pound, but no great bargain at that.

Enraged, the English lady could think of only one thing to do. She sat down and wrote direct to Mussolini, telling of the deception and adding bitterly that she didn't think ruling such a people was anything to brag about. In a couple of weeks back came a letter from *Il Duce* apologizing for the incident, hoping that the lady didn't really judge all his countrymen by the one bad example she met, and enclosing his own check for the amount of £34.

A couple of weeks later the lady got another letter from Italy—but it wasn't from Signor Mussolini. It was from the brigand who had sold her the watch. The government, he said, had closed down his shop, fined him, and was about to escort him to jail to do a six months' stretch. Would the lady please intercede?

The lady, very much awed, decided that she wouldn't.—*Fortune*.

TRANSATLANTICA: FROM "THE SEVEN SEAS"

THERE has been installed in the London Zoo an automatic sea-lion feeder which is expected to do great things for sea-lion fanciers; you stick a sixpence in a slot, and whammo, off goes a siren, whereupon the sea lions take up strategic positions to catch the fish which come flying out of an automatic trap in the middle of the pond.

SOME years ago a gentleman named Lipos Tichin became seriously upset at the thought of thousands of natives of the continent of Africa going about with practically nothing on, and he decided to do something about it. As a result, today he is known as the Old Clothes King of Europe, with a main office in London and branches in Tunis, Algiers, Madagascar, and so on, from which his agents move about the warm countries swapping the discarded dinner jackets of Paris, London and Berlin for furs, ivory, gold, and crocodile skins. Mr. Tichin, who is of Greek origin, was recently interviewed in the course of a little purchasing foray to Budapest. He says, when urged, that so far as the 1932 African is concerned, formal English afternoon clothes seem to be most in demand.

THERE seems to be absolutely no limit to the surprises you can get from the present-day Paris taxi driver. A friend of ours wanted to go one evening to a certain Parisian address, and instructed the taxi man how to get there. At the crucial point the chauffeur took the Rue Chateaubriand when he should have taken the Rue Balzac. Our friend protested. "Bah," said the driver. "What difference does it make? They're both Romanticists."

TALK OF THE TOWN

Excerpts from "The New Yorker"

HORSES, SWEETENED

A GENTLEMAN who was living in New Jersey this summer was startled to see a sign on the Forest Hill Riding Academy which is near Newark, reading: "Scented Saddle Horses for Hire." Startled? He almost lost his grip on himself. He had

to pass the place several times a week, and always there was the sign. It said "scented horses"; all doubt was finally removed from his mind. In the end, he stopped his car and went in and asked the Forest Hill stables for an explanation. The boss explained happily. Near by is a cosmetics manufactory in which, at one time or another, a good deal of shaving cream is wasted. The tubes bust. The Riding Academy buys it up for little or nothing and shampoos its horses with it. Leaves them with a pleasant, rather exotic fragrance, and surprised expressions. The customers like it.

SERVICE

OUR record of the little battles between humans and their machines has been lengthened by a little story about a refrigerator. The people who had sold the refrigerator received a call from its owner, asking them to hurry right around and make some sort of adjustment. The thing was, the owner reported to the service man, eating its head off. It was using enough electric current to run a machine shop. The service man looked at the electric bills, before and after, and agreed that, indeed, something was radically wrong. He inspected the ice-box carefully. Everything was fine. He went over the wiring. Nothing wrong. He went over a lot of things with no result. Then he sat down and looked at the machine, reproachfully. While he was so engaged, the colored cook came in and he idly asked her how she liked her new refrigerator.

"I likes it fine," she assured him, "jes fine. I leaves the door open and she cools the whole kitchen noble."

NEW FLAVOR

AS EVERYBODY who has read *The Good Earth* knows, the Chinese are great on garlic. They go around with pieces of it, nibbling it now and then, much as an Occidental will smoke a cigarette. This strange addiction of the Oriental to the controversial vegetable gave two Americans, a Mr. Jacobson and a Mr. Spunt (Spunt is right), a Big Million-Dollar Idea once. It was nothing less than this: to make a chewing gum with a garlic flavor, introduce it in China, and buy yachts and other luxuries with the profits. There were four hundred million untapped Chinamen. Think of it! Why, Wrigley had become a multimillionaire with only a quarter that many potential customers.

Teetering with the vastness of their project, the Messrs. Jacobson and Spunt sought out the firm of Weisberg & Greenwald, consulting chemists. Could a chewing gum be made with a garlic flavor? Weisberg & Greenwald were at first dazed by the proposition but said finally they thought it could be done. Within a short time—eureka!—they succeeded in producing a chewing gum, garlic flavor, although in the process they had had some complaints from their landlord about odors permeating their floor, and other floors of the building. Jacobson and Spunt were overjoyed and immediately ordered several pounds of it. Weisburg & Greenwald bought two quarts of oil of garlic (the equivalent in odor of about two tons of the vegetable natural) and, using only a small fraction of it, made up the initial order. With this, Jacobson and Spunt set off jubilantly to China. Weisberg & Greenwald got a couple of gay postals from them en route. The last came from an Oriental port. The Messrs. Jacobson and Spunt were about to begin the conversion of the Chinese, millions were in sight! That was the last Weisberg & Greenwald ever heard of the Messrs. Jacobson and Spunt. Several years have gone by, silent years.

Weisberg & Greenwald still have almost two quarts of oil of garlic, tightly sealed. They've been afraid to open it and pour it down the sink because of the building superintendent. If you know anybody who could use it, he could buy it pretty cheap.

BABIES: CATS OR CREATIONS?

By G. K. Chesterton

IF THERE is no authority in things which Christendom has called moral, then the Eugenists are free to treat men as we treat animals. They need not palter with the stale and timid compromise and convention called Birth-Control. The obvious course for them is to act towards babies as they act towards kittens. Let all the babies be born; and then let us drown those we do not like. Until I see a real pioneer and progressive leader coming out with a good bold scientific program for drowning babies I will not join the movement.

I HOPE it is not a secret arrogance to say that I do not think I am exceptionally arrogant; or if I were, my religion would at least prevent my being proud of my pride.

Nevertheless, for those of Catholic philosophy, there is a very terrible temptation to intellectual pride, in the welter of wordy and worthless philosophies that surround us today.

Yet there are not many things that move me to anything like a personal contempt.

I do not feel any contempt for an atheist; who is often a man limited and constrained by his own logic to a very sad simplification.

I do not feel any contempt for a Bolshevik; who is a man driven to the same negative simplification by a revolt against very positive wrongs.

But there is one type of person for whom I feel what I can only call contempt. And that is the popular propagandist of what he or she absurdly describes as Birth-Control.

I DESPISE Birth-Control first because it is a weak and wobbly and cowardly word. It is also an entirely meaningless word, and is used so as to curry favor even with those who would at first recoil from its real meaning.

The proceeding these quack doctors recommend does not control any birth. It only makes sure that there shall never be any birth to control. It cannot, for instance, determine sex; or even make any

selection in the style of the pseudo-science of Eugenics.

Normal people can only act so as to produce birth; and these people can only act so as to prevent birth. But these people know perfectly well that they dare not write the plain words Birth-Prevention in any one of the hundred places where they write the hypocritical word Birth-Control.

They know as well as I do that the very word Birth-Prevention would strike a chill into the public, the instant it was blazoned on headlines or proclaimed on platforms, or scattered in advertisements like any other quack medicine.

They dare not call it by its name; because its name is very bad advertising. Therefore they use a conventional unmeaning word; which may make the quack medicine sound more innocuous.

S ECOND, I despise Birth-Control because it is a weak and wobbly and cowardly thing. It is not even a step along the muddy road they call Eugenics; it is a flat refusal to take the first and most obvious step along the road of Eugenics.

Once grant that their philosophy is right, and their course of action is obvious; yet they dare not take it; they dare not even declare it.

If there is no authority in things which Christendom has called moral, because their origins were mystical, then they are clearly free to ignore all difference between animals and men; and treat men as we treat animals.

They need not palter with the stale and timid compromise and convention called Birth-Control. Nobody applies it to the cat.

The obvious course of Eugenists is to act towards babies as they act towards kittens. Let all the babies be born; and then let us drown those we do not like.

I cannot see any objection to it; except the moral or mystical sort of objection that we advance against Birth-Prevention. And that would be real and even reasonable Eugenics; for we could then select the best, or at least the healthiest, and sacrifice what are called the unfit.

By the weak compromise of Birth-Prevention we are very probably sacrificing the fit and only producing the unfit. The births we prevent may be the births of the best and most beautiful children; those we allow, the weakest or worst.

Indeed, it is probable; for the habit discourages the early parentage of young and vigorous people; and lets them put off

A CHILD is the very sign and sacrament of personal freedom. He is a fresh will added to the wills of the world; he is something that his parents have freely chosen to produce and which they freely agree to protect. He has been born without the intervention of any master or lord. He is a creation and a contribution; he is his parents' own contribution to creation. When men no longer feel that he is such, they have lost the appreciation of primary things; they are preferring the very dregs of life to the very first fountains of life.

the experience to later years mostly from mercenary motives.

Until I see a real pioneer and progressive leader coming out with a good bold scientific program for drowning babies, I will not join the movement.

B UT there is a third reason for my contempt, much deeper and, therefore, much more difficult to express; in which is rooted all my reasons for being anything I am or attempt to be; and above all, for being a Distributist.

Perhaps the nearest to a description of it is to say this: that my contempt boils over into bad behavior, when I hear the common suggestion that a birth is avoided because people want to be "free" to go to the cinema or buy a gramophone or a loud-speaker. What makes me want to walk over such people like doormats is that they use the word "free."

By every act of that sort they chain themselves to the most servile and mechanical system yet tolerated by men.

The cinema is a machine for unrolling certain regular patterns called pictures; expressing the most vulgar millionaires' notion of the taste of the most vulgar millions.

The gramophone is a machine for recording such tunes as certain shops and other organizations choose to sell.

The wireless is better; but even that is marked by the modern mark of all three; the impotence of the receptive party.

The amateur cannot challenge the actor; the householder will find it vain to go and shout into the gramophone; the mob cannot pelt the modern speaker, especially when he is a loud-speaker.

It is all a central mechanism giving out to men exactly what their masters think they should have.

Now a child is the very sign and sacrament of personal freedom. He is a fresh free will added to the wills of the world; he is something that his parents have freely chosen to produce and which they freely agree to protect.

They can feel that any amusement he

gives (which is often considerable) really comes from him and from them, and from nobody else.

HE has been born without the intervention of any master or lord.

He is a creation and a contribution; he is their own creative contribution to creation.

He is also a much more beautiful, wonderful, amusing and astonishing thing than any of the stale stories of jingling jazz tunes turned out by the machines.

When men no longer feel that he is so, they have lost the appreciation of primary

things; and therefore all sense of proportion about the world.

People who prefer the mechanical pleasures to such a miracle, as a baby, are jaded and enslaved.

They are preferring the very dregs of life to the first fountains of life.

They are preferring the last, crooked, indirect, borrowed, repeated and exhausted things of our dying Capitalist civilization, to the reality which is the only rejuvenation of all civilization.

It is they who are hugging the chains of their old slavery; it is the child who is ready for the new world.

BROKEN: *The* SNARE By Ida Mary Smalley *of the* FOWLER

I AM sitting in one of the parlors of a Jesuit rectory in New York. I have never in all my life before met a Catholic priest. I am in a state of breathless expectancy.

Through my editorial work in a publishing house I have been brought into contact with a certain number of Catholics. One of them, Miss Taylor, has suggested my coming to see Father Scott on a matter connected with my work. I have determined to take advantage of this wonderful opportunity. I am going to ask him a question of my own.

The answer may unlock the doors of a prison, the prison in which I have been penned up for over twenty years—the Protestant Episcopal Church. Glimpses of these twenty-odd years pass before me.

WHILE still an atheist I am asked by a friend to attend a service in an Episcopal church. I attend it. I go Sunday after Sunday. For the first time in my life I hear the Bible read. I listen enthralled by its beauty. But it has more than beauty. Its words contain something I have been searching for all my life—*truth*. They have the note of authority.

I come to believe in God, to accept the revealed religion of the Gospels. I long to know the crucified Savior. But He does not seem to belong here.

I give my adherence to the Episcopal Church on being assured it is the Church Christ founded, the Apostolic Church. I receive the "Sacraments" of this Church. I make a life confession; a terrible ordeal, without instruction before, without counsel after it.

Soon I become confused. It appears there are six distinct "parties" in this Church. All differ radically on matters of faith and practice. The individual mem-

bers of each party differ almost as widely among themselves. *Where is Christ's promised guidance of the Holy Ghost?* Some of the clergy disobey their bishops. They say they have to if they would obey Christ. Some of these bishops do not believe in Christ—not as *God*.

It is chaos.

I MAKE a discovery! I find through Church history and contemporary writings that the *Roman Catholic Church* is the Apostolic Church. Its ministry goes back to Christ. Its Faith comes from Him—*unchanged*. The Anglican Church separated from the Catholic Church at the so-called Reformation—"became a purified 'branch,'" I am told. I find that the Reformers' idea of purifying was to annihilate. They threw away Christ's Faith. Boasted of this. Brutally murdered all who were faithful to Christ's Faith.

I look longingly at Rome. I cannot go there, my rector says, "for at the Reformation we took the Catholic bishops with us to hand on the Catholic ministry and Sacraments. Rome, through pique, denies that Anglicans have the Catholic ministry and Sacraments. If you go to Rome, you will have to deny them by being reconfirmed, perhaps re-baptized. It would be *denying the Holy Ghost*."

But the Holy Ghost cannot inspire opposing doctrines. The Anglican Church differs from Rome on matters of faith. How can we be the same Church? Yet—"Show me the bishops and I will show you the Church," I read; and we did keep the Catholic bishops, those apostate bishops who seemingly had that *fatal* gift of handing on the ministry.

I *hate* the Reformation.

My rector believes in the Reformation.

("Deformation," Laud called it.) I move to another parish. And another. In this last one I have found a congenial atmosphere. Ah, *how* congenial! I visit the poor—God's poor. They are welcomed at the church, tended. In the rector I have found the highest spiritual standards. An ardent love for the Faith, zeal for souls. In him I have found a friend.

But I have not found Christ in the Anglican Sacraments, I have not found the crucified Savior in the Anglican Church. Is He there? If not, will Father Scott give me the key to freedom? Will he show me that Anglican Orders are invalid?

All this—and much more—passes through my mind as I sit waiting in the rectory.

THE door opens. An elderly priest comes quietly into the room and gives me a penetrating glance. He has the dignity inherent in his office, the assurance of one who has a definite message to deliver, a message he knows to be true. There is nothing ostentatious in his assurance. It gives instant confidence. Here is what I have been seeking—*authority, certitude*. I know that he is a scholar, and decide that, being a Jesuit, he is well versed in the controversial side of things. He will know all about Anglican Orders.

"What can I do for you?" was the kindly greeting.

Our business was soon over, and as he rose to leave the room I shot my question at him:

"Father, what's wrong with Anglican Orders?"

"They were invalidated through defective form and intention in the Edwardine Ordinal," came the unhesitating reply. "But why do you ask?"

I told him that I was an Anglican and that the fear of the possible validity of those Orders was the only thing that kept me in that Church; that I wanted to find out from headquarters *why* Rome denied our Orders.

He sounded me in regard to my training and reading, talking away from Anglican Orders, but finally came back to them again, saying that Leo XIII had decided against them, and that his decision was irrevocable.

"Could you some time go into the matter with me, Father?" I ask hopefully.

"I will give you something to read that should settle your doubts," he replied, and went off to fetch a pamphlet.

I come down the steps of the Jesuit rectory holding in my hand the *key to freedom*.

I had to take the ferry that night, and knowing that the intervening train would be jammed, I slipped the pamphlet inside a magazine, carefully fastening both ends with an elastic. As soon as I got on board the ferry I opened the magazine, to find the book had unaccountably gone! What was I to do? I knew that Benziger was the publisher, but I was not sure of the title, and Miss Taylor had told me that Father Scott was seeing his latest book through the press and working against time, so that I did not want to bother him again. I finally, however, decided to write and explain what had happened, asking for another copy.

THE next day was Saturday. Saturday afternoons were always devoted to parish visiting, and as I hurried through dingy streets and groped my way up dark stairways in the all-absorbing search for Christ's lost sheep, I kept wondering how I should break the news to my rector of my "Roman" visit. Finally the last recalcitrant having been pled with, I rang the rectory bell, to be greeted by the rector's usual eager question: "Well, what success?"

After I had given him the records for his follow-up visits, we sat down to our usual game of chess, which, most unprofessionally, we never allowed to interfere with a talk on the things nearest our hearts: the latest literary find, the latest "Anglo-Catholic" triumph (although I was becoming more and more skeptical in regard to the hoped-for "leavening of the Protestant lump"), and things relating to the Faith, about which we were, for the most part, so well agreed. Increasingly of late, however, I had been aware of a shadow in the background, the shadow of a form that was ever to him the Scarlet Woman, to me a loved and longed-for Mother. Rome as a topic was mutually avoided.

As the first move of the game was made I broke my news: told him what Father Scott had said about our Orders, that I was expecting a pamphlet, and asked if he would like to see it. No, he did not care to see it, he said.

The game that day was played in silence.

The pamphlet arrived in the course of a day or two: *Anglican Ordinations. Theology of Rome and of Canterbury in a Nutshell*, by H. C. Semple, S.J. It was very concise, but it was also clear—it effectively disposed of our Orders.

I was free, then.

IHAD no sooner said this, however, than a doubt slid into my mind in connection with the "defective intention"—a doubt that could have come from only one source—Satan, for Father Semple had most carefully explained the whole principle involved.

For the next few months I approached the subject from every possible angle. I wrote page after page of arguments for and against Anglican Orders, to try to clarify my mind. I got more and more confused. It was as if I were caught in a net; the more I struggled, the more I became entangled. I told Miss Taylor that I was unable to clear up one point in the pamphlet and that I should have referred it to Father Scott had he not been so busy. She then told me that Father Scott's present work in the Community was writing, that he no longer had time to do any personal work with souls, and that that was probably the reason he had not suggested seeing me again.

Then one week-end I decided to make a retreat that was being given by some Anglican Sisters at their convent. I thought that in the uninterrupted quiet I might get some light. The clergyman who was to conduct the retreat was quite a celebrated preacher from "the other side."

The enforced quiet, without any of the helps I should have received in a Catholic retreat was, I suppose, the worst thing that I could have chosen. All the horrors of the Reformation with which I had been lately saturated in my readings passed in unending succession before me, and always that sentence, "We took the bishops with us," rose up like a specter before my eyes to quench any hope of breaking free from that spiritual ancestry.

Moreover, the conferences were almost entirely taken up with retailing the preacher's experiences in rescue work (all the latest terms of psychiatry being employed), and as he told of how he had cured this girl of some sin, kept that other one from some meditated crime, one could almost see the scalps swinging from his belt! I received no spiritual help whatever from the conferences.

As the retreat neared its end there were still some confessions to be heard, mine among the number. Now, the confessions were heard in the vesting room used by the visiting clergy, which was placed at the extreme end of the long room in which the conferences were given. It was a makeshift affair that had no top to it, so that any tone above a whisper could be heard throughout the room, and as the Sister on guard always insisted that the

one whose turn for confession came next should stand right outside the door of this room, it was exceedingly difficult not to hear what was said even when it was whispered.

Finally my turn came to go in. I touched briefly on my Anglican difficulties, but when I confessed to "an undying hatred for those schismatic and heretical murderers, the Reformers," the preacher jumped up in horrified expostulation and insisted upon *exorcising* me then and there, saying that I was possessed by the devil! (Thus passing by what he believed—and I then believed—to be the Sacrament of Absolution, in favor of a sacramental!) After he had finished, he asked me to write him a letter saying that he had exorcised me and had driven the devil completely away. I refused, however, not caring to add another scalp to his belt!

I don't know what form he used, but it was very long, and when he came to the words, "Depart, thou unclean spirit!" his stentorian tones must have penetrated not only to the farthest end of the room but even out into the hall, for when I came out of the vesting room every pair of eyes belonging to the hundred-odd retreatants was turned on me in righteous horror! The Sisters stood looking in at the door in frightened and shocked groups, thus cutting off all hope of escape.

I was the last penitent, and the preacher came out right after me, mounted the platform and, as soon as the opening hymn of that conference was finished, he turned and addressed the retreatants:

"My dear friends," he said, "let us say a prayer of thanksgiving. I have just exorcised a poor creature who was being consumed by a devil of hatred. She is now at peace."

Again every eye in the room was turned upon me! I sat there trying to ignore the eyes when, suddenly discovering a door behind a screen, I made my escape into the hall and thence into the street!

THAT evening I was telling my rector of my experience and he was congratulating me on the fact that no one at the retreat knew me, when to my dismay I remembered that I had left my prayer-book, which had my name and address in it, in the vesting room! As I was the last penitent, undoubtedly the Sister on guard was able to identify me, and—my rector suggested—strike me off her retreat list! The prayer-book was mailed to me the next day without comment.

I continued to read and think and write and—needless to say—pray. But I got nowhere. Finally one day from an elevated train, I saw a large sign up outside the church of the Paulist Fathers: "Mission to Non-Catholics." Here was my chance! I would go that night and ask to see one of the missionaries.

The Paulist Congregation is, of course, "out to convert America," and so everything is made as easy as possible for the

prospective inquirer, from the "Walk in" sign on the door of the rectory on West Fifty-ninth Street, to the quick response the Father on duty invariably makes to the summons of the courteous and efficient layman at the switchboard. And no matter how full the priest's day may be, no matter how often his night's rest may have been broken into by sick calls from the hospital over the way, he ever has the same cordial greeting, the same studious attention for the inquirer who has asked to "see a priest." Again, in running their missions to non Catholics, not only do they have a question box in a conspicuous place, but one of the mission Fathers always stands at the door, ready to answer any questions or to make an appointment with those who wish to see him.

I was delayed at the office that day and got to the church just as they were singing the closing verse of the beautiful hymn, "Come, Holy Ghost!" By that time it was so crowded that I could not even get inside the doors, but had to wait with other belated people outside. After the service was over, the mission Father arranged for an interview the next evening, but as that was the last night of the mission there were a large number of people to be seen, and when my turn came it was almost time for the service. The Father said, however, that he would give my name to one of the parish Fathers.

The next morning I received a note from Father Malloy asking me to telephone and make an appointment, and I went to see him that evening.

He began by asking if I had any difficulty. I mentioned the technical one referred to, saying that I did not want to bring even one doubt into the Church with me.

"I should not think of receiving you if you had even one doubt," was his reply.

I was secretly rather amused at this, and rather triumphant, for my Episcopalian friends had so dinned it into me that the "Roman priests would rope me in before I realized what I was doing!"

ON going further into my difficulty, Father Malloy found that it had become so involved that he wisely set it aside for the time, and spoke on the positive truths of the Catholic Faith. Again I was impressed with that note of certitude. There was never once any ambiguity in his teaching, but always some definite truth clearly stated, in all charity.

As I was leaving he gave me two of their publications: his own *Catechism for Inquirers* and Father Searle's *How to Become a Catholic*. When I came to the "Profession of Faith," or "Abjuration," which every baptized person (or person who may have been baptized) makes on being received into the Catholic Church, I gave my consent to every word, and I realized that I might have been received into the Church at once were it not for that one doubt.

Father Malloy was most kind and patient in the subsequent interviews; but finally, feeling that I was taking up too much of his time, I stopped going to see him. I resumed my visits, though, after I was received, and it was he who guided me, by books and counsel, through the early stages of my initiation. Never once did I come away empty-handed, but ever with my special spiritual need met, my question fully and clearly answered. I found afterwards that he had continued to pray that I might receive the gift of faith, and it was doubtless in answer to his prayers that the "snare of the Fowler" was finally broken by the hand of God.

I WAS still kept without the Fold by my fear of the possibility of "denying the Holy Ghost," but my doubts in regard to Anglican Orders continued to increase, and one day I told my rector that I felt as if the time were not far off when I should ask to be received. He asked me before I made any final decision to see a certain member of an Anglican Community, from out of town, who had a widespread reputation for learning and was considered an authority on Orders. Although I knew I should not receive any light through him—having a pamphlet of his at home which revolved around the subject, the margins of which I had literally crammed with criticisms of his historically incorrect statements—to satisfy my rector I wrote to him, briefly mentioning my "doubts." He made an appointment to see me within the next few days, naming a New York rectory as the meeting place.

He greeted me quite affably and then said with a condescending smile:

"My dear young lady (the light was dim!), you know that it is only comparatively recently that our Roman brethren have begun to question our Orders."

"I should hardly say that, Father," I objected, "in view of the Marian reordinations"

"What do you mean by the Marian reordinations?" he asked.

"I mean that under Mary, Cardinal Pole reordained, unconditionally, all those English clergymen who had been ordained by the defective Ordinal of Edward VI," I answered. "These reordinations are still to be seen in the Marian registers. And ever since then each and every one of the thousands of English clergymen who have been made Catholic priests have been reordained unconditionally."

He stood in astonished silence for a moment. Then he had an inspiration.

"Then you concede that Anglican Orders were restored under Mary. In that case we must still have the Catholic ministry," he said, sitting down with an air of relief.

"Not necessarily," I replied, "for under Elizabeth the Ordinal of Edward VI was restored, and used for over a hundred years continuously. The question at

stake is whether or not the "form and intention" of that Ordinal invalidated the consecrations. I am becoming more and more inclined to accept the decision of Rome—who has ever kept the Apostolic Faith and administered the Apostolic Sacraments—rather than that of a 'branch' which by its heresy and schism has forfeited all right to Divine guidance."

He jumped to his feet and said, with a stiff bow:

"Since you have evidently made up your mind that Rome is right, I see no point in prolonging our interview."

As I went down the stairs, I determined to consult no more Anglican "authorities."

By this time I was, I suppose, beginning to show the effects of my struggle, for one day when Miss Taylor and I were having luncheon together she suddenly said: "Look here, why don't you write out your difficulty and send it to Father Scott, since he is so well up on the question? I'm sure he would arrange to see you under the circumstances."

I acted upon her suggestion, and he most kindly arranged to see me, but I had no sooner sent my missive than I realized how puerile my behavior was. I knew that the Catholic Church was Christ's Divinely guided Church, and believed all her doctrine. Could I not trust her decision on Anglican Orders?

Then the appalling truth was brought home to me that it was not in the denial of Anglican Orders that I need fear "denying the Holy Ghost"; I was denying the Holy Ghost by refusing to accept a decision of the Church He guides. I would go to my spiritual Mother now in humble contrition and ask permission to come home.

The snare of the Fowler was broken at last!

A FEW days later I went to keep my appointment with Father Scott, and to listen to his solution of my problem—although I did not now need it for myself—thinking that it might save some other soul from the roundabout journey home that I had traveled.

I will not give Father Semple's original explanation—anyone interested can read the pamphlet for themselves—I will just give in brief form my written question to Father Scott:

"If an apostate and heretical priest were to say Mass without believing a word he uttered, that would still be a valid Mass, and whoever received the consecrated Host from his hands would receive the Body and Blood of Christ. Yet he could not 'intend' to do what he did not believe he was doing. Why, then, could not the apostate and heretical bishops of the Reformation have conferred the Sacrament of Orders without believing in them? Why was their intention any more defective?"

Father Scott came into the room, sat down, and in a few succinct sentences

demolished my written difficulty. I give his exact words.

"THERE is no possible parallel between the apostate and heretical priest you cite as celebrating a valid Mass in spite of his disbelief in what he does, and the apostate and heretical bishops of the Reformation.

"It is for the Church to legislate about her own Sacraments, and she has ruled that, for the valid administration of a Sacrament a *form approved by the Church* must be used, and the proper minister must have a *general intention of 'doing what the Church does.'* This is sufficient, but it is also essential.

"The apostate and heretical priest if he celebrates a *valid* Mass uses an approved form and has the general intention of 'doing what the Church does.' The heretical and apostate bishops of the Reformation discarded the Roman Pontifical and used instead the *defective Edwardine Ordinal* in consecrating (first in Edward's reign for three years, and then later on for over a hundred years continuously), in which every allusion to the sacrificing priesthood had been deliberately excluded, with the intention of *repudiating* the doctrine of the Catholic Church in regard to Orders. They had *no* intention of 'doing what the Church does,' their intention was to substitute a preaching ministry for the Catholic priesthood. They succeeded. Was that your only difficulty?"

"Yes, Father," I answered.

"You should have been in the Church years ago."

"What is the next step?" I ventured.

"The next step is to *come in*. I will receive you on Monday evening at eight o'clock."

There were just two days in which to tell my friends that I was "going to Rome." It meant in each case good-bye.

Then came the last sharp test that all experience who must leave loved associations and loved friends to go out into the unknown—alone. But I could not live any longer without God, and I knew I should find Him only in His own dwelling.

IT is the evening of the Presentation of the Blessed Virgin Mary. I am about to be received into the Church. Miss Taylor who is to be my sponsor in my conditional Baptism, wants me to take the name of St. Mary Magdalen, for whom I have a special devotion, but Father Scott suggests instead Our Lady's name. I should have demurred at this, feeling too utterly unworthy of such an honor, had I not done with self-choosing. I am to have the Blessed Mother, therefore, for my Patroness. She will find a place for me under her mantle of love.

We pass into the church. In a few moments I shall have made my Abjuration. What *joy* to be able to profess that I believe in "the Primacy, not only of honor, but also of *jurisdiction*, of the Roman Pontiff, successor of St. Peter . . . Vicar of Jesus Christ!" What *joy* to renounce

Satan forever, in Baptism!—that Evil One who has so delayed my home-coming.

The ceremony is over. I come out into the drizzling rain. But as I wend my way back through the gloomy streets, I have no need of any outer cheer, for deep, deep down these words are singing themselves into my heart: "I'm a Catholic! I'm a Catholic! I *belong* at last!"

IT is five years now since I was received into the Catholic Church. I have never had one moment's wavering of trust in her. I have never had one doubt. For I no longer dwell in a city of confusion, I dwell in "A city set on a hill," set there by a Master Builder—Christ. I know that when I "hear" this Church—the Catholic Church—I hear Christ. He has said so. If I despise her, I despise Him. He has said so.

As often as I kneel in the confessional, I have Christ's word for it that I receive His pardon through the priest's hand, His counsel through the priest's lips. As often as I kneel at the altar, I receive Christ Himself into my soul.

I have found Him Whom I sought.

And I daily pray that those I left behind may one day share my happiness. I pray that they too may at last find their way into the Catholic Church, may find their way home to their own true spiritual Mother, who ever stands waiting to receive them with outstretched hands, those hands into which the Lord did one day drop the *Keys to the Kingdom of Heaven*.

Enid Dinnis as Poet

By Paula Kurth

EVERYONE who professes an interest in contemporary Catholic literature is conversant with the delightful novels and tales of Miss Enid Dinnis. But it is to be feared that their author's popularity as a story-writer has obscured her modest, yet genuine, merits as a poet.

Many of the readers who most admire her fiction do not even know that she has published a slender and unpretentious book containing poems, with a personal note of their own, that wear well after renewed readings. In this little book, called *Meadow-sweet and Thyme* from some lines that give the key of the whole, are found all Miss Dinnis's characteristics: her high mystical spirituality, her knowledge of human nature, her quaint medievalism and whimsical humor—even her love of animals.

Miss Dinnis is a convert to the Church from Anglicanism; and no adopted child is she but a soul *naturaliter Catolica* (naturally Catholic) who is now perfectly and blissfully at home. The book fittingly begins with a dedicatory poem "To My Mother Church"; and also contains another which pays affectionate tribute to "The City Set On a Hill," visible to all and open to all:

Hath eager Youth its beauty not descried?
Age, seeking yet for rest at evening's fall,
Have you not found the postern in the wall

Throughout the night left wide?
Encompassing all sweetness, Lo! she waits;
A hill-set City with a thousand gates!

Looking at things from a celestial viewpoint, Miss Dinnis has learnt "the listener's art—the art of God"; and much of the charm of these poems lies in her attitude toward the relation of Creator and creature: an attitude of simple assent to the Divine Will. It is discernible throughout, but most particularly in such pieces as "Cuckoo" and "A Ditty of Creation," and, as though in action, in "The Little Rule of the Crucifix":

Dost thou on a journey speed,
Pause and kiss the Feet that bleed—
Feet that fared so far for thee
Ere they nailed them to the Tree—
Bruised feet that yet kept pace
With the sinner fleeing grace.
Kiss My Feet, then go thy way;
Danger shall not near thee stray.

Ere thy hands assume their task
Of these Hands a blessing ask—
Hands that spurned not nail and rule—

Cunning Hands with Joseph's tool.
 Bid My Hands, outstretched to bless,
 Handy make thy handiness.

When thy mind herself applies
 To the things that make men wise,
 Pause and kiss My thorn-covered Brow,
 And thou shalt have wits enow
 For the little lore of men,
 And for things that angels ken.

When at morn or close of day,
 Thou wouldst set thyself to pray,
 That thy lips may learn their art,
 Humbly kiss this Sacred Heart;
 Then again, more humbly yet,
 Heart to heart in converse sweet.

BESIDES this, indeed as a consequence of it, an air of fresh joyousness pervades the whole and is the more welcome in the surfeit of world-weary verses which deface the pages of so many slim volumes.

Miss Dinnis is decidedly not one of those people who keep their Faith in a compartment separated from the rest of their lives, only taking it out for an hour or so on Sundays and holy-days of obligation: rather it is woven into the fiber of her very existence. And it circulates like lifeblood in everything from her pen.

She is among that noble company of Catholic writers who, according to the classification given by Father James J. Daly, S.J. in his recent excellent *A Cheerful Ascetic and Other Essays*, are "Catholic before any and every audience." No subject strikes her as being foreign to life's most important business; and thus, in some lines composed *en voyage*, she reverently, quite naturally, and surely with no incongruity, salutes Our Lady of the Way under two modern titles: "Our Lady of the Train" and "Our Lady of the Motor-bus." But of course there is never anything savoring of pietism: such cannot raise its head where true religion flowers.

Very human also is this poet who, while loving the beauty of holiness, is yet patient with defection and understands, as a fellowman, the frailty of our nature; how prone it is to fall regardless of good resolutions made and remade. She has experienced, too, that attraction to "the saints who were not always saints," and, turning to them from those others who "found perfection at the fount" or "once converted never fell," Miss Dinnis writes:

Up many a cul-de-sac they trod
 Whilst following yet the heavenly trend;
 Quite holy people thought them odd,
 "Good" folk found much to reprehend.
 But She who reached her journey's end,
 Her heart untouched by aught that taints
 Shall gladliest to her Son commend
 The saints who were not always saints.

Miss Dinnis admires natural beauty, as every poet must, but, unlike many poets, in a Christian rather than a pagan manner, and is not distracted by fauns or Pan pipes. By altering the tense in a few lines on St. Clare, an idea of her own feeling toward nature may be inferred:

She sees the hills in rapture held,
 Immutable in prayer;
 She shares the valley's mystic dream,
 And hears the vespers of the stream. . .

And she has the tenderest heart for birds and "four-foot friends." Some stanzas, sure to find favor with those who share this fondness, tell how St. Joseph's dog, when the Child Jesus was lost for three days, planted itself before the Temple gate and refused to stir until at last the sorrowing parents came to seek Him there. Then it sported round their feet, wagged its tail, cocked its ear, and said "I told you so!"

Though her most characteristic novels are composed in a retrospective mood, Miss Dinnis can look ahead as far as eternity. Among the things prepared for those who love God may there not, perhaps, be such a thoughtful surprise as she fancies?

Joys are immortal: happy days have souls,
 And live again with suns that never set.
 Life gives us hours which time in vain controls;
 The past hath moments which shall greet us yet.

Set then in front the things which are behind,
 The tender things that are no more.—No More?
 Nay, deathless we these God-touched hours shall find
 Eternal 'midst the things which lie before.

The language of the poems is natural and unstrained as is also the language of Miss Dinnis' prose and of the light verse which she occasionally contributes to *Punch*. Anything hinting of affectation is alien to her temperament, and in lieu of it is a sincerity which induces more than passing reflection. For instance, in "Myrrh," the beauty of sacrifice shines penetratingly through two simple lines:

Three gifts in one they yet bestow
 Who dared great things, but God said "No."

And this natural language, sometimes slightly reminiscent of Christina Rossetti, never descends to the pedestrian. It is well suited to devotional themes; and the happiest instance of such use is found in a description of the little Cherubs being mothered by the Lady of the Angels, a charming thought, charmingly treated:

In highest Heaven, at Mary's knee,
 The Cherubs sit with folded wings,
 And beg her by St. Charity
 To tell them tales of human things.

They throw their harps down on the floor,
 And all their heavenly playthings leave,
 And clamour to be told once more
 The faerie tale of faulty Eve.

Up into Mary's lap they climb
 To hear how on a place called Earth
 Once, in a wondrous thing called Time,
 The Uncreated One had birth.

And she to whom a Son was given,
 Plays there her Mother's part to them
 And tells the Cherub-folk in Heaven
 The wonder tale of Bethlehem.

THIS artless strain, however, is not Miss Dinnis's only forte. Her muse can be vigorous on occasion, even surprisingly so, and "The Song of the Churchmen" is of almost Chestertonian calibre. It celebrates the achievements of "the hardy men of God" in the ages "when the Feast was still as holy as the fast time," in the ages which she knows so well and of which she has written with such insight in *The Anchorhold* and *The Shepherd of Weepingwold*.

But in poetry as in prose the creator of Fiddlemee, even when most serious, is never ponderous. Sweetly grave she may sometimes be, and rightly; yet it is a delicate Catholic playfulness, together with highminded spirituality—an exquisite combination found only where the saints are at home—that marks *Meadowsweet* and *Thyme* as surely hers as an autograph. And her poetry, even more than her prose, conveys subtly the sense of something homely and indigenous to the soil like a little village-church which seems to have grown out of the rich mold of centuries with the oaks that almost hide its quaint and venerable tower.

"Joseph Taylor"

By
Regis Duffy

EVER since I was in the grades, I have been interested in Pius X. My devoted aunt, a nun, once gave me a pamphlet-sketch of the life of this holy Pope, in which his family name, Giuseppe Sarto, was anglicized to Joseph Taylor. To make an Italian name so intelligible to my youthful mind, brought also the bearer of it closer to my affections.

I read how the great Father of Christendom had once been a poor, barefoot boy and it thrilled me to think that the Catholic Church was so democratic that the poorest might aspire to and reach the highest pinnacle of dignity. But that was twenty years ago. I did not quite realize then that such dignities were not of one's choice, but of all of the humble Sarto. The Holy Ghost guides the Church and in His own time and manner raises up worthy leaders.

Looking back over the years it is not human ambitions we discover but rather abundant evidences of God's hand in the direction and preparation of him who was to become the tenth Pius on the Throne of the Fisherman. His life-story is divinely romantic and its reading bears repetition because it is the life of an extraordinarily holy man.

BUT perhaps Pius Tenth's reputation for personal sanctity is better known to most people than his great apostolic endeavors during eleven years of his pontificate. Indeed, a recently published guidebook of Rome, which displays on the fly-leaf the praise elicited from several prominent Americans, listing the Popes and their achievements, spends only five words on Pius X: "Greatly famed for his sanctity." It reminds one of the Roman proverb: *Si prudens est, regat nos; si doctus est, doceat nos; si sanctus est, oret pro nobis* (If

he is prudent, let him rule us; if learned, let him teach us; if holy, let him pray for us), as if a holy man could not rule or teach.

THE same author, writing about St. Peter's, fails to mention either the tomb of Pius X, which daily attracts hundreds and sometimes thousands of devout visitors, or the beautiful monument of Pius X, erected to his memory by the Cardinals he created.

One reason, doubtless, why Pius X is best remembered for his piety, is because the notion is still abroad that a man of prayer cannot be a success in the practical affairs of life. I heard a priest say one day: "Pius X was no diplomat. What the Church needed in his time was a diplomat." God save the mark! I wonder was St. Peter a diplomat. THE SIGN, in its June, 1932, issue, quotes from the memoirs of Prince Von Bülow: "I must here protest against the widespread rumor that Pius X in worldly matters, especially in his judgment of politics, was simple-minded, foolish even. In the long conversation with which he honored me, he touched on several questions of policy with sound good sense and even diplomatic acumen. His judgments on political personages, sovereigns, ministers and deputies were equally balanced and intelligent."

Cardinal Sarto was little known in Rome or indeed outside of his own archdiocese, when he was elevated to the Papal throne. He had never written any great tomes, never spent any time in the Roman Congregations, never engaged in the diplomatic offices of the Church. Small wonder then that his election on August 4, 1903, caused sur-

prise. In this connection it is pleasing to recall the personal experience of a French Cardinal given to the press after the Papal election.

During one of the meetings of the Cardinals before the conclave, this French Archbishop asked Cardinal Sarto the name of his archdiocese and the latter replied that he did not speak French. "Ah," said the French Cardinal, "if you do not speak French, you are not eligible for the Papacy, because the Holy Father must speak French." "*Deo gratias*—thanks be to God," responded the future Pope.

Pius X did not seek the Papacy, but Divine Providence brought about his elevation and the humble and unknown and underestimated man of God became one of the greatest of the Roman Pontiffs. He has left his mark on the history of the Church, which becomes more brilliant with the passing of years.

Is it too much to say that every modern development in the Church can trace its origin to this saintly successor of St. Peter? He led the reform in Sacred Music, he ordered the codification of the Church's Laws, he condemned Modernism—the sum of all the heresies—he decreed Frequent Communion even for children, he initiated the Liturgical Revival, he revised the Breviary, he reorganized the Roman Curia, he prepared the way for Catholic Action.

TAKING the Pauline words: "*Instaurare omnia in Christo*" (to restore all things in Christ) as the aim and motto of his pontificate, in his first encyclical dated October 4, 1903, he enumerated the means by which such an end could be attained. Adequately he summed them up in these three: holy priests, religious instruction, and charity. With these the Church could save the world. Thereafter all his efforts were di-



TOMB OF POPE PIUS X IN THE CRYPT OF ST. PETER'S

rected to encourage these means by apostolic authority as he had exemplified them always in his life.

It is not my purpose to review the life of Pius X nor even that of his pontificate. There are several lives of this truly great man of our time, which should be better known. Notable are those by René Bazin, the French Academician, and by Abbot Pierami, Postulator of the cause, for the Pope's Beatification. They cannot be read without a strengthening of faith in God, a renewed love for Holy Church and added incentive to holiness of life.

But there are stories in marble and bronze as well as in books. The greatness of Pius X is graphically shown for all men to see in his tomb in the crypt of St. Peter's and in his monument in the left aisle of the same Vatican Basilica next to the Choir Chapel. The tomb demonstrates indeed that he was holy and the monument in eternal bronze gives the lie to any notion that he was not practical as well.

The tenth Pope who bore the name of Pius chose to be buried in the crypt of St. Peter's, down under the greatest church in Christendom, close to the remains of the first Vicar of Christ. Romans will tell you that for several weeks after Pius X died, of a broken heart, "the first victim of the World War," the crowds that besieged his tomb were so great that the authorities, having regard for life and limb and considering the meagre space in the crypt, were induced to do something hitherto unheard of. They caused a small metal cross, inscribed Pius X, to be set into the marble floor of the Church, to indicate the location of the tomb directly below. And now, eighteen years later, it is not unusual to see people kneeling and praying there, even kissing the small cross, when for some reason the entrance to the crypt is closed or access difficult.

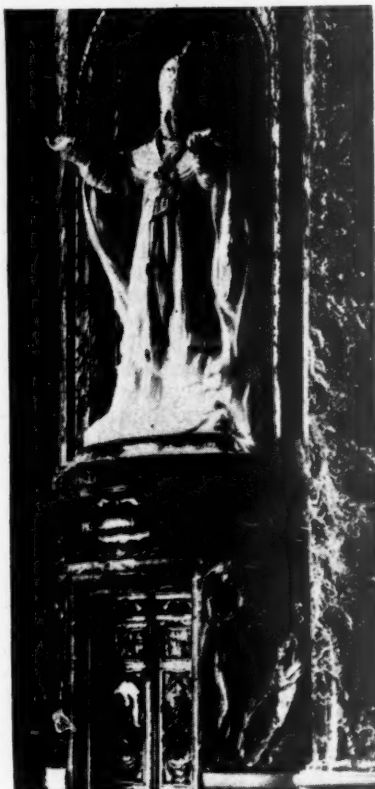
Besides the tomb of the Prince of the Apostles, the goal of Christian pilgrims for centuries, there are in the crypt many ancient and medieval tombs and fragments of precious mosaics and marblwork, the remains of treasures of art that once adorned old St. Peter's. There are Popes and Cardinals and Princes buried there. But except St. Peter himself, none receives more homage than the tenth Pius.

A simple white stone sarcophagus enshrines the corpse of this saintly Pontiff. The only emblem is the Chi-Ro, the only inscription on the vault itself: Pius Papa X. There is an iron balustrade around the tomb and now a long prie-Dieu has been placed before it. Every day one finds fresh flowers laid over it and devout men and women of every nation kneel to pray, not for the repose of his soul, but for his speedy Beatification and for his aid in their trials and needs. This would be enough to prove that he had a reputation for sanctity. But there is something more. Set in the hallowed ground in front of the tomb is a small marble slab and on it one of the most

significant epitaphs ever inscribed. It reads:

PIUS PAPA X
PAUPER ET DIVES
MITIS ET HUMILIS CORDE
REIQUE CATHOLICAE VINDEXT FORTIS
INSTAURARE OMNIA IN CHRISTO
SATAGENS PIE OBIT
DIE XX AUGUSTI A. MCMXIV

POPE PIUS X
POOR AND RICH
MEEK AND HUMBLE OF HEART
COURAGEOUS CHAMPION OF THE CATHOLIC
CAUSE
EARNESTLY ENDEAVORING TO RESTORE
ALL THINGS IN CHRIST
DIED PIOUSLY AUGUST 20, 1914.



MONUMENT OF POPE PIUS X

If, as a recent writer declared, St. John Chrysostom paid the noblest tribute one man has ever given to another, when he wrote of the Apostle: *Cor Pauli, Cor Christi* (The Heart of Paul was the Heart of Christ), what can we say of the epitaph of Pius X, who is called like the Master, Whose worthy Vicar he was, "meek and humble of heart"?

If one wishes at a glance to know what he accomplished as Pope, one may learn it from his monument. A marble statue placed high above the floor, shows the Pope arrayed in the sacred vestments of his Office, the tiara on his head, his hands outstretched to Heaven, offering himself to God as a victim for the sins of men and im-

ploring peace for the world struggling under the affliction of a cruel war. On the lateral panels and on the chiselled door of the base of the statue numerous bronze bas-reliefs portray the principal events of the eleven years of Pius X.

On the left lateral panel an angel is represented with chalice and host giving Holy Communion to little children. It took a courageous leader to change by one stroke the custom of centuries and bring the Church closer to Apostolic manners and the children closer to Christ. On the right lateral panel the Condemnation of Modernism is shown as the Angel lifts the Book of Truth emphasizing to the seers the changelessness of Catholic doctrine, ever ancient and ever new.

On the bronze door, the first bas-relief on the left depicts the consecration of fourteen French Bishops by Pius X in one ceremony in St. Peter's, the culmination of the Pope's struggle with France over the rights of the Church. He saved the Church in that country by his intrepid stand in refusing to accept the Government proposals, though it was at the expense of material subsidies and meant hardships on priests and people.

On the right above, a scene is figured to note the Codification of the Church's Laws. That Pius X personally was the inspiration for the gigantic labors of fourteen years in assembling, reviewing and modifying the laws of a twenty-centuried institution is generally conceded. The masterpiece that is the Code of Canon Law will forever be acknowledged as his work. How much he has benefited the Church and every class in the Church—clergy, Religious, laity—by a work, the influence of which is perhaps as great as a General Council, future generations alone will be able to tell.

The large center panel of the door to the left is an allegorical figure to show Pius X's interest in art in giving new quarters to the famous Vatican Picture Gallery; to the right center is another figure representing the restoration of Church Music, decreed in the celebrated *Motu Proprio* of November 22, 1903, the feast of St. Cecilia. At the bottom to the left is a sculpture denoting the Holy Father's promotion of Biblical Studies, while that on the right shows him the Apostle of Charity after the earthquake in Calabria and Sicily in 1908, when he sent a commission to investigate and aid the homeless, rebuilt their houses and churches, and ordered the orphans to be sent to Rome, where he cared for them on Vatican property at his own expense.

A HOLY man Pius Tenth! Yes, first and foremost—but also a courageous man, a wise and prudent leader, a man of his own time, a lover of Christian art and music, a father to the poor, a teacher and a reformer. As he labored "to restore all things in Christ," there is scarcely a field of Catholic influence that he did not touch and, touching, inspire to greater fruitfulness and efficacy in the service of the Church.

THE PROTESTANT DOMINATION

By Hilaire Belloc

The Third in a Series of Twelve Articles on the Break-up of Protestantism as the Last Organized Opponent of the Catholic Church

WHAT followed the Reformation was the growth of non-Catholic and particularly Protestant domination in the affairs of Europe. I shall describe that domination in the present article, and explain its causes in the next.

The growth of Protestantism coupled with, not exactly Protestant, but *anti-Catholic* culture in our civilization exhibited two characteristics which all such great phenomena of change exhibit: its first phase was slow and its advent was tardily recognized.

Two Distinct Phenomena

THESE two phenomena are quite distinct.

The first growth of anything—a tree, a man, a nation—may be rapid compared with the changes that take place later in its development, but they occupy a period of time which makes them seem slow when we appreciate how certain they are of ultimate strength.

The human being growing from a baby into a child and from a child into a man takes some eighteen years over the process; that is no very long period compared with the fullness of a mature active life of sixty or seventy years, but it seems slow to those who know what the result will be.

One of the difficulties of explaining how strong the anti-Catholic domination was is that all during the earlier part of its growth Catholicism appeared to be still overwhelmingly the strongest thing in Europe.

The second phenomenon—the tardy recognition of what may be happening on a large scale—proceeds from the simple fact that men always know the past better than they know the present: they can only judge the present in the light of the past.

A successful man is always somewhat astonished at each new step in his success; he thinks of himself in terms of what he was: the man he knew some little time ago. And the same is true of an unsuccessful man, who, as he goes downwards in his effort at wealth, or whatnot, is made especially unhappy by remembering what he was, and thinking that he is still what in fact he no longer is.

The Protestant culture was finally es-

tablished separate from and antagonistic to the Catholic culture of Europe in the middle of the seventeenth century. There was no going back after 1650; there was no real possibility after that date of recapturing the Provinces lost to unity.

Yet it is immediately after that date that you get a whole lifetime of splendor and magnificence in the Catholic French court; it was immediately after that that the Jesuits were at the height of their power, and it was something like three-quarters of a century before the fruits of anti-Catholic philosophy began to appear as buds in European society.

The sceptical movement in France, though the seeds had been sown much earlier, does not pierce till the first third of the eighteenth century, and does not become powerful until the middle of it.

The Political Revolution

THE political greatness of England as a Protestant Power does not become evident till about the same time, and that other great Protestant center and seed-plot of anti-Catholic energy, Prussia, does not emerge with significance until the same time either.

If you had told the average man born when the settlement was effected between 1600 and 1700, that his grandchildren would see the Catholic nations in decline and the Catholic culture within those nations divided against itself, scepticism triumphant, Prussia and England growing to be the principal political powers, he would not have understood you.

England was to him a small country, the Protestantism of which, though now established, was in some peril through Kings still Catholic or of Catholic sympathies; while Prussia he would hardly have heard of. The great political facts facing him were the huge power of the French, the great Empire of Spain and her colonies which, though declining, still possessed great wealth and influence; and the Catholic Empire of Central Europe centered in Catholic Vienna.

Similarly, when the effects of this slow growth began to show, men were tardy in recognizing them; the victories of the

English fleet against the French, the consequent development of English colonial power, the rise of her industrial and, later, of her banking supremacy—all these were in full play long before the average man would have told you that they were more than side issues in the general business of our civilization.

For instance, England acquired Canada from the French in the middle of the eighteenth century, a whole hundred years after the settlement which had established a Protestant culture. By this action there was rendered certain, for a long time to come, the predominance of the Protestant culture in the northern half of the American continent, and at the same time the political domination of a European Protestant Power over a Catholic population on the St. Lawrence.

It was an event pregnant with the future; but to the men of the time it seemed much less great than it was. The French were sorry to lose Canada, but did not dream of what the ultimate consequences would be. Still less, did the Catholic powers appreciate what was happening with the spread of English influence in the East and notably in India.

The Industrial Revolution

THE beginnings of the industrial revolution, the first tentative use of steam and the origins of modern machinery looked like interesting local experiments; they gave no promise of the great tree which has since grown up from them and now imperils the whole earth.

The excellent army of the Hohenzollerns was being trained, its first victories had been won, but it was still the army of a very small kingdom. Even as late as Napoleon's day Prussia had neither the population nor the wealth of modern Ireland.

In the next phase, after the middle of the eighteenth century and on to the Napoleonic wars, things went more rapidly. It became clear that the French monarchy, hitherto the great bulwark of the Catholic culture, was failing.

The sceptical attack upon Catholicism, within the Catholic culture, had a triumphant feeling about it, and its effect was

becoming universal not only throughout France but in Italy, and to a lesser extent in Catholic Germany.

The industrial civilization had taken root and was beginning to grow rapidly in the country of its origin, England; and banking, with the control of liquid capital and credit which went with it, was becoming fully organized.

The Revolution Anti-Catholic

THERE came a powerful side wind (which might rather be called a tempest than a side wind) upon all this in the shape of the French Revolution and the great experiment of Napoleon. When the Napoleonic experiment was at its height one might almost regard it as an effort at reestablishing the strength of the Catholic culture in the world, and, perhaps, if Napoleon had not committed his blunder of going into Russia and had succeeded in his dream of reërecting a united Europe again, we should today have a Europe with a far higher civilization than what we know and predominantly Catholic in tone.

But the Revolution was anti-Catholic in philosophy and soon became violently anti-Catholic in all its essential action. Napoleon, as the heir of the Revolution and as its continuer, was, therefore, in the eyes of what was consciously Catholic in Europe, an enemy; and anyhow, when he had failed, the triumph of the anti-Catholic spirit in Europe and particularly of the Protestant culture was assured.

The Catholic Germanies of the lower Rhine were handed over to Prussia, and though Austria and Spain were nominally reestablished on their old lines they really came out from the struggle decadent. England and Prussia both came out enormously more powerful; Poland had disappeared from the map, and the emancipation of Catholic Ireland appeared now for ever impossible.

Industrial capitalism began to grow so vigorously as to expand far beyond its original seed-plot in England. It was understood, admired and copied throughout western Europe. Hand in hand with rapidly advancing discoveries in physical science it transformed the social life of Europe.

So much for the outward aspects of the Protestant hegemony. More important was the inward and moral force at work—the triumph of the anti-Catholic philosophy. By the mid nineteenth century that triumph was universal, and it had reached the phase which is so important in the success of any philosophy, when it becomes universal and subconscious throughout society, taken for granted, even by its opponents: the air which all breathe.

Let me give a few examples of this.

It was a characteristic of this new anti-Catholic attitude of mind that the nation should be worshipped above all things: that the old Catholic unity of Christendom might be regarded as dead, and that a

man's sacred duty was to his nation and to his flag.

This exclusive patriotism was hardly combated any longer. Even in nations of the most profoundly Catholic culture nationalism was, in practice, the living religion. In the old days, the worst accusation you could make against a man was that he was a heretic, that is, a traitor to the religious unity of Europe and, therefore, to the vitality of its civilization: for things only live because they are one.

By the mid nineteenth century such ideas were hardly comprehensible even to the mass of good Catholics. That one should change one's opinions about religion was a thing open to anyone, and the effects of such a change were thought personal and insignificant. But to betray one's country, or even to act in opposition to its general policy, was the unforgivable sin.

Again, the idea of competition had become universal, and its correlative, the idea of progress. Moreover, urban industrial civilization was everywhere regarded as the natural leader in the van of progress; the peasant everywhere was thought to be a survival, and a backward survival.

Catholicism in Eclipse

NOT only had material wealth become the test of greatness in nations as in men, but even such important points as the importance of its distribution were forgotten.

The ancient Catholic traditions on usury were treated as subjects of not even interesting historical research, quite dead for practical purposes. That the family should be the unit of the State was no longer considered as a principle, nor even by most men remembered. Society had been reduced to a dust of individuals.

The Papacy appeared as an anachronism surviving somehow in Europe, but bound soon to lose even the remnants of its temporal power, and also doomed to lose its authority over the minds of the minority who still listened to it.

The great scholastic philosophy was no longer heard, the term "philosopher" applied only to the various forms of anti-Catholic scepticism and sophistry and in the universities of Europe right on through the nineteenth century there was no challenge given to the various systems of the German Protestant writers and the French positivists.

Though so many millions continued to live the Catholic life, though so many brilliant exponents of Catholic thought flourished, especially in France and England, and though there had happened in both countries early in the nineteenth century a reaction against the scepticism of the eighteenth century, though Chateaubriand had done work which bore fruit everywhere, the mastery had passed from Catholic hands.

Meanwhile, the New World was develop-

ing rapidly, the English colonies and the United States. In all of this expansion was the note.

Protestantism Triumphant

POLITICAL theory, the necessary consequence of any philosophy, was equally anti-Catholic in nature. Whether it took the "Liberal" form of regarding authority in the State as proceeding from popular vote and a majority therein, or the "Reactionary" form of supporting absolute monarchs or privileged oligarchies, nowhere had it the essential Catholic atmosphere of the family as the unit of the State or the idea that all authority, political included, derived from the supreme authority of the Creator.

Tell the average European of the nineteenth century that the moral right to govern proceeded from majority and he would have understood you. Tell him that the moral right to govern was in a Royal family or an aristocratic group, and again he would have understood you and in many cases sympathized with you.

But tell him that moral authority to govern depended upon morals, that none had a right to govern unless he governed right—in other words that no authority was authority unless it were founded upon the authority of God—and he would either not have understood what you meant or he would have told you that all that was, no doubt, true in theology but that it had no practical bearing upon modern life.

Lastly, in the most obvious of all fields, the field of physical power, the anti-Catholic domination was overwhelming. The successful New World was Protestant; in Europe the Protestant powers were the greatest as well as the most rapidly growing; Catholicism, attached in France to the Legitimist idea, was held to be beaten with the defeat of the Legitimists; Germany fell under the headship of Protestant Prussia and its capital Berlin; the growth of Italy as a nation was everywhere regarded, and especially by the Italian nationalists themselves, as opposed to the Church.

Such was the nature of the non-Catholic and anti-Catholic domination which gave its whole tone to the nineteenth century, and which will make that period appear for the remote historian as the final fruit and successful result of the disruption which took place at the Reformation.

Now what were the causes of such a domination by those forces which, either within the mind or outwardly in social relations, were the opponents of the Catholic spirit?

To these causes I shall turn in my next article, for it is only when we understand how the climax was reached and passed, it is only when we know the cause of a social phenomenon, that we can understand not only its expansion but its later decay.

Fonte Colombo: Greccio

The Last of Three Papers on Rieti and Its Franciscan Shrines by Gabriel Francis Powers

FOR many reasons, Fonte Colombo, lying over against Rieti to the southwest and visible across the plain from the heights of the mother-city, is one of the most notable of the Franciscan shrines. And chiefly because it was here that St. Francis dictated the Rule, and here that he beheld that remarkable vision in which Christ Our Lord Himself assured him of its Divine origin.

The convent can be seen from afar, toward the top of a hill—white in the midst of masses of dark green that surround it—and only a few miles distant from Rieti. As a foundation it dates from the second coming of the Saint to the Holy Valley in 1217, the same year that he established his Friars in the Convent of S. Giacomo at Poggio Bustone.

A noble lady of Rieti then owned the wooded hill of San Raniero, and had a house near the summit of it, and whether she first received St. Francis as her guest, or at once gave him the property, he took up his abode here in 1217. The ancient house, rebuilt in successive centuries, is known even to the present as the "House of Colomba," and stands in the group of conventual buildings. The name of the locality, "Fonte Colombo," Fountain or Spring of the Dove, may have originated with the name of the owner Colomba, or be derived from the wood-pigeons who, it is said, used to drink from the brook at its sources.

ONE of the first cares of St. Francis was to erect a small church which he dedicated to the Holy Mother of God, and this tiny oratory, at which he worked with his own hands, is one of the most interesting monuments on the spot. It stands on the

level ground at the crest of the hill, and in the diminutive belfry a bell is hung, the same, it is asserted, which St. Francis used to ring with his own hands.

The Brothers say that no matter how far away they may be, upon the mountain or in the woods, they never fail to hear this bell when it is rung. The altar is a plain slab of stone, about four and a half feet long, set upon a rude column. Brother Leo, the "little Lamb of God" whom Francis loved so much, used to say Mass for the Saint; but Francis would not yield to anybody else the privilege of caring for the sanctuary to which God came in the dawn of day.

HIS passion for the Divine Mystery of the Eucharist made him sweep the floor, tend the linen, and make the altarbreads with his own hands. Of priests he always spoke as "My Lords" or "My Masters the Priests," "because they alone," he would add, "can consecrate the Body of my Lord Jesus Christ." And, for the same reason, he would not suffer any person to judge them.

In the limited span of the apse traces of a fresco of the Annunciation appear, but it is doubtful if this existed at the time of Francis; and near one of the windows, which are mere vent-holes only a few inches wide, the sign of the Tau—T—which the great lover of the Crucified cherished because it meant to him the Cross, has been discovered, painted in red. It may be remembered that at the head of the Blessing which St. Francis wrote for Brother Leo the same sign appears, also in red.

The larger church used by the brethren, though it dates from the end of the thirteenth century, has undergone many alter-

ations, and a radical recent one made in the effort to strip it of modern additions and restore it to its primitive simplicity. The leaded windows, conscientiously made in medieval style of workmanship, set bits of gorgeous color in the bare walls, and recall special events and miracles of the Saint connected with this spot.

One of the most noted is the so-called Miracle of the Fire. Francis, what time Cardinal Ugolino invited him to Rieti that the Pope's physicians might examine his eyes, was first lodged at the Bishop's Palace, where the Pontiff himself was in residence; but he soon found the movement of the city and court disturbing, and begged permission to retire to the solitude of Fonte Colombo among his Friars.

The request was granted, but the Pope ordered his chief physician to continue his care of the Saint, and, other remedies having failed, the learned man announced that he would try the application of a red-hot iron to the temples of the sufferer. This operation took place at Fonte Colombo, and Francis was naturally terrified at the prospect of so terrible a cure. But when he saw the instrument in the surgeon's hand, he blessed the flame beneath it. "Brother Fire, noble and useful above other creatures, be gentle to me now for the love I have always borne thee and will always bear thee, and for the love of Him Who hath created thee." The faithful fire obeyed, and the Saint felt no pain.

ON another occasion the same physician happened to be at the convent just at dinner-time. Francis, always infinitely courteous and full of charity, turned toward his companions: "Our brother the doctor will surely eat with us?" But the Friars



IRONS USED BY ST. FRANCIS FOR MAKING ALTAR BREADS



ROCK CALLED OF THE FIREBRAND WHERE THE BURNING STICK STRUCK THE MOUNTAINSIDE. THE CONVENT BUILDINGS ADHERE TO IT AND INCORPORATE PART OF THE ROCK ITSELF

were put to some embarrassment, for there was nothing in the house save a small quantity of bread and wine, and some few herbs. As they were putting them on the table, a woman bearing a basket came to the door and, beneath a cloth of fine linen, the brethren found white bread and fish, grapes and honey. Divine Providence was ever ready to succor this beloved son.

THERE is a portion of the hill-side which is enclosed within walls and which the Friars consider sacred above others. A small iron gate keeps it from intruders, and over this an inscription records that Pope Sixtus IV visited this holy retreat, with "unshod feet and weeping in compunction." A paved path, sloping downward, winds towards the back and more remote flank of the mount, and we find ourselves in the midst of a thicket of trees which, growing in superposed order upon the steep incline, set one in a sea of green—trees beneath us, trees around us, and trees above.

For a moment, not irreverently, we think of Peter Pan. What a world of tree-tops to live in! And never, anywhere, do we remember such freshness, such vigor, and such genuine beauty of foliage. The silence is altogether intense, save for the liquid, silver and tuneful voice of the spring running its invisible course down the hill-side, beneath the oaks and beeches, and reaching at length the grassy valley where it issues into view.

At two or three points the flank of the mount shows in bare, savage rock, forming

natural caverns, and these—which the solitaries occupied as cells and oratories—have been converted by the addition of rudimentary masonry into so many chapels. The path itself is sanctified by the Stations of the Cross, made of colored earthenware, and set in the supporting wall of rock. The chapel dedicated to St. Michael the Archangel is in reality the cave in which St. Francis dwelt during that austere Lent which he kept in preparation for the feast of the celestial Chieftain, fasting rigorously for forty days, and praying incessantly.

AT the end of it he called Brother Leo from his grot not far removed, and said to him: "Brother Leo, little lamb of God, fetch hither pen and paper and ink, and write what the Lord is about to reveal to us." Then Leo, having brought what the Saint asked for, in the spot which is now dedicated to St. Michael, Blessed Francis began to dictate to him: "The Rule of the Friars Minor shall be this: They shall live according to the holy Gospel of our Lord, in obedience, poverty and chastity." It is the Rule which stands now as the Franciscan norm of life.

Long before, the Poverello had composed a rudimentary one, consisting merely of a few verses of the New Testament, and which it is said that Brother Elias smuggled away because he did not like it. At Fonte Colombo, with fullness of inspiration, the Saint dictated the Rule which remains. An altar has been erected that Mass may be said there, and over it a picture represents Our Lord handing a charter to St. Francis, kneeling with uplifted arms, and—further away—Brother Leo diligently writing. A rather long, obliquely inclined stone is marked as the bed upon which St. Francis was wont to take his penitential rest.

Brother Elias, and other unruly spirits in the Order, having heard that the Saint was preparing a fresh Rule, came to Fonte Colombo to warn him not to make it too severe, as they did not propose to submit to unreasonable strictnesses. Francis was deeply grieved at their complaints, but he did not answer them. He turned instead to his Lord and protested that he had known they would rebel at what was asked of them. But every man present heard the voice which replied: "There is nothing in this Rule which comes from thee, but all that is contained in it proceeds from One alone; and therefore it is to be observed to the letter, without comment, and those who do not wish to follow it may freely leave the Order."

Francis turned, strong now in the Divine assurance: "You have heard? Do you wish me to repeat what was just said?" But they went out in haste, for there was no questioning the authority of Him Who had spoken.

At the end of a sort of natural gallery of rock, an aperture, somewhat oval in shape, looks out to a gully above which the

ilexes on the crest of the hill can be clearly seen leaning over into the open space. The tradition is that, gazing upward from this aperture, Francis beheld Our Divine Lord, most beautiful and glorious, standing in the midst of the foliage of the giant tree that overhung the recess, and that he spoke to Him and was answered back again. This vision concerned the Rule, either its first giving or its confirmation.

The fact is so certain that the Friars know precisely which tree was thus sanctified by the presence of Christ, and as, in the course of time, relic-hunters had chipped the trunk to the point of damaging its century-old existence, a wall was built around it which completely encloses every accessible part of it. An ancient sonnet, composed by a poet of the seventeenth century, in praise of the "sacred ilex which sustained its Maker" hangs framed upon the masonry of the cell.

SOMEWHAT higher up, and at a short distance toward the right (still in the stone face of the cliff), is another small cave open to view but protected by an overhanging rock. On the underside of this projection, a curious round cavity is said to have been made by the head of Brother Leo. He was sleeping just outside the grot, which he shared with Fra Bonizo, when he was aroused by the voice of Francis speaking to some Person Who was above him among the trees of the crest. Leo rose with so much vivacity that he surprised the secret of the Saint, but his head struck the overhanging ledge. He received no hurt, only the rock was im-



HIGHEST PORTION OF THE ROAD LEADING UP TO THE CONVENT OF GRECCIO

pressed with the outline of his head. So at least the legend goes.

Fonte Colombo, owing to its historic associations, was until recently the novitiate-house of the Roman Province of the Friars Minor; but the numerous visitors to its sanctuaries made it advisable to remove the young men to a less frequented spot. For many years the late Cardinal Merry del Val spent part of the summer at the Villa Blasetti, half-way between Rieti and the Convent, and almost every day he climbed up, through the wood of oaks and beeches mingled with young firs, to the hallowed silences of Fonte Colombo.

He loved Rieti and its shrines, and may be said to have spent happy days in the simple peace of the Holy Valley. A marble slab outside the church recalls the affection and the veneration of the Friars for this great churchman, who so often ascended their hill humbly on foot, and did not disdain to share the recreations and take part in "the cheerful babble of the novices."

A LAST human touch referring to the lowly penitent of Assisi is treasured locally at Fonte Colombo. That same learned doctor of Pope Honorius who gave him such painful treatment for his eyes, but who venerated his patient as a true and genuine Saint of God, one day playfully remarked to him that he failed in justice toward one creature and was not even reasonable in his treatment of it. Francis was immediately touched and contrite, but he was also astonished. "What creature is that?" he asked in surprise. "Your own body," the physician answered him. "Has it not always obeyed you and served you at every turn? Has it not been always subject to your spirit, nay its slave? And yet if it were your most bitter enemy, and a rebel, you could not treat it worse than you do."

Francis saw the justice of the reproof for he had been pitiless to this one creature of God. "Thou art right," he answered. "It has served me faithfully and I have put upon it too much. But from henceforth I will show it mercy. Rejoice, O my brother Body and forgive me, because from now on I will gladly attend to thy behests, and yield to thy just complaints."

But the man of science failed in one more professional attempt. At Fonte Colombo he had the leisure to talk to Francis quietly, and to expostulate with him in the course of their friendly conversations. "Frate Francesco," he said to him confidentially, "your eyes will never heal unless you can manage to stop weeping: for at this rate you will end by becoming completely blind." "If that is all, I shall never stop weeping: because I weep for the Passion of my Lord Jesus Christ. And I would rather lose the sight of my body than cease for one moment to grieve over Him."

The Father who was our guide, spoke his amazement that in seven hundred

years of political changes, revolutions and persecutions, the Friars Minor have never been driven from Fonte Colombo. "But your property was confiscated in 1870?" "Yes it was confiscated, but we remained. The Friars have never left Fonte Colombo. It is a miracle of St. Francis, and a great and abiding one. He probably remembers that here he made the Rule."

In the midst of its deep sea of verdure, in its sylvan freshness and enchantment, in the something unique and picturesquely different from all other places, Fonte Colombo, in recollection, stands—almost—above even the loveliness of its sister



CAVE IN WHICH ST. FRANCIS KEPT THE "LENT OF ST. MICHAEL," AND IN WHICH HE RECEIVED THE INSPIRED RULE OF HIS ORDER

sanctuaries. But all are gems in the same crown.

And last of all we come to Greccio. Chronologically this is in order, for when Francis came to Greccio he was returning from Rome where, on November 29, 1223, Pope Honorius III had solemnly approved the Rule given to the Saint at Fonte Colombo. And Francis had asked a grace when he knelt at the feet of the Sovereign Pontiff. No doubt he had asked it in that candorous and artless way of his which took his hearer into his confidence and almost suggested that he knew the person addressed was going to feel exactly as he did about the matter in question.

It seemed to Francis that not quite enough was made of the feast of Christ-

mas, with its ineffable mystery of the Incarnation, its self-abasement of the God made an Infant and born of Mary, its transcendent joy, its exaltation of the lowly in the persons of the shepherds chosen as first adorers, and its message—so necessary then and always—of peace and good-will among men. The Humanity of his Lord Jesus Christ, which he adored with so ardent a passion, seemed to him almost forgotten by mankind.

There was a poet, endowed with a high dramatic sense, somewhere between the mind and the heart of the Poverello. He wanted to make a representation of the Crib of Bethlehem so that men, looking with their eyes upon so much poverty and humility, should be touched at the sight of God made man for their salvation. Out of pure love for the Babe of the manger, he wanted to show Him to all the world. Pope Honorius granted permission for the making of the first Crib, and the Crib was the invention of St. Francis of Assisi.

IN the short winter days the petitioner travelled back to Rieti, and, probably at once on his arrival at Fonte Colombo, he wrote a letter to one of his friends telling him that he would spend Christmas with him at Greccio. Greccio is a hill-town, once a strong castle, situated on a height, at about sixteen miles from Rieti. Francis had been there before. The inhabitants had a bad name, in fact they were said to be the worst people in the district, and perhaps that is why the "Herald of the Great King" went to them preaching repentance, and promising mercy and everlasting life and happiness to those who would come back to God.

He preached in the open, and a stone is shown upon which he stood while his mild, alluring voice drew the rough folk around him to conversion and utter transformation of life. But not the rude alone gave ear. There was a knight named Giovanni Velita who fell in love at first sight with the speaker, and sought his friendship, promising to do whatsoever he bid him for the amendment and sanctification of his life. Francis gratefully accepted the proffered friendship, and turned Velita's soul wholly to God. And, after that, he trusted him; and, whatsoever was in Velita's power to do, the Saint confidently and affectionately asked him to do it for him. In those early days of the conversion of Greccio, Francis established himself in solitude at the top of the mountain which is now called by his name, Monte S. Francesco, high above the town (the summit is some three thousand, six hundred feet above sea-level); in a rude hut, erected between two wide-branched horn-beams.

Long and difficult as the ascent was from the castle, Velita used frequently to climb to the peak in order to see his beloved Frate Francesco, and to converse with him concerning the things of the

spirit. More than once he had expostulated with the Saint for choosing this inaccessible place as his habitation, and he represented to him that his grey hairs, and considerable weight, made the ascension a grievous matter to him. He would build him a cell in any spot the Father desired, if he would only come nearer the town.

FRANCIS one day took up the request as a pleasantry. They would get a child to take a stick out of the fire, at Greccio, and throw it into the air; and wherever it fell there Velita should build a small refuge for him and his companions. The trial was made before many witnesses, in the open. But the brand did not fall according to the laws of gravitation. It described a wide arc, flying as a kite flies, and went to strike the rocky cliffs that soar just opposite the town of Greccio: but with a gap of wooded valley intervening.

Great was the discomfiture of the citizens, and perhaps St. Francis was amused at the success of his proposal; but all were filled with wonder at this clear indication of the Divine Will. This, at least, is the legend of the foundation of Greccio, and it is placed about A. D. 1217. There was no convent at that time. There were only two grottoes, one of which served as dormitory and the other as refectory, and perhaps what Velita did was to add some rude shelter of side wall and roof to enclose the little group of Friars. There must have been an oratory, too, for the first care of Francis was always to have an altar where Holy Mass could be celebrated.

Whether the primitive foundation at Greccio dates from 1217, or later, the most important event connected with it was that famous celebration of Christmas in 1223 which inaugurated a special and most popular devotion in the Church. We have seen that Francis, who had just returned from Rome and was taking a brief rest at Fonte Colombo, begged Messer Giovanni Velita to prepare a representation of the stable of Bethlehem, somewhere upon his own property; incidentally the request reveals the fact that Velita was lord of the ground upon which the actual convent stands. "I want to spend the night of Christmas with thee. Pick out in thy woods some grotto where thou canst build a manger; put hay in it, and bring thither an ox and a little ass, seeking to imitate as far as is possible the cave of Bethlehem: I want to see once at least with my eyes the birth of the Divine Infant." Velita at once obeyed and prepared this first Crib upon the rugged side, part rock and part forest, of the mountain now called by the name of the Saint. Thomas of Celano describes the event:

"The day of gladness drew near, and the time of exultation arrived. The brethren are called from divers places, and the men and women of the country-

side; as well as they can, with souls full of joy they prepare wax candles and torches to illuminate this night which with its shining star dispels the darkness of all times. Lastly the Saint comes and rejoices finding all things in readiness. The manger is prepared, hay is brought and the ox and ass led in. There simplicity is honored, poverty is exalted, humanity is praised and Greccio becomes almost a new Bethlehem. The night grows luminous as the day and brings delights to men and beasts.

"The country folk come running and at this new mystery they are filled with joy. The forest resounds with voices and the rocks echo the gladness of mankind. The Friars sing, pouring forth before the Lord meet words of praise and the whole night exults with rapture. Before the Crib stands the Saint, drawing frequent sighs, and full of devotion and unspeakably great joy. The holy Sacrifice is celebrated over the Crib and new consolation floods the soul of the priest. The Saint assumes levitic vestments and, being a deacon, reads the Gospel aloud. His vehement, sweet, clear, sonorous voice urges all present toward the supreme goods.

"Then he addresses his hearers and on the birth of this King Who is poor and of Bethlehem, the little city, he says words of extraordinary sweetness. Often, too, wishing to name Christ Jesus and burning with most ardent love for Him, he calls

Him the Babe of Bethlehem, and saying Bethlehem, as it were the bleating of a sheep, his mouth is filled with sweetness. His tongue touches his lips and when he speaks the name of the Babe of Bethlehem, Jesus, filled with delight, his very palate tastes the sweetness of that Name.

"The gifts of the Lord Almighty are multiplied and an admirable vision is granted to a virtuous man. He beholds a Child verily slumbering in the manger and the Saint of God drawing nigh to him as if to awaken him out of his sleep. Nor was this vision idle for the Child Jesus, dead indeed in the hearts of many, was that night, by His grace and by the efforts of His servant Francis, raised in them to new life and indelibly impressed upon their memory. The solemn watch being at last over the people returned with great joy to their own homes."

THE man who saw the vision was the man who had prepared the Crib: Giovanni Velita. And it was he, no doubt, who turned the grotto of that Christmas night into a chapel where Holy Mass is celebrated every day upon the humble altar. Mostly, the walls are the bare, original rock and the spot is plunged in almost complete darkness, save for the candlelight. In the arch behind the altar a double fresco is painted: on one side the cave of Bethlehem, with the Virgin Mother tenderly nursing the Babe in swaddling

Indian Mound by the River

By LeGarde S. Doughty

THROUGH fen and mead and the wood and weed
Where never a hoe or harrow
Had spurred the toil of the feral soil
I came to an ancient barrow.
I saw the glint of the broken flint
That once was a wind-swift arrow.
I climbed the crust of the heaping dust
Of a nation's bone and marrow.

To the round green mound rose the sombre sound
Of the swirl and the rock-cleft billow;
For the ceaseless surge sang an endless dirge
To the warrior 'sleep on his pillow,
Neath the stony chine where the dwarfed pine
Stood watch with the moss-draped willow.

And I looked below to the turgid flow
Of the rapidly running river.
And the height was steep and the stream was deep;
And I stood alarmed and a-quiver;
For road nor street had stretched to meet,
Nor white men's feet with heedless beat
Had dared to greet this grim retreat,
The mound of death and the river.

clothes; on the other the Christmas scene of Greccio in 1223.

HISTORICALLY this picture is of great interest. The Crib is in the foreground and, according to the vision, the Babe of Bethlehem is in it, wrapped in swaddling clothes and with a golden aureola around His head. Just behind the manger stands the altar, spread with a linen cloth, at which the priest is praying with the Chalice uncovered in front of him. Still further back, the monks are singing, one of them holding an open book. At the foot of the Crib, Francis, halo-crowned, is kneeling with folded hands, his eyes fixed upon the Child. He seems to be kneeling upon straw. He is clad in the "levitic vestments," an alb of shining white, and deacon's tunic adorned with bands of embroidery at the neck and across the breast. His face is extremely youthful and serene.

Standing at his shoulders is a middle-aged man believed to be certainly the knight Velita. He, too, is gazing at the Divine Infant, his hands open in welcome or adoring admiration. His long grey tunic reaches his ankles, and is partly covered by a loose, sleeveless coat of dark red, with tassels to secure it hanging upon the breast. His head is covered with a cloth cap, also dark red. Beyond these two principal figures is a mixed group of men and veiled women.

Except for the altar and the fresco, there is nothing to be seen in the dusky chapel;

but this is one of the spots to which, from everywhere, the gratitude and desire of Christian people turn, for here the memorable and touching custom of the Christmas Crib was born, out of the heart of Francis.

There are many personal souvenirs of the Seraph Saint in the ancient convent, but the most striking general impression is one of such great poverty and complete denudation that it is a marvel men could live so stripped of all things. Theirs was certainly the purpose to "endure hardships for Christ." The primitive dormitory, all of stone, is a mere passage and the Brothers slept upon the ground side by side, a Cross scooped in the rock above each sleeper marking the place reserved for him.

The so-called refectory is another small narrow room of stone; there was just space enough in it for the Brothers to sit at board, and not a foot to spare. The very table upon which they ate is preserved; it consisted of two pieces of heavy wood, each about three feet long, eighteen inches wide and perhaps four to five inches thick.

To our mind, one of the most interesting of all the memorials is the set of irons, very much like our modern waffle-irons, with which Francis used to make the altar breads used for the celebration of Holy Mass. They are stamped with the impression of the I. H. S.—the monogram of the Name of Jesus. The chapel which

the primitive Friars used in the days of St. Bonaventure, who added structures of wood to the original rock of the time of St. Francis, has benches of rough oak, and a lectern and hanging lamp stand. Arms of wood on hinges can be moved out or folded back flat against the wood partition, and to these the hand-written book or scroll for the recitation of the Divine Office was attached.

A very ancient picture of St. Francis, a wood panel, shows him in a grey habit with his hood raised and a cloth in his lifted hand. He is apparently weeping. This curious and realistic presentment is said to have been painted for Madonna Jacopa de Settesoli. The view from the windows of this upper portion of the Convent is of enchanting beauty, and such that one would never weary of looking at it. The plain, ever-changing in its aspects and lights, stretches before one. On the wooded hill, over across the gully of green, Greccio towers grey and compact.

RIETI is far away, beyond the intervening, aerial blue of distance, its towers dominating the massed city like feudal lords. But all the space between, teeming life of the fruitful earth, and man and beast, loveliness of Italy, field, vineyard and water, song of the people, brown-skinned and dark-eyed, blue of the sky and clear, resplendent sunlight—it is all gathered there in the peace of St. Francis' Holy Valley.

Two Make a Visit

By Joan McCarthy

THREE o'clock! and school is o'er.
Two children hurry to a door,
Give a push and swing it wide—
"Now we're on the other side,
We must laugh and talk no more."

Two hands dip in water cool,
Crosses make—by ancient rule—
Two forms hasten up the nave,
Bend the knee, with faces grave,
Mount the steps to say their prayer
Kneeling at the altar fair:
(Folded hands and eyes shut tight.
Flickering candles burning bright.)
"O Sacred Heart, I Thee implore
To make me love Thee more and more."
'Jesus come into my heart,
And never, never more depart."

Then a whisper soft and low,
"To Her altar now we'll go."
Pattering feet, but faces grave,
Two forms steal across the nave,

Pennies place in box for alms
(Are their Angels singing psalms?)
"Now my candle all ablaze!
To the very top I'll raise.
(Folded hands and eyes shut tight.
Flickering candles burning bright.)
"Mother dearest, pray for me,
For I'm only eight, you see,
And I am not very wise,
But I do so want that prize!
And—Oh, yes, please make me good.
Sister said you surely would."

Two forms cross the nave once more,
Two knees touch the marble floor,
Two heads bow in briefest prayer:
"Jesus, dear, I know You're there."

WITH scurrying feet, but faces grave,
The children hasten down the nave,
Reach the door and swing it wide—
"Now we're on the other side,
We may laugh and talk again."

THE SIGN-POST is our Readers' very own. In it we shall answer all questions concerning Catholic belief and practice and publish communications of general interest. Communications should be as brief as possible. Please give your full name and correct address as evidence of your good faith.

THE SIGN-POST

Questions ♦ Answers ♦ Communications

Anonymous communications will not be considered. Writers' names will not be published except with their consent. Send us questions and letters. What interests you will very likely interest others, and make this department more interesting and instructive. Address: THE SIGN, UNION CITY, N. J.

CANONIZATION AND THE BIBLE

Does the Catholic Church base her teachings on canonization on God's Word? This question was asked of me by a non-Catholic.—A. T., STAMFORD, CONN.

It is not always possible to establish a practice of the Church on a text of the Bible. Nor is it necessary. The general Protestant notion is that unless a doctrine or practice of the Catholic Church is explicitly mentioned in so many words in the Bible, that doctrine or practice is not true. Such a notion is erroneous because it is predicated on "the Bible and the Bible only" theory.

The Bible itself nowhere says that it, and it alone, contains all revealed truth. The Church, which Christ established as the living and infallible teacher of all mankind, holds that the Bible, or written word, together with Tradition, and both interpreted by her Divine authority, is the complete source of God's revelation.

However, the honor which the Church renders to the Saints has its foundation in the Holy Scriptures. There are six chapters in the Book of Ecclesiasticus (44 and following), and one lengthy catalog in Hebrew (Chapter 11), which are devoted to the praise of holy men of renown. In St. Luke (9:28-32) there is an account of the honor which Christ Himself paid to Moses and Elias at the Transfiguration, which is a kind of canonization. Moreover, did not Jesus Himself bear witness to the sanctity of St. John the Baptist when He said that no man born of woman was greater than he?

The Catholic Church fulfills her office of sanctifying men by proposing to their veneration and imitation those men and women who have heroically exhibited the virtues of Jesus. In praising and venerating them we praise and venerate Him by Whose grace they became what they were.

Canonization is a definitive decree of the Roman Pontiff which certifies that a certain person is in Heaven among the Saints of God. This insures that only those are proposed for veneration and imitation who are truly worthy.

PRIEST AS PRESIDENT

Does the Roman Catholic Church teach any doctrine that prohibits a Catholic priest from taking the Presidential oath?—V. J. K., BRONX, N. Y.

By virtue of Canon Law priests are forbidden to accept public offices which are concerned with secular jurisdiction and administration. (Canon 139.) This is a law of the Church, and consequently can be dispensed in individual cases. Thus, the late Monsignor Seipel was chancellor of Austria. But conditions are quite different in that country. However, if a Catholic priest in this country were allowed to run for the Presidency by his ecclesiastical superiors, and if (a rather large one) he were elected, there is nothing in the dogmatic teaching of the Church which would prevent him from taking the oath of President of the United States. The oath is quite simple: "I do solemnly swear (or affirm) that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will, to the best of my ability preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States."

AUXILIARY BISHOP AND VICAR GENERAL

(1) What is the meaning of the phrase "without the right of succession," when a new Bishop is appointed to assist another Bishop? (2) If the Bishop of the diocese should die, will the newly appointed Bishop succeed to the title of the Bishop or Archbishop? (3) Who is

higher—an auxiliary Bishop or a Vicar General?—E. A. S., BOSTON, MASS.

(1) A coadjutor who is given to the person of the Bishop or Archbishop of a diocese without the right of succession is called by the special name of auxiliary. The distinction between an auxiliary Bishop and a coadjutor Bishop is that the latter, whether given to the person of the Bishop or to the diocese, usually has the right of succession. (Canon 350.) It depends on the will of the Pope whether an assistant Bishop shall be a coadjutor with the right of succession, or simply an auxiliary.

(2) The status of an auxiliary Bishop depends on the apostolic letters of appointment. But according to the general norm of Canon Law an auxiliary Bishop does not succeed either to the see or to the titles of the Bishop or Archbishop.

(3) We must distinguish. By virtue of the power of Sacred Orders an auxiliary Bishop is higher than a Vicar General, who is not a Bishop. But by virtue of the power of jurisdiction, a Vicar General, even though only in priestly orders, is higher than an auxiliary Bishop. The Vicar General has ordinary power of jurisdiction by virtue of his office, while an auxiliary Bishop has no power of jurisdiction, except that delegated to him by the Holy See or the Bishop. Since auxiliary Bishops should not be without a diocese, the Holy See makes them titulars of dioceses in *partibus infidelium*, that is, of dioceses which were once part of the Church, but are now usually in the hands of infidels.

DOUAI AND KING JAMES' BIBLES

I ask for light on the following statement, which appeared in The Living Church, from the pen of Rev. Samuel C. B. Mercer, Dean of Divinity College, Toronto: "The Rheims and Douai Bibles were rendered from the Latin Vulgate and suffered from extreme literalness, and stilted and ambiguous renderings. For example, the famous phrase in our Lord's prayer is rendered 'give us this day our superabundant bread.' It must be remembered, however, that the Douai version in the Roman Catholic Church has never been considered as an authorized one. The King James' version in 1611 was the first printed."—E. S. J., CLIFTON SPRINGS, N. Y.

The good Dean errs in saying that the King James' version was the first printed. Even so stout a Protestant as John Foxe (Book of Martyrs) admitted: "If histories be well examined we shall find before the Conquest and after, as well before John Wickliffe was born as since, the whole body of the Scriptures by sundry men translated in this our [English] country tongue." As a matter of fact, the original Douai version of the Bible was published before the Authorized or King James' Version. The New Testament was published at Rheims in 1582 and the Old Testament at Douai in 1609. The scrupulous adherence of the translators of what is called the Douai Version to the Latin text of the Vulgate is the reason for the less elegant and idiomatic words found in it. Fidelity to the sense of the Vulgate, which alone is termed "authentic" by the Church, is of more importance than elegance of style. The Authorized Protestant Version was found to contain thousands of errors, though the translators had the Douai Version before them. While the literary excellence of the King James Version is incontestable, it does not follow that the Douai Version is totally lacking in this quality, especially in the revision by Dr. Challoner, which is the current Catholic version in the English speaking world. Cardinal Newman was at one time about to bring out a new Catholic version of the Bible. Unfortunately, his plan never came to fruition.

THE FUTURE AND FREE WILL

(1) What is the difference between (a) fate, (b) fatalism, (c) determinism, (d) and predestination? (2) Are they not directly opposed to free will? (3) What is the Catholic doctrine regarding them?—N. S. W., St. Louis, Mo.

(1). (a) Fate derives from pagan systems of thought, and denotes an inexorable deity or a supreme law by which the destiny of gods as well as men are ruled. (b) Fatalism is the term used to designate any system which holds that fate or blind necessity is the ruling power in the universe. (c) Determinism is a modification of fatalism, which attempts to reconcile it with free will. It admits that the will is capable of choice, but postulates "motives" which determine the choice. These motives, according to this theory, arise from circumstances beyond the control of him who makes the choice, such as physiological or psychological complexions. Determinism fails in its purpose and is logically reduced to fatalism. (d) Predestination is a species of quasi-Christian fatalism elaborated principally by Calvin, who expresses its fundamental teaching in these words: "Men are not created in like circumstances, but some are foreordained to eternal life, others to eternal damnation."

(2) All the above mentioned systems are not only opposed to the universal experience of free will in man, but are submersive of all morality. For if man is not free to choose between good and evil, he cannot be held accountable for what he does. Both praise and blame are equally meaningless. And if God be admitted at all, He must be admitted as the author of sin. Predestination, carrying the theory into the theological field, denies that man is worthy of merit or demerit. For if the only reason for eternal reward or punishment is an arbitrary decree of God, it makes no difference what man does on his part. Moreover, in the light of this theory of predestination, it is at least conceivable that some who live good lives will be condemned, while others who lead wicked lives will be saved. The only alternative is the denial of free will. Both conclusions are fatalistic and false.

(3) The Catholic doctrine on these points may be expressed as follows: "God protects and governs by His Providence all things which He has made, 'reaching from end to end mightily and ordering all things sweetly.' For 'all things are bare and open to His eyes,' even those which are yet to be by the free actions of creatures." (Council of Vatican, Sess. III, c. 1.) This definition excludes the pagan notion of fate, and also modern Deism, which either denies Providence entirely, or represents God as an idle, uninterested spectator of mundane affairs.

With regard to predestination and determinism the Catholic doctrine teaches that God, even in view of the fall of our first parents, by an antecedent will really and truly wills the salvation of all men, and He does not destine anyone to eternal punishment without a foreknowledge of that one's wickedness. Against Calvin and the Jansenists, who taught that God wills to save none but the predestined, the Council of Trent defined: "If any one saith that the grace of justification is attained only by those who are predestined to life, but that all others who are called, are called indeed, but receive not grace, as being by Divine power predestined unto evil; let him be anathema." (Sess. VI, can. 17.) This doctrine is substantiated by Holy Scripture:

God sincerely wills antecedently that all men be saved. (Wis. 11:24, 1 Tim. 2:4.)

Christ died for all, and all receive grace sufficient for salvation. (John 13:17, 1 John 11:2, Eph. 4:7.)

Man is free to choose between good and evil. (Deut. 30:15, 19, Eccles. 25:18.)

God will render unto every man according to his works. (Ps. 61:13, Prov. 13:8:4, John 6:65.)

Fate and predestination may also be used in an orthodox Catholic sense. In this sense, fate is synonymous with Divine Providence. But this word is not approved on account of the pagan errors concerning it. St. Augustine says: "If anyone calls the influence or the power of God by the name of fate, let him hold to this opinion, but let him mend his speech." Predestina-

tion in current Catholic usage is confined to the call of grace and eternal life. There is no absolute and positive predestination to eternal punishment. Those who, by abusing their free will, live wickedly and die in final impenitence are said to be reprobated.

STATIONS OF THE CROSS

In The Sign-Post for November last you answered that the only conditions for gaining the indulgences of the Way of the Cross are: (1) movement from station to station; (2) meditation on the Sacred Passion; (3) the state of grace. I have always been of the opinion that to gain any *toties quoties* indulgence it is necessary to say six Our Fathers, Hail Marys, and Glorias. There seems to be some confusion over this, as different priests follow different practices with regard to the recitation of prayers for the Pope when making the Stations. Will you kindly straighten this out?—R. H., BRIGHTON, MASS.

The confusion will be quickly dissipated if those interested will read the Decree of the Sacred Penitentiary, dated October 20, 1931, which appeared in the *Acta Apostolicæ Sedis* (vol. XXIII, n. 14). In that document all former indulgences granted in favor of the Way of the Cross were revoked, and new ones substituted. These are: (1) a plenary indulgence each time (*toties quoties*) the Way of the Cross is completed; (2) another plenary indulgence if on the same day on which the Way of the Cross is performed Holy Communion is received. The same indulgence is granted if, besides the reception of Holy Communion, the Way of the Cross is made ten times within one month; (3) a partial indulgence of ten years and ten quarantines for each station, if the devotion is interrupted and a person is not able to finish. In order to gain these indulgences the same Decree says: "All the faithful who, either singly or in groups, shall with at least a devout heart perform the exercise of the Way of the Cross, which have been lawfully erected, can gain the [above] indulgences." There is no mention of any other condition, such as confession, communion, and prayers for the Pope, which are ordinarily required for gaining plenary indulgences. The Stations of the Cross seem to be an exception to this rule. The Decree concerning indulgences to be gained *toties quoties* refers to the Portiuncula Indulgence, and those equivalent to it, such as that of All Souls Day. These indulgences require, besides Confession and Communion, visits to churches or other specified places, together with prayers for the Pope, which must be six Our Fathers, Hail Marys, and Glorias.

TWO SAYINGS OF OUR LORD

Will you kindly explain the meaning of these two texts of Holy Scripture: "In My Father's house there are many mansions," and "There shall be one flock and one shepherd."—G. W. L., DEDHAM, MASS.

Jesus said that He was about to return to His Father, and that Peter would follow Him. (John 13:36.) He was silent about the other Apostles. The latter feared that they might be excluded from the house of God in Heaven. In order to allay their fears Jesus consoled them by saying: "Let not your hearts be troubled; you believe in God, believe also in Me. In My Father's house there are many mansions." (John 14:1, 2.) Heaven is a vast empyrean which is large enough to accommodate all mankind. Many mansions may also mean various degrees of glory among the Blessed. While there is room, and to spare, in Heaven, this text must not be interpreted to mean that men shall be saved, whether or not they comply with the conditions for salvation.

In the verse—"There shall be one fold and one shepherd"—Jesus foretold the calling and conversion of the Gentiles, and that He would be King and Pastor of all nations, as He had been of the Jews. The incredulity and rebelliousness of the Jews would not deter Him from calling in their place the multitude of men who were not of the Jewish race. When Jesus added: "And they shall hear My voice," that is, through the preaching of His Apostles and their successors, He implicitly rebuked the Jews, who refused to believe and follow Him. After His departure the

Apostles and their successors were to go forth into all nations and convert them to Him, and the converted, together with converted Jews, shall make one fold, or Church, under one Pastor, Christ, and His Vicar on earth, the Pope.

All objections concerning the sending of missionaries into foreign lands are futile when confronted with the express and solemn command of Jesus: "Go ye into the whole world and preach the gospel to every creature." (Mark 16:15.)

DECREE ON VOTIVE CANDLES

Will you please explain the Decree of our Holy Father, which appeared in the newspapers some time ago, declaring that he would stop the use of candles in the Church?—P. S. R., CARLISLE, PA.

The Decree to which you refer was issued by the Cardinal Vicar of Vatican City and Rome, and was directed only to the churches in those places, and not to the whole Church. So far as we know the Decree did not forbid the use of candles, but only the sale of them in the churches.

PROPHECIES OF SAINT MALACHY: ST. PAUL IN ENGLAND: CATHOLIC PARTY: LOST BOOKS OF BIBLE

(1) What is the Church's attitude toward the prophecies of St. Malachy concerning the Popes? What name does he give to the present pontiff? Where can I obtain further information on this subject? (2) Who is the publisher of "Catholic Belief" by Bruno? (3) Is there any truth in the story that St. Paul first brought Christianity to England? I have heard this statement given as a fact by non-Catholic sources. (4) What is your opinion regarding the creation of a Catholic party in the United States similar to the Catholic Center party in Germany? (5) In what light does the Church regard the so-called "Lost Books of the Bible"?—H. P. T., GARDEN CITY, N. J.

(1) The Church takes no official recognition whatever of the prophecies concerning the Popes, which are attributed to St. Malachy. While there is a difference of opinion concerning the authorship and value of these prophecies, the opinion of modern scholars is that St. Malachy is not their author and that they are a remarkable forgery. It is significant that St. Malachy died November 2, 1148, and the prophecies did not appear until 1595. The present Pope is supposed to be designated by the title *Fides Intrepida*—Faith Undaunted. For further information consult *The Catholic Encyclopedia* (vol. XII, page 476), and *The Life of St. Malachy* by Rev. Albion J. Luddy, O. Cist. The latter has a much more satisfactory account of the prophecies than the former.

(2) Benziger Brothers, Park Place, New York City.

(3) We have not been able to find any justification for this statement. The furthest western point that St. Paul may have reached is Spain. In his Epistle to the Romans (15:24, 28), the Saint revealed his intention of going to Spain, but there is a difference of opinion as to whether he ever carried out his proposal.

(4) This question has been mooted a great deal in recent years. There are strong opinions on both sides. One thing is certain. Conditions differ greatly in this country from those in Germany. In the latter country there are provinces sharply divided according to religious lines, such as the Catholic provinces of Bavaria and the Rhineland, and the Lutheran provinces of Prussia and north Germany. The Catholic provinces were once under their own kings, but during the régime of Bismarck they were forcibly taken over to form a greater Germany, with Protestant Prussia in control. The formation of the Catholic Center party was in the interests of self-defense. In this country there is not a like situation. There is no union between Church and State, at least theoretically. Each religion is equal before the law. Hence, the same reasons for creating a Catholic party do not obtain in this country.

(5) The Church regards all such so-called "Lost Books of the Bible" as either apocrypha, that is, books supposedly inspired, but in reality not so; or merely fabrications. The Canon of inspired books of the Bible was first definitely fixed at the Council

of Hippo in A. D. 393, which Canon was solemnly approved at the Council of Florence in A. D. 1441, and lastly at the Council of Trent in A. D. 1546. All the extant books of revelation inspired of the Holy Ghost are declared by the infallible Teaching Church to be in this Canon. All books, therefore, which claim to be inspired and which are not contained in the Canon fixed by these Councils, are to be regarded as either apocrypha or literary hoaxes.

THE JESUITS: ARCHBISHOP MANNIX: IRISH COURSE

(1) Is "The Power and Secret of the Jesuits" by René Fulop-Miller, worth reading? (2) Is Archbishop Mannix of Australia still alive? (3) Is it true that a course in Irish is taught at the Catholic University in Washington? I have heard that the Hibernians of California left money for that purpose?—M. H., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

(1) The book is unreliable. As the review of the book in *America* said, the reader will learn something of the power but little of the secret of the Jesuits, because the author has no conception of spiritual values. Better save your money.

(2) Yes.

(3) There is a chair of Celtic Languages and Literatures established in the Catholic University at Washington by the Ancient Order of Hibernians of the United States.

SEVEN UNRELATED QUESTIONS

(1) Is Easter water used only during Easter time, or is it for all the year? (2) Do you know of a paper called The Present Truth. It treats of the Bible, the end of the world, and the devil. I am sure that it is not a Catholic paper. (3) Do any of the Catholic laity ever write to our Holy Father? How should he be addressed in a letter? (4) Did you ever hear of a revelation to the effect that anyone who would recite seven Our Fathers and Hail Marys in honor of the Passion of Christ would be saved from contagious diseases? (5) Why should one person be called to love God more and give up more in this life, when possibly another who never sacrificed anything will gain Heaven just the same? (6) If we had never been born there would be no danger of losing our souls. Why, then, should we have been born? (7) May a Catholic marry an unbaptized person in church?—J. MCG., GLENSHAW, PA.

(1) The Roman Ritual prescribes that baptismal water must be blessed on the vigils of Easter and Pentecost. This is a special blessing with oils consecrated that year by the Bishop of the diocese. This water is for use throughout the year. Ordinary holy water is to be blessed every Sunday, or as often as necessary.

(2) We have never heard of the paper, but we have no hesitation in warning Catholics against reading religious doctrine published by non-Catholics, since such reading is explicitly forbidden by the Church.

(3) We presume that the Pope receives a great number of personal letters. The form of address is as follows: "Most Holy Father" or "Your Holiness." The letter should end thus: "Prostrate at the feet of Your Holiness, I have the honor to profess myself, with the most profound respect, Your Holiness' most humble servant." The superscription should read: "To His Holiness, Pope Pius XI, Vatican City."

(4) We have not. Moreover, we don't believe that such a revelation was ever made.

(5) All are called to love God with their whole heart, soul, and mind. All, however, are not called to the same degree of love of God. But "to every one of us is given grace, according to the measure of the giving of Christ." (Eph. 4:7.) The diversity of graces is due to the good pleasure of God, Who gives to each according to His pleasure. Nevertheless, the measure of grace is often in accord with the perfections of our dispositions. The Saints received greater graces because they were better disposed to receive them.

(6) True, if we had not been born we would not be in danger of losing our souls. But at the same time we would not have the opportunity of saving them, either. We have been born because it was the will of God, Who always desires our good.

(7) Catholics are forbidden to marry non-Catholics, whether baptized or unbaptized. But, if the Church grants a dispensation from the impediments of mixed religion and disparity of worship, marriage may be entered into, but, as a rule, "outside the church," that is, in the rectory or sacristy.

PRIVATE REPLIES

J. F.—Many of our readers have sent us information about the Infant of Prague devotions, which we shall be glad to forward to you, if you will send us your address.

C. A. L.—We advise that you mention the matter to your confessor, as there are some details which must be known before giving a decision.

N. W.—The deceit, while wrong in itself, was not sufficient to invalidate the marriage. The fact that you were married in church before a priest and witnesses is presumptive proof that everything was validly performed.

E. S.—Elsie is both an English and German contracted form of Elizabeth. There are several Saints by the name of Elizabeth. To mention a few: St. Elizabeth, mother of St. John the Baptist; St. Elizabeth, Queen of Portugal; St. Elizabeth of Hungary; and St. Elizabeth of Schonague, a Benedictine nun of the twelfth century. St. Lucy, virgin and martyr, is a patron of those afflicted with sore eyes. Feast day December 13.

E. M. L.—We cannot give an opinion as to his status. His marriage would have to be investigated by the proper authorities.

E. K.—From what we can learn *Mother India*, by Katherine Mayo, is distorted in its viewpoint and, therefore, not reliable. If you are interested in conditions in that country and wish for an informed opinion, communicate with Rev. John B. Delauny, C. S. C., Editor of *The Bengalese*, Brookland, D. C. After seven years' service in India, he is well informed about the political, moral, and religious conditions there.

B. McK.—If your confessor told you not to bring up past sins again, follow his advice.

B. L. G.—Ask your confessor, who will advise you in the matter.

J. V.—It would take too much space to answer all your questions. We recommend *A Brief History of Religion* (International Catholic Truth Society, 407 Bergen Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. Price five cents).

C. S.—We do not know whether or not Theresa Neumann prophesied anything about the United States.

J. M. M.—We are unable to quote the passage you desire. St. Thomas' works are very numerous and it is difficult to find a quotation without some kind of clue.

GENERAL THANKSGIVINGS

Little Flower, Immaculate Mother, St. Joseph, St. Jude, C. T. W., Philadelphia, Pa.; Blessed Mother, St. Anthony, M. B., Brooklyn, N. Y.; St. Theresa, M. A. K., Cleveland, O.; Sacred Heart, M. J., Wyncote, Pa.; Blessed Virgin, St. Jude, St. Anne, Holy Souls, J. T. B., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Sacred Heart, Blessed Mother, Little Flower, St. Joseph, M. W., New York, N. Y.; Sacred Heart, A. W., Kearny, N. J.; Sacred Heart, H. A. H., Pittsburgh, Pa.; St. Joseph, A. Z., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Little Flower, B. F., Weston, Ontario; Little Flower, D. S. B., Bronx, N. Y.

THANKSGIVINGS TO ST. JUDE

S. J. G., Dickson City, Pa.; T. M. B., Huntington, L. I.; H. C., Cleveland, O.; M. K., Elmhurst, L. I.; K. J., Elmhurst, L. I.; B. C., New York, N. Y.; M. F. D., Brooklyn, N. Y.; A. B. F., St. Louis, Mo.; M. C. H., Dorchester, Mass.; B. L., Oswego, N. Y.; M. M. L., Brooklyn, N. Y.; G. M. F., Hartford, Conn.; H. G. M., Boston, Mass.; A. M. C., Phillipsburg, N. J.; M. A. D., Pittsburgh, Pa.; M. E. L., Ansonia, Conn.; H. T. F., Oyster Bay, L. I.; A. M. McC., Brooklyn, N. Y.; M. A. G., Normandy, Mo.; A. D. S. J., Cleveland, O.; J. F. D., Bangor, Me.; A. V. P., New York, N. Y.; A. H., Woodhaven, L. I.; T. H. H., West New York, N. J.; M. I. S., Baltimore, Md.; M. M., Jersey City, N. J.; S. M. T., Rochester, N. Y.; M. J. M., Boston, Mass.; M. D. N., Dover, N. J.; N. M., New York, N. Y.; A. M. McC., Brooklyn, N. Y.; M. A. G., Roxbury, Conn.; G. McH., Far Rockaway, N. Y.; T. C. W., Lynn, Mass.; F. A. B., Brighton, Mass.; J. McC., Brooklyn, N. Y.; M. E. T., Brooklyn, N. Y.; K. K., Elmhurst, L. I.; L. S., Jamaica, L. I.; H. McI., New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE—In reply to a number of requests we wish to state that THE SIGN has gotten out a special pamphlet on St. Jude. Besides a sketch of his life, it contains occasional prayers and novena devotions in his honor. Almost every mail brings us notice of favors received through the intercession of this Apostle who has been for centuries styled "Helper in Cases Despaired Of." Copies of the pamphlet are 10c each or 15 for \$1.

BERNARDETTE SOUBIROUX: PURGATORY

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

There is a mistake (due possibly to a misprint), in Aileen Mary Clegg's impressive article on Lourdes in the October issue of THE SIGN.

Not in 1857 (page 138, col. 3), but in 1858 occurred the eighteenth distinct apparition of the Blessed Virgin to Bernardette Soubiroux. The first was on Thursday, February 11, 1858; the last (eighteenth) on Friday, July 16, 1858.

The Blessed Virgin in the Nineteenth Century, by Bernard St. John, gives February 4, as the date of the first apparition. That's incorrect. By writing to the Sisters of Christian Instruction, St. Lildard, Nevers, France, you can get the only complete life of Bernardette Soubiroux, written by a Religious of their mother-house. It was translated into English, by J. H. Gregory. The price, I believe, is \$1.00.

On page 140 of your October issue, there is a quotation from I Cor. 2:9, quoted in turn from *Isaías*, 64:4. The words, "to conceive," often added by preachers, are not found in the Douay, King James, nor in Isaac's Leeser's English translation of the Old Testament.

The good soul who began to see things after reading that "Disturbing Book on Purgatory," quotes (apparently) from *Proverbs* 24:16. The words, "a day," are not, I believe, in that text. Their insertion is probably due to the influence of *Luke* 17:14: "If he sins against Thee seven times a day." Even good company, you see, can be misleading.

Tell your "Purgatory" book correspondent to read St. Thérèse of Lisieux (the Little Flower's) autobiography, to take out of his mouth the bad taste caused by the other.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

(REV.) THOMAS P. HEVERIN.

A NOTE OF APPRECIATION

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

It was with a very keen appreciation of your kindness and magnanimity that I noted the generous space you gave our work of remailing Catholic Literature to leaders of thought in India. With your own work at home, and in China making such demands on your resources, as I am sure it does in these distressful

times, this was more than good of you. God bless you! And, *sit Ipse merces vestra magna nimis.*

My valuation of your courtesy was emphasized by my concrete knowledge both of the immense need there is for just this kind of apostolate, and the vast possibilities for positive good that it not only can, but actually is actuating, as also because we have learned by experience that *THE SIGN* has a family of very responsive and generous readers. God bless them all!

With every good wish for your good self, and your generous readers,

Your least companion in the service of Christ our King,

PATNA MISSION,
BANKIPORE, INDIA.

P.J. SONTAG, S.J.,
SUPERIOR OF THE JESUITS.

ANOTHER FORM OF CATHOLIC ACTION

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I take this opportunity of introducing myself. Almost a year ago I joined the Catholic Truth Guild of Boston, and since that time I have never had a moment of regret. In fact, I do not consider my speaking on Boston Common Mall as doing enough for Catholic Action.

A few months ago I read of a Catholic Newsstand in Detroit as being the means of bringing twelve converts into the Church. As far as I know, there is no Truth Guild in Detroit, and yet it brings in twelve converts in a few months. What untold good a Catholic Newsstand in Boston could do, working in unison with the Catholic Truth Guild, is difficult for the ordinary individual to say, although you who are in a position to know, it is very great. Of course, Boston has its Catholic supply houses, but they do not come in contact with the type of man that we lecture to on the Common.

This idea that I have in mind is the result of my deep concern for the man outside the Catholic fold. A Catholic Newsstand is most urgently needed if we are to experience the fruits of our lectures to the man in the street.

I wrote to Dr. Sullivan in Detroit asking for information regarding his starting of the stand. He very kindly answered, supplying me with various items that will no doubt help me.

A great deal depends, however, on the coöperation which the editors of the various magazines will give me.

The sooner I receive favorable word, the sooner I shall start my Newsstand, for the honor and glory of God and for an increase in converts to the Catholic Church in Boston.

I have spoken to the Chaplain of our Guild, Father Waters, and he is more than pleased at my contemplating such a work. I am twenty-three years of age, and with the grace of God, I shall devote my life to the bringing of proper reading material before the eyes of Catholics and the Catholics of to-morrow (the children of to-day); last, but by no means the least, before the eyes and minds of those outside the fold of Peter, who are still blinded by the darkness laid by Satan.

Only one thing can dispel this darkness and that is the general sale of Catholic literature on the streets and corners of America.

HYDE PARK, MASS.

ALFRED W. HOMMEL.

SPREAD OF THE OUTDOOR MISSION

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

It was very satisfactory to read the letter of Mildred Stone announcing that priests as well as laymen are campaigning for Christ in the open spaces of Oklahoma City. That had not yet taken place when I sent my article to *THE SIGN*. The first information of the outdoor campaign in the Diocese of Oklahoma City came to me from the Secretary of our Catholic Truth Guild, David Goldstein of Boston, who wrote:

"DEAR KERRISH:

"Our ambitious desire to see the Catholic message carried to the man in the street, in other places than Boston is soon to be-

come a reality. Oklahoma will be second to respond and the Archdiocese of Baltimore third. The open air meetings I addressed recently in twenty-one cities in the State of Oklahoma, are but the forerunner of meetings that are soon to be addressed out in the open by priests and laymen under the leadership of Father Levens of Oklahoma City, a very competent priest who has long been preparing to campaign for Christ. I have a call from the Archdiocese of Baltimore to start off their Catholic Evidence Guild men with a boom. If only New York and Chicago line up for the work we will be on the high road to carrying the Catholic message to the man in the street throughout our America."

Thanks for the information contained in Mildred Stone's communication. The hour is near at hand when, under the banner of Christ The King, the laity will be out in great numbers, doing the educational work needed to save human civilization from the enemies of God and Country.

CATHOLIC TRUTH GUILD,
BOSTON, MASS.

WILLIAM E. KERRISH,
VICE-PRESIDENT.

MORE "HIGHBROWS" AGAIN

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

In a recent issue of your magazine there appeared a letter, in that department devoted to Communications, and it bore the anonymous signature, "Reader of Catholic Literature." The writer of that letter took issue with Mr. Doyle Hennessy's article, "Wanted—More Highbrows." I would appreciate the privilege of a small amount of space in which to express my opinion of that worthy article.

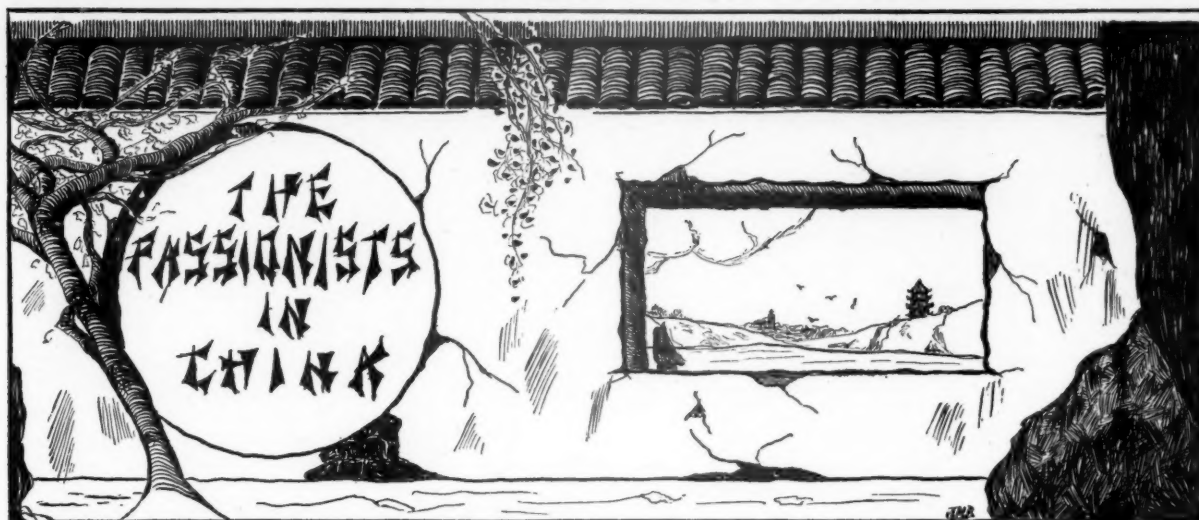
It seems to me that "Reader of Catholic Literature" has read into Mr. Hennessy's article an interpretation which its text did not warrant. I am sure that Mr. Hennessy did not, and does not, deny the existence of a Catholic literature. But after all, what portion of that literature is written by laymen? No one will deny there are certain subjects best handled by those possessing the requisite training to write on them intelligently. Who are better equipped to write dogmatic and theological works (to mention but two subjects) than our priests and Religious? Do not the fields of Biography, History, Poetry and kindred subjects cry out aloud for efficient treatment at the hands of intelligent contemporary Catholic laymen? The burden of all this work should not be left to our Religious. God knows they have enough to do. Here is a vast field for the graduates of our Catholic colleges. It is a repetition of the old story, the harvest is great, but the laborers are few.

But to come to another point. Mr. Hennessy's great quarrel is not altogether with our Catholic writers. What good to write if our Catholic people won't read? This appears to me to be Mr. Hennessy's big point, and the one which, "Reader of Catholic Literature" passes up entirely. It is the apathy of a great portion of our Catholic readers who refuse to arouse themselves from their mental doldrums when it is a question of reading an article in a Catholic magazine which has an intellectual appeal. What is the reaction of the average Catholic reader to such an article or magazine? Why, he poohs it away—"that's too highbrow; that's not for me." This is precisely the point of Mr. Hennessy's article. Of course it will be hard to read something other than pious novelettes which many of our Catholic periodicals feature. It will take time to acquire such a habit, but it can be done. What is more, it should be done. Indeed, it must be done, if we are to have an informed Catholic laity, and no one will deny that that is one of the greatest needs of the Church to-day. If anything hit the mark it was the title of Mr. Hennessy's article, "Wanted—More Highbrows." You have led the way, Mr. Hennessy, let us hope more follow.

In appreciation of your kindness, and in the hope that *THE SIGN* will continue, as it has in the past, to offer us more of the better type of Catholic magazine articles, I desire to remain, respectfully yours,

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

MARTIN F. COX, JR.



The Gangplank to China

By Bonaventure Griffiths, C.P.

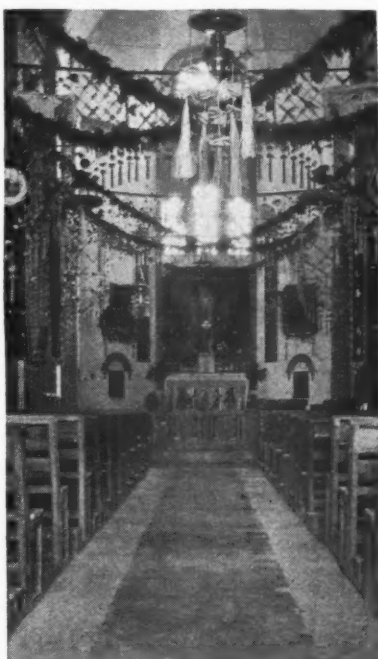
SAN FRANCISCO: October sixth. The Asama Maru, like a crack Pacific greyhound, lay at her pier ready to be unleashed and to be off to the Orient. The flags were out, damp from the wet atmosphere but waving before the stiff breeze. From her mast head floated the blue peter, the sailing pennant, giving notice that her minutes in San Francisco were numbered. I passed around to the boarding point. Talk about life; here it was in one of its most interesting phrases. A row of taxicabs with last minute passengers came along, tooting their way through the crowded shed, nervous occupants looking anxiously out to see if they were on time. Then a few trucks with late baggage and the shouts of the longshoremen to the winch crews aloft. Officials, immigration officers, policemen, newsboys, telegram boys, vendors and members of the crew. The gangplank reminded me of Jacob's ladder, only those who were continually going up and coming down its ribbed lengths were not angels.

The decks were filled with visitors and friends of the passengers, giving a last good-bye and bon voyage. High above on the bridge stood the captain. He was looking down on everything below, alive to the movements of his subordinates as well as to the activities on the dock. There was a whimsical smile on the weather-beaten countenance of this veteran of the sea. Beyond count, perhaps, were the times he had gazed down upon scenes like this and yet it seemed always new, so humanly interesting was it. To me it was fascinating as I came out on the deck. A contrast too between the motley crowd of the dock, a picture of disorder and wasted effort, and

the trained methods and actions of the crew as they prepared the boat for sailing. Hatches fastened down, winches covered, derricks made fast. At a touch of the whistle in the deck officer's lips, each sailor

sprang to his appointed post for the haul-in.

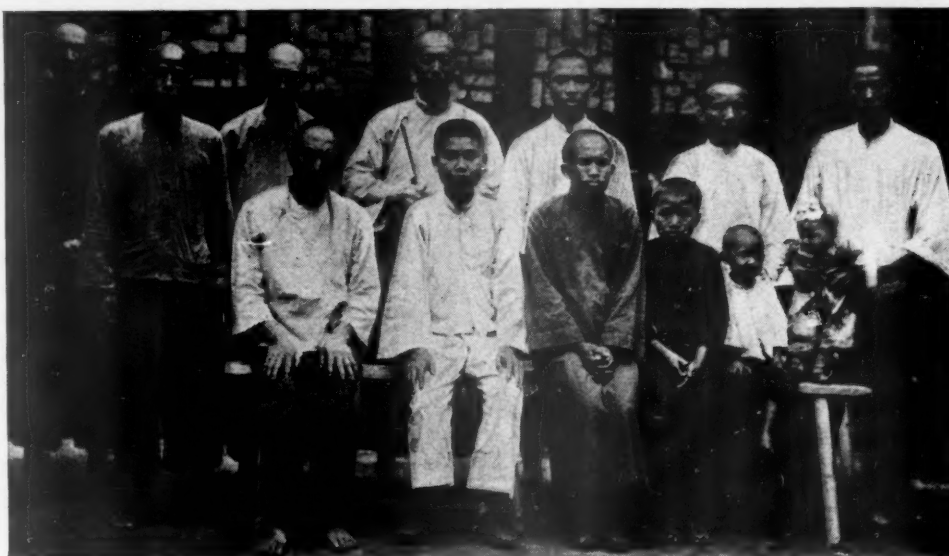
The departing hour approached. The cry, "All Ashore," with a clanging gong in a steward's hands, was the signal for all non-passengers to say a final good-bye and make for the gangplank. The passengers now crowded the shoreside decks, all armed with several rolls of colored paper. A junior officer superintended the hauling away of the gangplank. Promptly at twelve the great ship's siren sounded and all the crew sprang into action. Hawser were cast off by the dock crew, winches started grinding and the huge ropes were quickly drawn aboard. Below on deck a band struck up. Loud cries from the people on the dock answered shouts from those aboard. Colored streamers flew from the departing passengers to be caught and held by those below. Eventually everyone both ashore and on board was joined by one of these brightly colored streamers. It was a striking sight. They crossed and recrossed, waving and intertwining, forming a long web of many hues.



THE BEAUTIFUL AND SPACIOUS CHAPEL AT YUNGSHUN IS SHOWN DECORATED FOR A FEAST. SCROLLS, WITH APPROPRIATE VERSES, GREENS AND PAPER FLOWERS, HAVE BEEN HUNG FOR THE OCCASION. MOST OF THE CHRISTIANS OF THIS COUNTY COME FROM WIDELY SCATTERED VILLAGES

SLOWLY, almost imperceptibly, the great ship moved away from its berth. Then one realized it was truly goodbye. The band broke into the tender strains of Aloha, many an eye was dimmed with tears, many of the shouts of bon voyage betrayed a quivering throat. Slowly the boat drew farther away, bound now only by the multi-colored streamers. But soon these too broke away and fluttered down into the water. The pieces left on deck by the passengers were quickly dispersed by the wind. The figures on the dock became undiscernible, the skyline of the Bay City began to stand out and the Asama was turning west-

SOME OF THE CATHOLIC MEN AND CATECHUMENS AT THE MISSION OF THE LITTLE FLOWER IN LUNGTAH, HUNAN. FOR SOME TIME THIS WAS A STATION OF SUPU, WITHOUT THE BENEFIT OF A RESIDENT PRIEST. ITS RE-OPENING HAS BEEN AUSPICIOUS



ward. With one last farewell from her mighty siren she turned her prow towards the Golden Gate and her homeward voyage was begun.

I STAYED on deck for a while braving a cold, blustery northwest wind and misty rain in order to see the Golden Gate. However, that legendary portal was shrouded in fog so I went below for lunch. That evening and the next day I managed to get a look at the other passengers. There were quite a number of Japanese in First Class. They were of a high order. Consuls, bankers, business men, Japanese movie actors, Olympic officials and writers were on board. The passengers from the United States presented a cross-cut of American life. Lefty O'Doul of the Brooklyn Dodgers and National League batting champion was taking the trip with his wife. He proved himself a fine fellow. With us also were Moe Berg of the Senators and Ted Lyons of the White Sox. Travelling with the O'Douls were a Mr. and Mrs. Cohen, Jewish folks who had become Catholics. A Los Angeles couple, Mr. Smith and his wife, were our best friends. So at Mass on Sundays in the Salon we had the O'Douls, the Cohens and the Smiths. Besides there were a couple of conscientious Protestants who desired to attend some service, a few curious non-Catholics and some interested Japanese.

The cuisine lived up to its boast of being the most exquisite on the Pacific. The food left nothing to be desired, for all the *a la's* and boudanges and other untranslatable names in creation were on the menu. However, I must say that being blessed with an appetite of no mean length, breadth and height, I soon found that the fancy tidbits of the exquisite cuisine were no match for a monastery-trained appetite. That is why the ordinary, home-cooked meal that later the Maryknoll Sisters of Honolulu gave us and the substantial meals at the

Franciscan Procure here in Shanghai tasted so delicious.

The service on the boat was unquestionably splendid. Everyone placed at the disposal of the passengers proved most courteous and attentive. The only drawback was that the English vocabulary of the stewards was very limited. So at times they brought us rolled oats for orange juice or milk for ginger ale.

The Asama had a very nice library in which I spent much of my time. Every second night there were movies in the lounge: comedies that made millions laugh when I was still in short pants and feature pictures, the actors and actresses of which are now no more than names. One day a Sukiyaki dinner was given on deck. It was a real Japanese dinner, four at a table, sitting cross-legged and without shoes. And then the evening before landing in Japan the captain gave the Sayonara dinner. It was a gala affair. Several nights, from the poop deck a firework display was given. Best of all there was the stewards' entertainment down below in the Third Class smoking room. The actors had no idea of time, the show running more than two hours and a half. In the United States a like show would have been run off in less than an hour. The stewards put on two ancient classical Japanese plays.

THE first couple of days out we did not venture on deck without a coat and hat. But as the Asama pushed her nose into southern latitudes the air became balmy, the sky clear, and the ocean tropical blue. Nothing like the billowy Atlantic here. It was a pacific ocean, calm except for a long swell that gave the voyagers the feeling of riding in a slow motion roller-coaster. Flying fish made their appearance, gleaming colorfully in the bright sunlight. A few albatrosses betrayed the presence of land somewhere near, although these sea birds have an extraordinary cruising distance.

Soon we felt the trade winds, those eternal winds that sweep across these latitudes, cooling the tropical heats that come from the south. And Hawaii lies right in their path.

TUESDAY morning there rose out of the western sky a ghoul-like shape—land. Towering up out of a violet haze, the last stars still twinkling behind it, stood Koko Head. Nearer came the ship and greater grew the huge headland. The sun, not yet risen into sight, was painting Koko's forehead a gleaming red, a fact quite coincidental because I believe Koko means blood. As the Asama rounded Koko, the Diamond Head beacon, blinking lazily in the early morning light, gave us our first welcome to Hawaii. There, behind, nestling at the foot of the mountains, lay Honolulu. Slowly the great ship approached her landing spot. The sun was now up, lighting hills and city, flooding this oasis that lies in the great desert of the Pacific. Brown-skinned Kanakas swam out to meet the boat, diving down into the crystal depths for the coins that the passengers were throwing to them. Yes, here we were in the Hawaiian Islands, waiting to see all that books and stories had told about these enchanting isles.

Led to the Maryknoll Mission by a Brother who had met us at the pier, we visited and enjoyed the hospitality of the Fathers and the Sisters. Later a Belgian priest, Father Hubert, took us for a tour. His twenty-four years on the Islands assured us of a good guide. The valley of Nuana was refreshing with its green verdure and the incomparable flora of Hawaii. The short-lived hibiscus, national flower of the Islands, bloomed in extravagant profusion and seemed to run the entire gamut of shade and color along the winding road. Nature was lavish beyond anything I had ever dreamed. The road ended abruptly on the famous bluff of Pali, scene of the

battle that in 1795 resulted in the union of the Islands under a single ruler.

THE panorama from Pali is matchless. Beyond the sheer drop of over a thousand feet stretch miles of undulating and hummocky lowland. A strip of pure white sand borders the distant sea. Coral lagoons, the deep blue ocean, a sail or two on that indigo waste, sea gulls wheeling in an azure sky: well, why try to picture indescribable beauty? Waikiki beach, one of the greatest playgrounds of the world, was attractive. We watched the surf riders, brown-skinned Apollos, matching wits and brawn against the strange power of the breakers. Swimming far out, they would spring suddenly to the crest of a wave to be borne at express speed to the very edge of the beach. We left reluctantly.

The path of sightseeing led to Diamond Head, sentinel promontory of Hawaii and Gibraltar of these Islands. At Kaimuki the Brothers of Mary, from Ohio, conduct the flourishing College of St. Louis. Not far distant is another Maryknoll Mission at Punahou. So, under our experienced guide, did Honolulu and its environs yield the secrets that lend truth to the title, Paradise of the Pacific.

As shadows were lengthening and a bright moon peeping over the heights of Diamond Head, our boat slid out from the dock. The decks were crowded with Kanaka boys. As the Asama turned broadside to the shore, these lads began to dive. From thirty, forty, fifty feet above the water their bodies flashed in the moonlight and swooped down in perfect arcs to disappear in the dark depths. With a shout of farewell they struck out for the shore and home. Home! Honolulu was still plainly visible as the Asama plowed her nose into the western sea. The myriad lights of the city twinkled in the clear

night. They grew smaller as the great ship gathered speed until only the single, silent sentinel, the Diamond Head light, blinked regularly far away. I was taking with me the pleasantest of recollections of Hawaii; its delightful hills, the lethargic swaying of its palms, the rich blue of sky and sea, the golden warmth of the eternal trade winds, the daily showers of liquid sunshine. But there was something that stirred me deeply as even the Diamond Head light disappeared. For in leaving Hawaii, we were saying a final goodbye to America. For the first time we sensed that the Orient was near.

Warm, uneventful days followed. The monotony was broken by a gale as we neared Japan. A cyclonic wind whipped the sea into a fury and rain poured down on the Asama. Everything moveable was lashed down and passengers were forbidden to use the open decks. Mountainous waves broke over the prow, flooding the decks and beating even against the bridge. The sturdy ship rode on, rolling and dipping through the storm. Sometimes a wave struck us broadside. The Asama shuddered a bit, threw it off and plowed ahead. The waiters found few to serve in the dining hall.

THE day dawned for our arrival in Japan. Land hungry, the passengers crowded the rail for the first glimpse of the Islands. The cry of "Land Ahoy" brought us scurrying to starboard to see dimly on the horizon the narrows that guard Tokio Bay. To us sea satiated voyagers it seemed ages before we drew close to the coastline. But really it was not long before we passed the tramp steamers and native craft that dotted this fortified zone that the Nipponese Government guards so jealously. Tokio Bay swarmed with boats. Ocean steamers rested at their docks, small boats chugged

about with an important air and square sailed junks lazed about the harbor. Immigration officials boarded the Asama. They were accompanied by brass but-toned, sword girl guards who looked like naval officers but who proved to be harmless city police.

SERIOUS-VISAGED chaps at a long table scanned our passports. These formalities over, two tenders poured their loads of reporters, money-changers, photographers and visitors up the ladder, and the Asama eased to her dock. From the colorful group on the pier Brother Augustus, of the Brothers of Mary, detached himself to greet our party. So interested was I in watching the royal brotherhood of Japanese longshoremen warming the winches and clearing the hatches that I did not see our party leave. I did not worry for I knew the Fathers were to return to the boat that night. Whilst Father Gleason of Maryknoll and I were talking, Father Cyprian and one of the Brothers returned. We hailed a taxi. I was not sick, but a strange feeling, akin to fear, came over me. We passed another car and I got worse. At the first intersection where the taxi turned I got the jumps. Then it flashed on me; we were riding on the left side of the street! Safe in the Brothers' house we spent a few minutes getting our land-legs on the open roof and then went to Benediction. The chapel was poor and unadorned. Most of the Brothers were old, some having passed their golden jubilee. Yet age had not robbed them of their grand voices and those unworldly men sang with a fervor and devotion that holiness alone can give. For us it was a Benediction of thanksgiving that at last we had reached the Far East.

The next morning it was pouring rain. No matter; under the guidance of Brother Augustus, who has been thirty-six years in



FATHER ERNEST CUNNINGHAM, C.P., WRITES IN AN ENCOURAGING TONE OF HIS WOMEN CATECHUMENS AT LUNGTAN. LONG BEFORE A MISSIONARY WAS STATIONED THERE THE PEOPLE OF THE TOWN ASKED FOR A PRIEST TO LIVE AMONGST THEM. NOW THAT THEY HAVE ONE THEY ARE SHOWING THEIR INTEREST AND SINCERITY



THREE GERMAN MISSIONARIES, DISTINGUISHED IN THIS GROUP BY THEIR BEARDS, STOP AT THE PASSIONIST MISSION IN CHENKI ON THEIR WAY TO A NEIGHBORING PROVINCE. WITH THEM HERE ARE FATHERS WILLIAM, DENIS, ANTHONY AND MILES, C.P. VISITS FROM OTHERS THAN CHINESE ARE EXTREMELY RARE IN WESTERN HUNAN. THE PASSIONISTS ARE HAPPY TO GIVE HOSPITALITY TO THESE PASSING MISSIONARIES WHO HAVE TAKEN CHARGE OF A DIFFICULT AND LITTLE KNOWN DISTRICT

Japan, we started for Tokio. The electric train was packed with school boys in uniform, business men, natives in bright-hued kimonos and high, clattering sandals. At Ueno station in Tokio we descended on a restaurant before proceeding northward to Nikko, Japan's great shrine city. As the French say, one must not use the word magnificent until one has seen Paris, so the Japanese say the word beautiful should be unspoken until one has visited and explored Nikko.

A SPLENDID avenue, lined with cryptomerias stretches out towards Tokio. One goes several miles into the hills on a dinky street car, crosses a bridge and steps into Nikko. Years ago the ruling powers of Japan were divided between the Emperor, who was the spiritual authority, and the various Shoguns who had temporal power. Tokugawa, a military genius, Mussolini-like in power and vision, united the country and established a dynasty. The last great descendant of this ancient warrior restored the temporal power to the Emperor in 1867 and became a private citizen. Nikko is the tomb of that first powerful Shogun and at that tomb every Japanese hopes to pay homage at least once.

Here the artistic genius of Japan has created a wonderland. Ornate carving, exquisite lacquer work, fairy-like landscaping, lavish gifts have completed the generous natural beauties of this shrineland. Despite the heavy rain pilgrims in great numbers walked about the gardens and pagodas on their way to the temple where on a venerated tablet is inscribed the posthumous name of the honored Shogun. A spacious stairway of granite stones and a massive balustrade, now mellowed with dripping moss and the weathering of ages, leads to the tomb itself. There he was buried in the same year that Shakespeare was laid away in Avon. There is a great, dark-hued cenotaph. One thinks of the thousands of strong men who ached in his services centuries ago and of those who

later, in Nikko's heat, lifted to its mountain height his massive memorial.

This is Nikko. Alone in her grandeur, a fitting resting place for one who in Japan was alone in his greatness. The vast solitude of the mountain sepulchre is broken only by the tread of devoted pilgrims who climb those terraced heights to pray. One hears the unbroken requiem of the sighing cryptomerias, the soft dripping of countless springs and the song of falling rain. As we left mid-Autumn was at work, weaving about the tomb of this colorful war lord her gorgeous tapestries of vermilion and red and gold. Truly, one must not use the word beautiful until one has seen Nikko.

The long ride back to Tokio was made pleasant by the gay presence of many school children who were returning from a pilgrimage. All but one fine young lad were shy of us foreigners. This boy had been born in Arizona and lived there for thirteen years. Seeing his friendliness with us, the other children crowded around. Before we reached Tokio they all wanted to join in the conversation. Our party was divided when we reached the capital. Brother put Fathers Alban, Germain and myself in a taxi. He directed the driver and gave us fifty sen to pay for the trip.

AT an imposing school the driver motioned us to get out. We gave him the fifty sen and entered the building. Ten minutes passed before a Japanese lad came along. We tried to tell him to get one of the Brothers. He pulled down a dictionary. Father Alban finally made him understand that we wanted someone in charge of the school. A professor appeared who knew a few words of English, but who had never heard of a Brothers' School. We went out and hailed taxi after taxi. None of the drivers could speak English. One said: "Write out!" We wrote out "Brothers' School," for unfortunately we didn't even know its title. We sat on the running board of his car for fifteen minutes while he puzzled over the writing. A dozen or more

taxis had lined up, their drivers watching our efforts to convey an idea in pantomime. There we were lost in Tokio and without a cent of Japanese money in our pockets. It struck me so funny that I sat down and laughed.

In desperation we finally succeeded in getting a ride to a hotel where we changed some money and paid our driver. A telephone call to Yokohama brought us the information we needed. A clerk wrote the address in Japanese. At nine-thirty, just as the gates were being locked, we arrived at the school. The Brother Director was very kind and did the best for us with his limited accommodations. Our all-day taxi ride next day cost the equivalent of fifty cents in American money. An erratic driver gave us five dollars worth of thrills. He buzzed along side streets whose narrow lanes left little space between the rickshas. Pounding his horn he cut down Main Street, squeezing between street cars and taking more chances with that ramshackle car than was good for our safety. I suppose that will be our last long ride in an automobile for many a year. We shall not forget it.

AT Tokio station we bade goodbye to our gracious Brother Augustus. The next morning we were in Kobe in time for Mass and breakfast on the Asama. The following hours I count as some of the most interesting in my life. I hung over the rail on the promenade deck and watched the scene below. The ship was stocking provisions and the gangplank at the dock's level had become a bridge of commerce. A line of trucks, rickshas, hand-pulled cars, bicycles, wheel-barrows and contraptions of all sorts stretched away almost as far as the eye could see. All carried cargoes for the Asama. Pushing, butting and shouting, the men jockeyed for position near the gangplank. The kitchen crew and a staff of stewards checked on the fresh produce, meat, fish, canned goods and foodstuffs of all kinds for our ship's table. Passengers arrived; brightly garbed Japanese, toddling on their strange foot-gear, Chinese in long silks, Orientals in western dress, British, French, Americans.

Promptly at noon the Asama moved away. We entered the Inland Sea, Japan's Thousand Islands. What a panorama of beauty was unrolled for us! Islands, pyramidal and conical, rose from a calm water that was ruffled little by a hesitant breeze. Fishing boats and tawny, square-faced junks slid silently by. Steamers from the seven seas pushed evenly on their way to distant ports. Dusk came and the lights of night, with now and then a lighthouse flashing a warning from a low promontory or mid-channel rock. The channel itself led now through twisting narrows and again broadened out into the large expanse of a lake.

Morning found us in the Yellow Sea. How fitting a name! In the early morning light I craned my neck at the porthole of

our cabin, wondering what had happened to the water. Below us, instead of the clear, blue-grey ocean and the fresh, foamy tips of the waves was yellow, muddy, repulsive-looking water. That dirty, muddy deposit seemed to have robbed the sea of its vitality. I thought of a tired man lifting wet garments, or a lazy creature being forced to move as the ship cut across that uninviting stretch of water and entered the mouth of the Yangtze River.

AND now, Shanghai. The Asama turned into the Whangpoo and began to thread her way through the teeming river traffic. She proceeded slowly, warning blasts sounding from her siren. Other ships gave way at her approach. Tramp steamers edged away, river boats cut dexterously around her, larger steamers stopped. The great commerce lanes of the world lead to Shanghai. Here were ships of all lines and all nations, flying their own flags. Large and small, trim and clumsy, all engaged in the great game of give and take. Standing out sharply against the smoke-grimed ships of

trade were the smart men-of-war, gunboats of the nations, watching, always watching.

We were taken from the Pootung wharf to the Customs jetty where a Franciscan Father met us. I found myself on the Shanghai Bund. How often I had read about that esplanade along the Wangpoo; how often I had seen it in pictures. Here I was actually part of that stream of life that flowed along one of the most famous streets in the world. Rickshaws scurrying past imposing buildings, sweating coolies droning a chant under their heavy loads, chattering natives and men of every nation brushing each other, each intent on his own interests. I understand why Shanghai has been called merely the gangplank to China, for this cosmopolitan commercial port resembles very little the drab cities of the interior.

Too soon were we whisked away to the Franciscan Procure. A true Christian charity and tempered hilarity marked our reception as we conversed with our missionary hosts in backyard French, home-made Latin and pidgin English. But my mind simply would go back to that Bund.

And I'm going back there too. I'm going back for an entire day to see everything on that busy waterfront, to study the coolies at their work, and maybe to speak to one of those big, bearded Sikh policemen.

SO, here we are at last in China: China, enigma of the world. With a man power almost inexhaustible she lies like a helpless babe before robbers. Bereft of leadership or stable government she smarts under the memory of past attempts of territorial-thirsty powers to seize her land. Into her ports comes commerce of the world; deep in her soil and mountains lie untouched sources of wealth. She scorns the boasts of the world's dynasties and rolls back the curtains of the ages to reveal her ancient worth. When the scholars of Europe existed only in the Mind of God, she glowed in the light of culture and basked in the sun of wisdom. Now she languishes in sorrow and sickness, torn by civil strife, harrassed by enemies and betrayed by friends. She awaits the day of her deliverance. May it come to her in the Gospel of Christ.

We Go to Prison

By Jeremiah McNamara, C.P.

THE work of laying the foundations of the true Church in this pagan land is not merely a matter of preaching. Unless Christian example gives them the driving force, eloquent words, even from one whose patient plodding has given him a fair mastery of the Chinese language, fall on unpersuaded ears. Like our Blessed Lord Himself, Who first did and then spoke, the missionary must live the virtues of humility and trust in Providence and charity, as proof that these virtues can really be practised.

Help for the members of one's family or clan, practised in mutual protection and from motives of self-interest, is not at all uncommon even among pagans. But charity, that love of the neighbor which embraces the stranger, the outcast and even one's enemies, is a startling doctrine that is preached more effectively by deeds than by words. In early Christian times those not of the Faith marvelled at the love of Christians for one another and for all men. At this late date, so long after the coming of Our Savior, that same Christian charity causes wonder to the pagans and opens their hearts to the Faith.

From the beginning of our mission work in Hunan we have faced a series of obstacles, difficulties and disappointments which have taught us how tremendous a task it is to drive even an opening wedge into this mass of paganism. We have gotten rather used to tired bodies and aching

hearts. We are conscious each night that the morning will simply bring a repetition of labor and very often of sorrow. But we are just as conscious that, with God's help, this constant practice of charity cannot fail eventually to produce results.

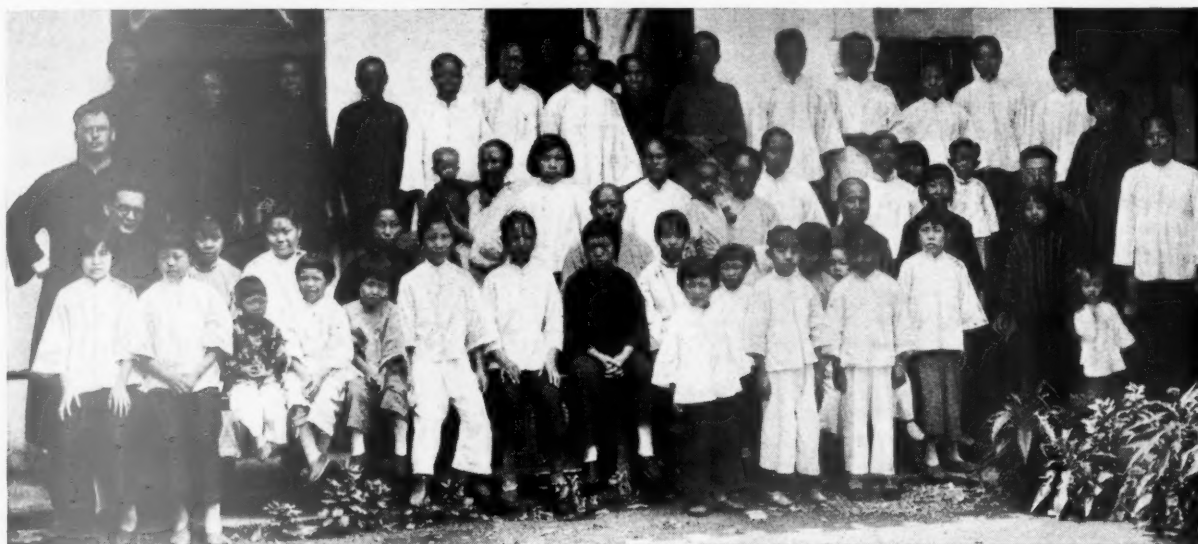
The time and effort devoted to helping the poor and suffering during famine, floods and periods of pestilence have already brought a harvest of souls. So it is always with hopeful heart, with eyes ever watchful for the first sign of correspondence with grace, that our priests and Sisters

have gone about the task of feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, visiting the sick and instructing the ignorant. Charity reaches far. We have followed these souls, who but a short time ago were strangers to us, even beyond the grave. They share in our prayers and Masses as though we had known them for years.

Here in Chenki we have always tried to do our part in carrying out the corporal and spiritual works of mercy. And in writing these few lines now it is not my purpose to tell of any new policy of making



TRAVEL REMAINS A PROBLEM AND A TIME-EXACTING LABOR FOR OUR MISSIONARIES IN CHINA. FATHER LEO BERARD, C.P., STANDING WITH HIS MULE AND MONSIGNOR CUTHBERT O'GARA, C.P., BESIDE THE SEDAN CHAIR, SHOW US TWO WAYS OF GETTING TO REMOTE CORNERS OF ROADLESS WESTERN HUNAN



FATHERS QUENTEN, JEREMIAH AND DENIS, C.P., TOGETHER WITH THE CATHOLIC WOMEN OF CHENKI ON THE OCCASION OF A MONTH'S MIND MASS FOR SISTER DEVOTA ROSS. SISTER DIED AT THIS MISSION, BUT HIGH MASS WAS NOT SUNG AT THE TIME SINCE A MISSIONARY WHOM SHE HAD BEEN NURSING LAY CRITICALLY ILL IN THE LITTLE HOUSE ADJOINING THE CHURCH. SISTER DEVOTA WAS BURIED IN THE CEMETERY OF THE CENTRAL MISSION AT SHENCHOW

known the truths of the Church, but simply to relate how Divine Providence has enabled us to follow out the plan we have long had in mind. Except for rare cases we have found it impossible to give spiritual or physical relief to the imprisoned in this part of Hunan. But early in September of this year the officials of the town granted us the much coveted permission to visit the prison and to help those confined there. Readers of *THE SIGN* have been our most constant benefactors and so I am sure they will be interested in reading how this permission was granted and how we use this opportunity to perform these acts of mercy.

Time and again our missionaries here have tried to reach, with the blessings and consolations of religion, those whom the hand of the law has placed behind the bars. Time and again our missionaries have been refused. In August last, an officer from the military headquarters sent a servant to the Mission asking that the Sisters of Charity, who are in charge of the dispensary here, come to visit him. The gentleman was suffering from an eye disease, trachoma. The servant explained that his officer's eyes were so badly affected that he could not come to the mission unless he were carried.

THE Sisters of Charity, ever desirous of walking in the footsteps of their holy founder, St. Vincent de Paul, saw in this invitation an opportunity to get acquainted with one who might obtain permission for them to visit the jail. After giving the official the medical attention he needed they broached the subject to him. Mr. Hwang answered that personally he believed there would be no difficulty in getting the authorities' sanction to carry out so heroic a work. He promised that he

himself would speak to the head officer so that the representatives of the Catholic Mission might visit the prison.

AFTER this interview, our catechist, Paul Sen, who had accompanied the Sisters, suggested that it would do no harm to see the city magistrate immediately, especially since he was very friendly to us, to ask the same favor. Without delay, the Sisters put the petition before the magistrate. He told them that an answer would require a few days since he would have to inform the officials at the prison to have a pass issued. He added that it would be well worth waiting for since it would give us the right to visit at any time. The days wore on and we began to feel that once more the permission would be refused.

On September 2, we received an official letter from the magistrate. As the affair of registering property in China was then the question of the moment, we felt that this communication was simply a notice to us to have our properties in Chenki re-registered. On opening the document we were overjoyed to find that it read something as follows:

"Your magnanimous idea of visiting the prison, Honorable Sir, in order to help with medical aid those confined there, meets with our admiring approval. What a deep heart of charity you have! Bowing down most humbly, I grant you, Sir, the permission needed. This document will give to you or to one delegated by you, the right to visit the prison at all times. I have already informed the officials in charge of your great kindness. Most graciously is this favor granted to you who are so mercifully inclined to those in suffering."

The document was signed by the magistrate of Chenki.

That very day the Sisters of Charity, together with Paul Sen, went to the prison. On their approach, the inmates were in wonder that people so self-sacrificing should come to dispense medicines. The first day the foreign women entered the jail some of the prisoners were rather frightened. Since then the Sisters have made it a practice to go at least twice a week and now it is a common event for those inmates who are not shackled to gather delightedly about them. The officials have shown themselves most gracious. The prisoners are polite and grateful.

Quite frequently the catechist goes alone, especially to get acquainted with new prisoners and to be on hand to baptize those who are in danger of quick punishment. Justice is speedy in this part of China and those frequent visits of the catechist are needed that none be denied the saving grace of Baptism. It was a great joy to all of us that in a short time Paul Sen reported the Baptism of three prisoners.

FROM their very first visit the Sisters had taken care of a lad about twenty years of age, who seemed sick unto death. He was accused of being a bandit. Each time the Sisters tried to help him with medicines, but only towards the middle of September did he show any signs of being able to talk. By that time he had gotten to know that the medical help was offered to him as an act of charity and not in order to spy on him or any of his fellow prisoners. So at last this lad told Paul Sen that his apparent inability to talk was all make-believe. He thought the visitors to the jail were simply laying a trap to have him confess his crime.

When he found out the truth he listened eagerly to doctrine and asked for Baptism.

He was received into the Church on September nineteenth. Four days later the sound of bugles blowing the death march, brought me to my feet. I hastened to the Mission door and reached the street in time to impart a last absolution to this young man who was on his way to the execution grounds.

SEPTEMBER 25, was the Feast of Blessed Vincent Strambi, C.P. The children of our orphanage had offered their Holy Communions that new favors of grace be given to the Mission. That day Paul, the catechist, baptized two accused criminals and gave both of them the name of Vincent. One of the prisoners was a native of the catechist's home village and so referred familiarly to Paul as his uncle. These two men are still in jail and they daily look forward to the visit of the catechist and the Sisters.

Many of the prisoners, serving lighter prison terms, have been so impressed by the charity of the Sisters that they have asked for some reading matter on the Catholic Church. Since it is a custom to read aloud in China, the many illiterate have a chance to hear Catholic doctrine from their fellow prisoners who are struggling audibly through these doctrine books. No effort is made to force their convictions. But many of these men have promised that

they will become Catholics when they have finished serving their time.

Those whom we have reason to believe are facing the death penalty are given an opportunity to hear the principal truths of the Faith so that they may have some preparation in case they ask for Baptism. Paul Li, or as he was called, due to a scar on his face, *Li Ko Ba Tsi*—Scarface, was another condemned man who came into the Church. How very sad his poor sister was the day of his execution. Yet how happy she would have been had she known that on her brother's soul was the indelible imprint of Baptism that would save him from eternal punishment and give him, like the good thief, a sure hope of Heaven.

The day before Paul Li's death there was the execution of another man accused of banditry. Sad to say, though, this lad refused the grace of Baptism. A few days before his death he remarked that since he believed his execution would end everything, he would be just as pleased not to hear anything more of his soul and eternal life. He added, "And would you, Mr. Sen, be so kind as not to interrupt my game of majang."

I visited the chief warden a short time ago and was very kindly entertained by him. In fact, our conversation kept us in the guest room until near supper hour so I did not have a chance to visit the prison

itself. This officer is a man of much learning. Knowing that in North China the visiting of prisons is permitted, he is well disposed to give us all the help needed as well as full freedom in dealing with the men under his care.

He himself, in fact, has shown a leaning to the Church and he expressed the desire to get a thorough knowledge of our doctrine. We sent him as a gift a splendid book, written in classical Chinese by a native Jesuit missionary. The warden has since told us that he is deeply impressed with the learning shown in this work. He is particularly proud that this doctrine is so well explained by a Chinese priest.

LATER I hope to relate more of the encouraging work among the prisoners of the Chenki jails. Since Sister Devota's death here we have felt as though we were under a cloud. We glimpse a silver lining now in this permission which will give us so many opportunities to help souls. It is the charity and generosity of our friends that has made it possible for us to dispense medicine to these prisoners. Without that generosity we cannot continue this work of mercy. We ask too that we be supported by prayers. This twofold spiritual and material help will assist us in making known to these unfortunates the love of the Heart of Christ.

Fenghwang: Border Bulwark

By Flavian Mullins, C.P.

SEVERAL years have passed since Father William Westhoven, C.P., rode down one of the seven hills that guard this city of Fenghwang to open here the Mission of the Sacred Heart. He thought of pagan Rome. In a stuffy Chinese rented room he took stock of his surroundings and found that he was indeed amongst a people intensely pagan. His own activities had hardly a fair start when the death of four Passionist missionaries in two days made it necessary for him to leave Fenghwang for one of the older Missions, already established.

Since then readers of THE SIGN have had no news from this city. This year I was sent here to reopen the Mission of the Sacred Heart that has been so long without a priest. I find that this ancient, walled city has a long history. It is renowned in the annals of the Chinese Empire, for it was the bulwark against the aboriginal Miao tribes whom it has taken the Chinese centuries to conquer.

This district, in the sixteenth century, was the last stronghold of the courageous Miao. From here the tribesmen went out to battle in their harassing, guerrilla fashion

against the imperial troops. Defeated by the Emperor's forces, they found shelter in the protecting mountains whilst they prepared for another venture against their foes. In the beginning of the seventeenth

century an imperial decree ordered that the pacification of the Miao be completed at all costs. Large concentrations of troops were effected in this district. Fenghwang was made a military center and high city



LAST YEAR A RIVER OVERFLOWED ITS BANKS AND WASHED AWAY MOST OF THE VILLAGE OF NGAN KIANG. IN THAT FLOOD WAS DESTROYED ONE OF THE MISSION STATIONS OF FATHER DOMINIC LANGENBACHER, C.P. HERE IS THE NEW BUILDING WHICH HE HOPES TO COMPLETE SOON. IT WILL SERVE AS CHAPEL AND WILL HAVE A ROOM FOR THE MISSIONARY AND QUARTERS FOR A CATECHIST



THE FIFTY-YEAR-OLD DARIA PICTURED HERE IS A WIDOW OF EXCEPTIONAL PIETY WHO HAS DEDICATED HER LIFE TO THE CARE OF THE MISSIONARIES AND CHRISTIANS OF THE YUNGSHUN MISSION. AN ENEMY OF DIRT, FRUGAL, UNAFRAID OF HARD WORK, SHE HAS BEEN RESPONSIBLE FOR REMOVING MANY OF THE MINOR WORRIES THAT INTERFERE WITH THE PRIESTS' DUTIES

walls were built as a protection against Miao raids. An Inspector General of the Border was appointed who was answerable only to the Emperor. From that time the city has been an important troop center.

Even more interesting than its military history is the unpleasant but persistent tradition that the Catholic Church would never be able to become established in Fenghwang. It was thought that property could not be purchased, since the general sentiment of the people was openly and strongly against the Church. This is worthy of explanation. During the persecution of the Christians in the Boxer uprising, the commander of the imperial troops of the Province of Kweichow, which borders on Hunan, was a resident of Fenghwang. By his order several French priests and many native Christians were put to death. Later the French Government brought pressure on the Chinese authorities demanding, amongst other things, that this officer be punished.

As a result, this commander was deprived of his official rank and ordered to spend the remainder of his days in his own city of Fenghwang. He was strictly forbidden ever to leave this district under any pretext. During the rest of his life he seemed to have but one desire, to impress on his fellow townsmen never to allow a Catholic Mission in their city. Embittered by his own experience, he often warned them that the day the Catholics obtained a foothold in Fenghwang would be a most disastrous one for the city and its people.

During the last twenty years several attempts have been made to establish a

Mission here, but nothing of a permanent nature resulted. A new beginning was made this year by Monsignor Cuthbert O'Gara's direction. Negotiations for the property of the Miao General, Lung, were conducted successfully. The deeds were sent to the capital of the Province, Changsha, for the governmental stamp and registration. We spent a few anxious weeks until the deeds were returned to us approved and stamped. We now have a piece of property suitable and roomy enough within the city walls.

SO the first stage in giving permanence to the Church here has been passed. We are now at the second step. This is the erection of a chapel and other necessary buildings within a compound wall. A home for the missionary and quarters for the catechumens are essential for the proper development of the Mission. We are now in the process of building. It means I must be on the alert every moment of the working day. By Easter we hope to have the walls of the chapel finished.

Meantime, I am quite conscious that at no time should I forget the feeling of animosity against the Church that has been instilled into the hearts of the people for years. Prudence cautions that I be continually on my guard lest I or any of my helpers say or do anything that would be open to wrong interpretation.

We are fortunate in having here General Chen, who has long been above reproach, and who has shown a kind friendliness to our missionaries. For one thing, this progressive officer has a wireless. Regularly he sends me a report of the news he has received. To him also goes the credit of opening this year the first bank in the western part of this Province. He has called it the "Western Hunan Bank of Farming." Branches are to be established in all but three of the principal cities of our mission district.

The hills echo the bugle calls as General Chen's army drills, and the city streets swarm with his soldiers. But ever since I have been here there has been order with peace. Daily the Miao tribesmen come in from their mountain farms to buy and sell. They seem at last to be living in harmony with the Chinese whom, with a sense of humor that is mindful of past animosities, they call "our guests."

The most important task lies ahead, the evangelization of the people. Strange, from the very beginning I found something of a congregation where I had imagined there would not be a single Christian. One or two came from our own district of Yungui, but most of the seventeen souls who have attended Mass since my arrival are from as many different parts of China. Nearly all are connected with General Chen's army either as workers at his wireless plant or arsenal, or as soldiers.

In 1927 Cardinal O'Connell, in speaking of the foreign missions, said that the Church desires priests in pagan lands first,

as representing the visible Church, and, secondly, that reparation be given to God by the daily offering of Holy Mass in cities, towns and villages where false worship is practised. How well the Cardinal's words apply to Fenghwang. As the result of long years spent here by the representatives of the Emperor, this city is renowned in these parts for the superstitions that are carried out in great detail. What a consolation to the missionary here to know that at Mass each morning he is offering worship to the true God where so long idols have held undisputed sway.

The future of the Church here, we say without rash prophecy, will be glorious. The character of these hardy, frank tribesfolk leads us to believe that they will make excellent Christians. We are basing this hope also on the fact that those Miao mountaineers from another section of our prefecture who, a few years ago, embraced the Faith, have proven most faithful.

I KNOW that if the Church is to endure here it must have firm foundations. And firm foundations in things spiritual are usually not laid in haste. It is sure that we shall also be put to the test in one way or another. So we are prepared for a slow, tedious, sacrificing task. We approach it with more assurance in the knowledge that God is with us, and that our many friends amongst the readers of THE SIGN will give us the necessary spiritual and financial support to insure the success of this Mission dedicated to the Sacred Heart.



CHILDREN PLAY IN CHINA, AS THEY DO IN ALL LANDS, BY IMITATING THEIR ELDERS. HERE ARE TWO WHO HAVE PUT THE BABY OF THE FAMILY IN A SMALL CHAIR. THEY HAVE THRUST POLES BETWEEN THE RUNGS AND ARE GIVING THEIR LITTLE SISTER A RIDE IN AN IMPROVISED CHAIR



MERLAC'S MIRROR

BY ENID DINNIS.

WHEN Walter Hatfield, "young Mr. 'Atfield," as the neighbors called him, took to improving his mind from the instructive literature sold on the book stalls, he picked up with phrases which rather got on the nerves of his acquaintances. He became fond of speaking of "the notion of God," which Rosy, his "young lady" instinctively felt had something wrong about it. (Rosy's instincts got there far more accurately than her sweetheart's notions.) When Walter added the word "notional" to his vocabulary, and that in the family circle, Rosy, in her downright way, frankly told him to "come off it."

It certainly had a smack of affectation in a young fellow who followed the building line in the function of a bricklayer, savoring more of the college "mortar-board" than that on which Walter mixed his ingredients. Walter, indeed, had been badly bitten by the spirit of the age. Rosy remonstrated with him.

"What's the good of saying things about God for the sake of looking clever that you'll get into trouble for after you're dead?" she asked him. "Leave it alone. God ain't done you no 'arm!"

That would send her betrothed off on the Problem of Evil, and the list of harms that the world suffered from, for which religion was the approved dope.

Rosy was not one for arguing. Wally had his heart in the right place. His creed, though one of great ferocity, had no practical effect on his actions. It was only when he embarked on an attempt to rescue little Jackie Molesey from the trammels of a specially pernicious type of dope that she intervened. Jackie's mother was a Catholic.

Every morning when Walter went out

to work he met Jackie on his way to serve Mass at the neighboring Roman Catholic church. The Moleseys were as poverty-stricken as could be. The widowed mother rented a room at the top of the house where Rosy lived with her parents and grandfather. The priest gave Jackie's mother an occasional half crown, which placed the small boy in the ranks of the oppressed workers.

Walter had become friendly with Jackie when the child was invited into Rosy's kitchen to eat a slice of bread-and-butter. It was there that he alighted upon the tale of Father Smith's sweating system. Not that Jackie complained. He seemed vastly proud of his job. His obvious delight in it, in fact, threw out a kind of challenge to the "notion of God" harbored by the more "enlightened" elder.

PERHAPS it would be more accurate to say that Walter was treating Jackie as a suitable subject for an experiment than that he was being actively philanthropic when he evolved a little plot (borrowed from the methods of Moscow) for demonstrating to him the futility of the superstition in which he was being brought up.

"Look here, Jackie," Walter said, one morning when he encountered the latter returning home from church. "Do you believe that if you asked God to give you a bun that he would?"

Jackie's eyes lighted up.

"Guess He would," he said, eyeing, however, the pocket where 'Misteratfield' kept his pennies.

"Well, look here, Jackie," Walter said. "You ask God to give you a bun, and tell me tomorrow morning if He has."

Jackie nodded, comprehendingly.

"Righto," he said, and Walter went on his way, chuckling.

Next morning the encounter was repeated. It was bitterly cold, and Jackie's little button nose was bluer than ever. His threadbare coat was buttoned tightly to keep out the draught.

"Well," Walter asked him, "and has God given you that bun that you asked for?"

"Not yet," Jackie said.

He said it quite cheerfully; and eyed the pocket, which was bulging more than it had done yesterday.

"Well, now, Jack, look here." Misteratfield was speaking in a platform kind of way. "Suppose you ask me to give you a bun, and then see what happens."

Jackie grinned, and complied with alacrity.

"Please, Misteratfield, give me a bun," he said glibly, and watched the pocket.

Walter dived a hand into it and brought out—a bath bun!

"There," he said, "you see, when you asked God you didn't get it, but when you asked me I give it to you."

Jackie looked up from nibbling the bun. "But God did give it to me," he said.

"He told you to give it to me."

He marked an expression on the other's face that made him think that he had not said quite the right thing.

"Of course," Jackie added, hastily, "it was very kind of you to give me a bun, God told you to, but it was very kind of you, all the same. I love bath buns."

THE experiment had not worked. Jackie had not imbibed a useful lesson. Walter was feeling just a bit foolish. He was glad, though that the poor little beggar

had scored a bun. Why had he never thought of giving him one before?

Jackie, with his belief in the efficacy of prayer confirmed instead of devastated, went on his way munching the bun. He had asked for a bun and he had been given a super-bun—a bath bun. And, incidentally, Misteratfield was a gentleman of the top-hole sort.

AFTER this Walter kept up his interest in the little chip from the great block of mass-humanity upon which his studies were concentrated.

Jackie was an amusing little cuss. He and Rosy might have such a one of their own some day. A chip, after all, is more interesting than humanity in the chunk. Walter made friends with Jackie and the friendship grew apace.

The story of the abortive bath bun incident came to Rosy's ears. Jackie's own story had to be explained, for Walter was not in the habit of recommending prayer to those whom he encountered in the daily round. Then it was that she intervened firmly.

"Leave the child alone," she said, "and don't go upsetting him."

"Well, so far, he's scored," Walter retorted, with a grim smile. "All I ask is that he doesn't turn me into a Providence."

Mrs. Molesey received various warnings as to the young man with whom she was allowing her little son to become intimate.

"He's what they calls anti-God," Mrs. Meakins, her next-door neighbor said. "He'll be teaching the child to be a little atheist."

"My Jackie!" the mother responded, scornfully. "I'd like to see him! More likely my boy 'ull be making a Catholic of him—a nice, respectable, good-livin' young feller, that's got muddled through listening at the street-corners."

"There's the poison of adders on his tongue," Mrs. Meakins said, shaking her head. "I've heard him say myself that there ain't no God."

"My Jackie 'ull tell him different," the mother replied, imperturbably. "He's made his First Communion, has Jackie."

So Jackie continued to be friends with Walter and "Miss Rosy," his young lady, and came in for quite a good few tit-bits for which he tendered acknowledgments without any theological interpolations.

One day when Walter was working on some new houses in the vicinity of the Red Lion, he went out for his lunch and discovered Jackie standing in rapt attention watching the people who were filling the motor coach bound for some distant destination.

"Hello, Jackie," Walter said. "Is this what you do when you aren't at school or ringing a bicycle bell in church?"

Jackie nodded.

"They go right into the country," he said; "ever so far. And they come back in the evening." His voice was hushed with the awe and wonder of it. "I like

to watch 'em go off." The light of an adventurous spirit glinted in his eye.

A thought struck Walter.

"Have you ever been out into the country, Jackie?" he asked.

"I've been to the park," Jackie replied, asserting himself, sturdily. "There's trees and grass and flowers, same as the country."

"But the real country, Jack, where the coaches go. Have you ever been in a coach?"

"I've been twice in a tram," was the answer, "when I went to the 'orspital."

Jackie's attention reverted to the coach, the box of which had just been mounted by the driver. It was the excruciatingly exciting moment of the start.

Walter went back to work that day deep in thought. In spite of the fact that he gave material support to the architects and master builders who dealt in bricks and mortar, Walter loved the country. It had been in the country that he had first courted Rosy—when she was stopping with a married aunt.

He had gone over on Sundays and they had wandered through the green fields, and perhaps turned into the church to join in the hymn-singing (Rosy liked hymn-singing) and afterwards had strolled back through the green lanes. Rosy had found the country dull, on the whole, and had been glad to get back; but each succeeding Easter Monday or Whit-Monday had found them on their way to some pleasure spot in the country. The crowds spoilt such outings, but a day's holiday unshared by his fellow-toilers does not come the way of the ordinary workingman.

Such a chance came, however, not long after Walter's meeting with Jackie outside the Red Lion. The reason for it being the marriage of Walter's boss, and a general holiday given to the hands. It was about the middle of May. Rosy, whose job was to do for her parents, was able to get the day off, too. Such a rare day it would be. They decided to take the coach to Gadshott, and have a ramble over the glorious stretch of heath and woodland which has made it famous as a beauty spot. There were plans in connection with their approaching marriage to be talked over. Above all, the great moot question of starting life over in the Land of Promise across the Atlantic, and how far granddad's heart would be broken by parting with Rosy who was the apple of his failing eye.

Their coach would pick them up at the Red Lion. Jackie, doubtless, would be delighted to come and see them off. Poor, old Jackie! To think that the little beggar had never been out into the country. He would watch the coach move off, and it would be pretty rotten leaving him behind.

IT was the sight of Jackie, standing outside the Red Lion, vibrant with the ecstasy of seeing the Rover pick up its passengers, that decided Walter to feel

his way with Rosy in regard to a certain proposition. That evening he approached the subject tentatively.

"D'you know, little Jackie's never been in the country?" he asked. "And the little blighter watches the coaches at the Red Lion going off. I saw him there this morning again. I wonder what the little nipper would say if he saw Gadshott woods?"

Rosy possessed a cockney's quickness at the uptake.

"You might find out if you was to take 'im there," she suggested.

Walter pursed his lips and screwed his mouth crooked.

"He'd be a bit of a nuisance," he said, "kids always are."

"Better get used to 'em," his fiancée retorted, with frank philosophy.

"He's rather an intelligent little piece," Walter went on. "I'd like to see what impression it all made on him. It would be informative."

"Chuck it, Wally," was the reply. "Trying to pretend that you ain't a dear old softy, aren't you? I'd just love to have the kiddie, so there. Don't use no more long words about it."

With that she treated him to a caress which was as boisterous as it was acceptable. Rosy was a brick—and a man of Walter's calling should have been in a position to judge.

THERE was one thing, however, that Walter determined to be careful about before settling the matter. He was not going to be made the tool of an alleged Providence a second time. He got hold of Jackie and put a pointed question to him.

"Jackie, have you ever asked God to give you a ride in a coach out into the country?"

Jackie shook his head. His prayers stopped short at miracles.

"Well, then, I'm going to take you," Walter said. "I'm not waiting to be asked, even. Miss Rosy and me is going out into the country to-morrow, and you can just play truant from school and come along with us. If the master says anything, you can tell him that you've been to study Nature with a gentleman who knows what he's talking about."

Jackie did his best to believe his ears. He gave many expressions of joy, one of which was a somersault. "To-morrow at nine o'clock sharp, 'Misteratfield' told him, and tell your mother that we will be sure to bring you back safe and sound."

Mrs. Molesey needed some reassuring on that point. She deeply mistrusted both motor-coaches and the country. You heard of awful things happening in them lone parts. But Walter and Rosy set her fears at rest and bore off the only son of his widowed mother in triumph.

The coach was speeding on its way. Jackie's eyes were as round as cartwheels. He was seated in the front of the coach squeezed in between Mr. Walter and Miss Rosy. His seat had been paid for, but he

liked being there best. At an early stage he began to inquire when they were coming to the country.

"Half a mo, Sonny," Walter said. "London's a biggish place"; after which Jackie kept his comments to himself for slightly more than the time specified.

At last they got clear of the long rows of small houses, of the green hedges, even; the coach was crossing a vast open space of heathland, fringed with woods.

"My, what a lot of trees!" Jackie exclaimed. "There's lots more trees here than there are in the Park."

"You'll see lots more when we get to Gadshott," Walter told him.

"There's a great big wood at there—miles and miles of it."

Jackie was impressed.

"Is there a holy hermit living in it?" he asked. "Holy hermits live in woods."

"Is that the extent of your natural history, young man?" Mr. Walter inquired. It was a specimen of the things that were stuffed into children's heads. "No, as far as I know, there are no wild animals left."

"I shouldn't mind if there were," Jackie said sincerely, "if there was a holy hermit. He'd tame 'em all right."

AFTER that Jackie subsided for a while. Experience was thrilling him into silence. Miles and miles of open country, green grass and bushes, and ever so many trees; and hills in the far distance, and no iron railings or walls.

They arrived at a village with a few cottages and an Inn. The coach pulled up and Walter and Rosy hustled their charge out. The remainder of the passengers were continuing the journey to the coach's destination, but Walter had got the driver on the nod and he set them down at exactly the right spot for a quiet ramble. Gadshott common was off the tripper's beat. A counter-attraction, provided by Nature a few miles on, had secured it from invasion. Gadshott Woods, indeed, drew a number of sight-seers at certain seasons on account of what was known as the "still pool"—a dark and mysterious sheet of water surrounded by tree-clad heights which were reflected in the limpid depths. Walter was rather curious to see what Jackie would make of the still pool.

They sat down and ate their dinner on the common. It was a perfect day. After dinner they lazed, and Jackie found amusement, or, rather, enchantment in his new surroundings. He wandered off in search of wild flowers and returned to his guardians in a state of almost inarticulate excitement.

"There was a hermit in the woods, once upon a time," he cried. "I heard a gentleman telling two ladies over there. His name was Merlac, and the wood's called Gadshott because 'shot' means a wood, and 'Gad' used to be 'God.' It's God's Wood. Isn't that fine?"

"Get along with you," Walter said. "That's fairy tales."

"Yes, it's a lovely tale," Jackie said, "the gentleman told it to the ladies and I listened. Merlac was very holy, and he used always to be looking up at the sky—at the stars and all that. But when he was an old man he got the rheumatize, and it bent him double, like this—" Jackie took a few steps with his body bent at an angle of forty-five degrees—"and he could only see the ground. So he couldn't

"No, it wasn't," Jackie said. "You see, he tumbled up into Heaven, 'cos he was drowned dead. They used to call the still pool Merlac's Mirror. I think I like that name best."

After this episode Jackie was all agog to see the still pool. He punctuated the succeeding minutes with eager inquiries which were only quelled by the mention of tea. Tea was to be the next thrill. Tea served on a table in the garden of the Inn.

Jackie wriggled into his seat and made



HE THREW HIS ARMS UP. "CAMARADE!" HE CRIED

see the sky any more; so he went out into the wood and gathered sticks for the poor folk who wanted to make fires. And one day when he was gathering sticks he came upon a pool of water, and he could see the sky in it—like a looking-glass. Wasn't that ripping? So he built himself a hut near the pool, and he used to look into it and see the sky and the stars, and think about Heaven. And one day when he was looking in, he fell into the water, and he was drowned."

"Rotten luck!" Walter ejaculated. The ending to Jackie's story tickled him not a little.

haste to say his grace—an act which he repeated at the end of a never-to-be-forgotten feast, just a little bit to the chagrin of Walter who had laid the money to pay the bill on the table in readiness. True, Jackie remembered his manners and told both his host and hostess and the lady who waited on them that he had "done very nicely," with a "thank you" duly appended, but—there it was again! Walter had got to remember that Jackie was the victim of the dope administered by folk with an obsolete notion of God.

After tea they went in search of the still pool. They pursued the long, narrow

downward path from the sunny common into the shadows, and found themselves in the wood.

Jackie looked round about him.

"Awful lot of trees," he remarked. "God does seem to go in for making trees, don't He?"

"Look here, Jackie," Walter said, "trees aren't made; they grow." He stopped and picked up something. "They grow out of a tiny seed like this. That's Nature. Do you understand?"

Jackie became meditative. He eyed the man who made houses and discoursed on Nature.

"If you was to bury a tiny wee bit of mortar," he said, "it would be funny if a great big house was to grow up. What's the difference between a seed and a bit of mortar?"

Rosy burst into laughter at the sight of Walter's face. There was nothing for the latter but to follow suit.

"He's scored off you again, Wally," she said, and added, with a wink at the puzzled Jackie, "I wonder if they've got any bath buns up at the Tea-garden?"

The still pool, or "Merlac's Mirror," as it appeared to have been called, was an undeniably eerie spot. Surrounded by tall trees which climbed the heights on either side, its still surface reflected a vision of green foliage and azure sky that might well have entranced the meditative Merlac and lured him into making an ascent to Heaven that way.

To Walter and Rosy the legend gave a sinister aspect to the cold, placid face of the treacherous water. To the latter, especially, this feeling was heightened by the presence of a large and exceedingly stately swan which was in possession of the lower end of the pool.

"I don't like them birds," Rosy said. "I've heard as how they can break a man's legs with their wings if they get their dander up."

"They go for you if you speak to 'em," Jackie eyed the ineffable bird with increased respect, mingled with some fear. "It's a pity the hermit isn't here now," he opined. "He'd tame him, right enough."

THERE could be no getting away from the fact that Jackie was getting a bit of a nuisance. They had less than an hour left and the boy had been in their pockets all day, barring the time when he had run off and picked up the story of the hermit. Little pitchers have long ears and there were things that they wanted to talk over, and—hang it all! . . . still, it was well worth-while having brought the poor little beggar.

"I say!" Jackie was not for letting them alone. "Couldn't we have a game of hide-and-seek?"

"Righto," Walter said. "Run off and hide somewhere."

Jackie explained the rules of the game.

"I go away and hide somewhere," he said, "and you count three-hundred, and

then you come and look for me. And if you find me I throw my hands up and cry, 'Camarade!' like they did in the War. And if you can't find me, then I pounce out on you and you cry, 'camarade!'"

"I twig," Walter said. "I'll time three minutes by my watch and then we'll come and look for you. Now, hop it!"

Jackie hopped it, and a deep, if momentary, peace reigned over the still pool.

WALTER and Rosy had sat themselves down on the trunk of a fallen tree. They sat there and talked a little. Then they just sat in silence. Nature was in what the poets love to call her mystic mood. Walter, as he sat there with Rosy's hand in his, found his thoughts going out to Nature. No wonder people called her a spirit. Her voice might well have called them out here today. The notion of God began to intrude itself, too. Jackie had introduced the notion of God. "God's Wood." These religious folk twisted everything round to God. Gadshott had sounded innocent enough!

The great trees rustled. Their reflection quivered in Merlac's traitorous heaven. (That had been a priceless story!) Yes, the spirit of the woods had called them thither. Nature—Nature had hardly been responsible for the impulse that had made him bring Jackie, but it was good to think that they hadn't been beastly selfish. That was the best thought of all.

There was a splash at the far end of the pool where the swan had been. Rosy lifted her head suddenly from where it was resting on his shoulder.

"Where's Jackie," she cried. "Oh, Wal, we've been and forgotten all about him!"

Walter sprang up.

"Poor old chappie," he said. "I'd clean forgotten hide-and-seek." He looked at his watch. "We've been sitting here for over half an hour! Why ever didn't the kid come back?"

They raced round the wood, calling, "Jackie! Jackie!" But there was no response. High and low they hunted—but no Jackie!

Then Rosy stood still and looked at Walter. Her face was as white as a sheet.

"I hope nothing's happened to him," she queried. "Do you think he could have gone near the water?"

Walter's face was whiter even than her own.

"I heard a splash," he murmured, hoarsely. "Over there, near where we saw the swan."

"Oh, Wal," Rosy cried. "Do you think he's fallen into the water?" She read the expression on her lover's face. It was the confirmation of her fears.

"He must have been trying to look at the trees in the water," she cried. "Oh, Wally, how shall we go home and face his mother?"

Cruel and cynical, the dark face of the pool continued to offer them its vision of summer loveliness.

"Jackie, Jackie," she cried, but the woods brought no answer save an echo.

Rosy threw out her hands.

"God help us!" she said.

Then Walter behaved strangely, terribly.

"Stop that! he shouted. "Come off it! God! Where's God? What's God? We brought that child here to make him happy, and God, if He exists, has gone and drowned him; and he's sending us home to tell his mother. Come off it, I tell you, and don't go asking for help from God."

The terrified girl stood there trembling. Walter was awful when he was like this. She forced herself to the edge of the water, and peered into the limpid depth. Her companion lacked her courage. He hung back, watching her.

Rosy gave a loud, sudden cry.

"I can see him," she cried, "I can see him!"

The blood ran chill through Walter's veins. The girl bending forward on the slippery path overheard the exclamation hissed from between his dried up lips.

"No, no, not down there," she cried. "I can see him moving up in the branches of a tree." She was still gazing into the water. "He's trying to climb down."

As she spoke a heavy branch fell into the water. The swan, disturbed in its meditations, moved off from a corner nearby.

THE next moment they were racing in the direction of the tree which had been so faithfully reflected in Merlac's Mirror. Standing just below was Jackie. He threw his arms up above his head when he saw them.

"Camarade," he cried. "You were a long time coming, and I climbed the tree and I was hiding on the branch that went over the water, and the swan came along and I was frightened to come down."

"But didn't you hear us calling, Jackie?" Rosy asked. Jackie was wondering why she had got her arms so tightly round him.

"Yes, I heard you," he said, "but I durst not answer, 'cos the swan might have heard me and thought I was talking to him. And he's got wings. He might have flown up at me. They don't like being hollered at."

"Then I heard Mr. Walter calling to me to come off," he continued, "and he sounded cross, so I came down. And lucky I did," Jackie concluded, "for the branch I was sitting on broke, and that's it floating there, on the water."

"Oh, Jackie," Rosy cried. "You have given us a doing. We couldn't find you and we thought you were drowned."

"Did you ask God to find me for you?" Jackie inquired. "I guess He saved me from being drowned."

Rosy glanced hastily at Walter. What would he say now? Her heart stood still. What would he say to the boy who was waiting for his answer unconscious of the irony of the situation.

But Walter was not the Walter of a few minutes ago.

"No," he replied quietly. "I didn't ask God to find you. And as to Him saving you from being drowned. If you was to tell a party that you jolly well wouldn't ask him for anything; and then you called him a murderer. And then if you was to get something that you wanted particular; you wouldn't be guessing that it was that same party that had given it, would you?"

The query had to be answered. Jackie felt in the marrow of his bones that it had to be controverted, somehow.

"But God isn't a party," he objected. "He's—GOD."

The listening Rosy held her breath. Walter had his opportunity. He was tak-

ing his time. He was considering the reply. "God."

There, at that moment, there flashed across his mind a new notion of God; one which merited investigation. The avenging Deity whose dignity could be insulted gave place to One who was "not a party but God," One who knew Walter Hatfield better than he knew himself. A great Spirit, living, warm as the sunshine, brooded above "God's Wood," Who had heard a human cry of anguish and had not troubled about its expression; and who had even used it as a tool for accomplishing His merciful end. God! Above him, between the tree tops, was the arch of heaven. At his feet, in the water whereon was floating a green branch, the same heaven was reflected. A man picking up

dry sticks might come upon it unawares. He got you all ways—this One who was not a party but God.

Jackie was watching him. The day of sunshine had browned his cheek and the scent of the fresh air and of the woods was on his pure little limbs. Jackie was there waiting to be returned to his mother.

At length Walter spoke. He lifted his arms up and held them above his head.

"Camerade!" he cried.

The coach was on its way homeward. They had reached the rows of lights that indicated the streets of outer London. Jackie opened his eyes, sleepily.

"Are you sure that it was me that won," he asked?

"Certain sure, Jackie," Walter replied.

Playing With Fire

By Hugh T. Henry, Litt.D.

ONE may play with a personal name in reverent or eulogistic fashion, and may thus hearten us. Or one may play with merely humorous intent, and thus amuse us. There are, however, occasions when playing with a personal name may well be likened to playing with fire—with a fire raging in the breast of the player and apt to spread thence to the hearts of his hearers.

A Literal Instance

OF ALL places wherein such fire-play ought most sedulously to be avoided, the Christian pulpit is assuredly the most obvious one, since its message ought to be that of Christ, the Prince of Peace. Very strangely, then, we may read in one Sermon of the celebrated Anglican *Book of Homilies*—(and a Sermon assigned, of all days in the year, to Whitsunday)—a long anti-papal rigmarole of abuse which includes the following declaration: "Such a tyrant was Pope Hildebrand, most worthy to be called a firebrand, if we shall term him as he hath best deserved."

The "firebrand" is of course a play on the name of Hildebrand, and is not based merely on the last syllable ("brand") found in both words. For the family name of Pope St. Gregory the Seventh (who is justly styled by Dom Oestreich, O.S.B., "One of the greatest of the Roman pontiffs and one of the most remarkable men of all times") was Hildebrand. He was called by his friends Hellebrand ("a bright flame").

Doubtless, those who elected him to the Throne of Peter perceived a lovely fitness or symbolism in the suggestion of "a bright

flame," the flame of the candle which, in the words of our Savior in the Sermon on the Mount (*Matt.*, chapter five, verses fourteen to sixteen) placed upon a candlestick, should thus "shine to all that are in the house." For the solemn decree of his election to the Papacy abounds in the strongest tributes to his piety, learning, zeal, self-denial, love of equity and justice, firmness in adversity and moderation in prosperity. His was truly a marvelous personality, shining brightly amid the gloom of one of the most perilous periods in the history of the Church.

In the German tongue, however, Hellebrand sounds very like Hoellenbrand ("Brand of Hell"). And thus his enemies styled him in still another play upon the sound of his name. "Brand" in German can indeed mean a "firebrand." But it seems probable that the preacher of the Homily for Whitsunday was giving a twist to the word Hellebrand, or was perhaps thinking of the word Hoellenbrand.

At any rate, I have not been able to find in the Anglican *Homilies* that special play upon his name which the Anglican Archbishop Trench declares, in his work on *The Study of Words*, is to be found there: "Pope Hildebrand in one of our *Homilies* is styled 'Brand of Hell,' as setting the world in a blaze; as 'Hoellenbrand' he appears constantly in German." I am inclined to think that Archbishop Trench's memory was at fault here in associating the word "firebrand" in the Whitsunday Homily with the expression "Brand of Hell."

One can hardly leave this present subject of Pope St. Gregory the Seventh

without noticing the fact of another contrast afforded by the name of this great Pope and Saint. He is often styled in historical works simply "Hildebrand," as he is styled in the Index to the Book of Homilies and in the volume of Trench.

Meanwhile, the decree of his election to the Papacy declared to the enthusiastic populace that the newly-elected Pope was to "bear henceforward and forever the name of Gregory," and made a clear distinction between his old name and his new one: "We choose then our Archdeacon Hildebrand to be pope and successor to the Apostle, and to hear henceforward and forever the name of Gregory."

Thus far, we can perceive a very literal illustration of "playing with fire." There are, of course, figurative or symbolic instances in fair abundance. We may next consider some of these.

Figurative Instances

OPPOSITE, or merely different, points of view of a subject may beget a dispute, which may develop into a quarrel and thence beget a hatred. And at every stage of this process the opposed partisans may be tempted to indulge in plays upon personal names whenever the opportunity for doing this appears ripe.

Sometimes what has been called the *odium theologicum* was more properly to be looked upon as an intense zeal for truth rather than for the human aim to be a victor in an argument. But sometimes we may fairly judge that a love for truth was forgotten in a scramble for the spoils of war, so to speak.

The grandest opponent of Arianism was

St. Athanasius. His rabid adversaries dubbed him *Satanasius*, as though after a diabolic patron. Those who thus indulged their hatred by twisting the Saint's name into one of diabolic signification could not foresee that they were playing with a fire that has more than singed their own reputations during the ensuing centuries.

For, curiously enough, the real meaning of the name "Athanasius" is "immortal." In Greek, *athanasia* means *immortality*. We catch a solemn (but mayhap too fleeting) impression of this glorious thought in the choral strains of the Trisagion—the Greek chant transliterated into Latin characters and equivalent pronunciation—of Good Friday. The last of the three invocations is: *Agiōs athanatos, eleison imas*. It is rendered into English: "Holy Immortal One, have mercy on us."

Athanasius is based on the same root as *athanatos*. Remove the first letter, the privative "a," and we may perhaps think of Bryant's view of death pictured in his oft-quoted poem entitled *Thanatopsis*.

"Time hath a taming hand," as Newman sang in one of his poems. It has thoroughly tamed the swelling pride and imperial power of the old Arians. In vain did they call the great Doctor of the Church by the cruel name of *Satanasius*. His fame is "immortal" as well as his significant name of Athanasius.

Before the time of Athanasius, we find St. Cyprian figuring as the most notable apologist for Christianity in his day of stress and storm. Trench notes that "some of St. Cyprian's adversaries did not shrink from so foul a perversion of his name as to call him Koprianos, or 'the Dungy'." It was, indeed, a foul perversion indulged in by hate.

Nevertheless, I am inclined to think that "hard names" are to be interpreted rather by the spirit and culture of an olden time than by the comparative politeness of the present day. At any rate, the Emperor Constantine the Fifth is commonly referred to in history by the "dungy" name of Copronymus, which, I think, merely recalled an incident of the Emperor's babyhood.

But in this connection I am led to consider the "naming" fate of St. John Damascene, the notably successful Defender of Images. His father's name, it seems, was Mansur. The Emperor Leo the Isaurian indulged his anger in being so often thwarted by the eloquence of the Saint, and he twisted "Mansur" into *Manzer* (meaning "bastard") and uttered an imperial command that the Saint should thus be called. Again Time hath a taming hand. The insults hurled at the Saint by his enemies resulted only in tributes of praise to the Saint in the Seventh General Council of Nice.

The wonderful eloquence of St. John Damascene led his friends to surname him *Chrysorroas* ("Golden Stream" of eloquence). Neither *Manzer* nor *Chrysorroas* has really stuck as a surname, however,

since he is always called St. John Damascene from the place of his birth, Damascus. But similar laudatory titles continue to embellish the name of St. John *Chrysostom* and St. Peter *Chrysologus* in testimony of their churchly eloquence. All three titles obviously amount to practically the same thing.

Milder Playing on Names

ST. JEROME, the splendid Scriptural scholar, received from St. Paulinus a letter introducing a priest of Barcelona named Vigilantius, with whom he formed a friendship greatly cooled by the attitude of Vigilantius toward certain churchly practices, such as vigils and lights in the churches. I have noticed St. Jerome's explanation of the ceremonial lights, in my volume entitled *Catholic Customs and Symbols* (page 67).

The same book deals with "vigils" (pp. 197-200) sufficiently to make us understand what may have been some of the objections of Vigilantius to the customs against which he objected in the matter of the vigils. But the legitimate use of a thing is not destroyed by casual abuses; and St. Jerome, defending the use, played in his answer to Vigilantius on the latter's name. "Vigilantius" (like the first two syllables, "vigil," in his name) suggests "watchfulness." *Vigilate et orate* ("Watch and pray") said Our Lord to His Apostles in the Garden of Gethsemane. Despite the caution, as we know, the Apostles slept on that awful occasion.

Perhaps this thought was in the mind of St. Jerome when he humorously styled Vigilantius by the contrasting name of *Dormitanti* (that is, "sleepy one"). The implied contrast was ingeniously constructed in respect of the same number of syllables and the same point of accent in both names, as well as in their rhythmic and rhymic effect.

Another mildly humorous but withal critical playing on a personal name is found in a comparatively recent instance. A certain Charles Carleton Coffin wrote a fairly large volume entitled *Old Times in the Colonies*. It was published by Harper & Brothers (New York, 1881), and was included in a list of books recommended (in the year 1900) by Dr. Edward Brooks, Superintendent of the Public Schools in Philadelphia, to be used for "Lessons in Language and General Reading." Perhaps the book may be found in public schools in other cities. If so, the following anecdote may be especially interesting to some of my readers.

The general character of the author's outlook and information will hardly be recommended by this quotation from his volume. Speaking of St. Francis of Assisi, he remarks that, "a young man in the town of Assisi, in France, became wild on the subject of religion. . . . He took a vow to be a beggar all his life, thinking, with all other monks and friars, that to be dirty, wear rags, and go barefoot, was a

sign of humility. He was so much of a fanatic that he went out into the fields and preached to the ducks and geese, doves and sparrows. He took the name of St. Francis; and though he called himself a saint, he robbed his father to obtain money to build a church, declaring that, as the object was good, the action was right."

Needless to comment on this amazing ignorance that places Assisi in France, declares that the Saint "took the name of St. Francis" and that he "robbed his father," etc. Needless to comment, too, on the publishing house that could print such a book for children; or on the lack of care (as I suppose) of Superintendent Brooks in recommending such a book for use in the public schools largely supported by taxes levied on Catholic parents.

Howbeit, I reviewed the book *in extenso* in two issues of the *Records of the American Catholic Historical Society*, and sent the review to Dr. Brooks, who ultimately (I understand) removed the book from the libraries of the Philadelphia public schools. The review was subsequently published as one of the series of *Educational Briefs* (No. 7, July, 1904) issued by the Superintendent of Parish Schools of the Philadelphia Diocese.

I trust my readers will pardon this preface to my illustration of a humorous play upon a personal name. A long editorial in *The Catholic Standard* of Philadelphia noticed this Educational Brief under the heading: "Another Suspended Coffin." The play upon names begins with this heading and is continued in an allusion to "the efficacy of nailing lies, as coffins are nailed, at the proper time."

Although I have written several papers about playing on personal names, I am free to confess that such play has always been far from my own practice or inclination. Still, I did indulge in a slight play on the name, not of a person, but merely of a book, when in the course of my review I came upon some details of Mr. Coffin's narrative that led me to suggest revising his title, *Old Times in the Colonies*, into *High Old Times in the Colonies*.

No theory of government can work very well if the people don't.—*Jackson (Miss.) Clarion-Ledger*.

Violent exercise after forty is especially harmful if you do it with a knife and fork.—*Vancouver Sun*.

Information is wanted as to the whereabouts of those fifty million Frenchmen who can't be wrong.—*Boston Transcript*.

Republicans are beginning to take Pinchot's advice to reorganize. Alice Longworth was Dolly Gann's dinner guest.—*Tampa Tribune*.

Folks who call a spade a spade will have to find a new name for hunger marchers who eat at public expense and ride to Washington in automobiles.—*Greenville Piedmont*.

POROUS PLASTERS *and* WOODEN LEGS

By Ig Nikilis

Blue Notes

THIS depression, say some, is good, inasmuch as it's bringing out our real selves. But the same might be said of a fire-at-night, a foot-ball game, a prize-fight, and Amos and Andy.

You can get used to anything, the optimists insist. One wonders whether they ever tried the electric chair.

It's time to make martyrs of ourselves, chirp the sunshine boys. Well, why not? If we don't, there are so many things, including the depression, that will!

In a mighty country like America, our needs—we are told—are monumental. Yes, indeed. Any boot-legger, if pressed hard, will admit it.

It may take a revolution to correct our existing state of disorder, observes another. Yes. And, O Congress, a little common sense would probably be the most revolutionary course that could be taken!

Natural

"WHY did you run when the gun Went off? Come on now, tell me why!"

Said the Judge with a frown.

And poor Rastus broke down:

"Ah run 'cause ah couldn't fly."

Curious Facts, as Senseless as the Average

THE head-hunters of Oceanica thus far don't like crooners.

Ex-King Alfonso of Spain doesn't care for revolutions.

A good way to make coffee is to use it.

Europe is now much obligated to us; and if we cancel her debts, she will be much obliged. It's worth working for.

Not yet has it happened that a single member of the royal family of England ever sold apples or pencils on a street corner.

The Khedive of Egypt (who is he?) prefers not to sit on a hot stove.

Little Church

PROTESTANTISM will be seriously mistaken, opines Mr. John F. Moore in his book, *The Church of Rome in America*, if it leaves the future of religion to the

Roman Catholic Church. Howe'er, Protestantism, with all due and undue respects, has been mistaken about so many things that, at this late date, an error more or less would hardly make much difference. The mighty Martin's message began as a preachment of "faith without works," and is now ending as a system of works without faith. His creed has thrown out dogma after dogma, and thus succeeded, at last, practically, in casting out itself. It can hardly leave the future of religion to itself, inasmuch as it has hardly left itself to the future; wherefore it could do much worse than have a little confidence in an agency that has done much better.

With all its zeal, the Catholic Church is not covering, and seemingly cannot cover, the American field: so glooms prophet Moore. And we cannot but wonder whether he ever pondered the parable of the grain of mustard seed, which is indeed the least of all seeds, but—

The fact that Catholics number only a fifth (if that) of the population of the U. S. A. does not mean that the Church hasn't potentiality enough to win the nation. Mussolini, with his feet on the ground, covers only twenty-four square inches or so of Italy, and yet holds the entire country in the palm of his hand.

Any more, Mr. Moore?

People

KING GEORGE the Fifth, hearing a record of one of his radio speeches, is said to have remarked: "Dear me, I must have had a cold." If a king could think that of his own personal performance, can the poor public be blamed for considering your average crooner a combination of bronchitis and "the pip"?

A big politician, the other day, casually mentioned that he hadn't milked a cow for twenty years. Surely he wasn't referring to "the dear pee-pul" that-away!

Mussolini at a rifle tournament shot twelve bull's-eyes. Our leaders in America, however, are still more adept, inasmuch as they invariably shoot the whole animal, over and over again.

Wealthy Hermann Kahn had high blood pressure, angina pectoris, pulmonitis, and a suit against him for \$250,000. The next time we dunk a doughnut in a cup of alleged coffee for lunch, let us soothe the necessity with a realization of such a rich man's poverty.

Once Upon a Time

ONCE a child with a bag of peanuts used to go to the zoo to see the animals. Now the animals in the zoo come out to see the child with a bag of peanuts.

Once a man used to pay his bills grudgingly. Now he proceeds to sue the person that expects him to pay them at all.

Once we used to hear a lot about the Vanishing American. Now we hear only about his twin brother, the Famishing one.

Once we believed in education. Then in college-education. Now simply in college—if it has a good foot-ball team.

Once the average American used to "put on the dog." Now, whenever he appears at a door, the dog is usually put on him.

To Sonny-Boy

"PLEASE, Pa, what is meant by 'inertia'?"

Pa replied quite without hesitation:

"'Inertia', for me,

Means I'm lazy, you see;

But for Ma, why it's nervous prostration!"

Super-Superstitions

DON'T fall off a roof. It's a sign that you're going to a hospital.

If a brick drops on your head, it's certain that something is coming into your life to make a deep impression on you.

It's unlucky to sweep dust out of the door after dark. Might get it into the face of some powerful politician who isn't—ahem—used to dirt.

To meet a cross-eyed person is very sinister. Especially if he's driving a car.

Cross your fingers, to ward off evil. Particularly when your friend wishes you to lend him a "V" till the day after tomorrow.

Imitate automobile drivers. Don't believe in signs.

Exchange

THE art-world of Berlin, Paris and even New York has gone in, at a great rate, for exchange. Day by day, in every way, it's getting barter and barter. The painter or sculptor accepts—say, a sack of potatoes for a psychological study of smoke-stacks in Montparnasse or a cubic conception of maid - slumbering - in - midst - of - earthquake or what-happens-when-a-bucket-of-

bricks-falls-on-one's-head. That is, he or she would, only that a good sack of potatoes is just now a rather exorbitant price to expect for *some* masterpieces. The best that many a bohemian can get is a lemon, a filbert, or a raspberry.

Is this the fruit of "genius"? Isn't it a shame that the returns for wielding brush or chisel should be so small! Personally we are ready to march to Washington to have a law passed, in guarantee that, whenever an *ultra* modern artist must part with a soul-child that nobody wants, he be given in exchange at least *two* lemons, filberts or raspberries.

America will not be outdone in generosity, no matter how much and often she is outdone. Besides, even a modern masterpiece may have its use in the modern home. It can scare away mice, roaches, bill-collectors, and your Cousin Mame. In fact, the worse it is, the more effective.

Two for one seems a really fair ratio of exchange. Let's be big about this thing. Let's be big.

Absent-Minded Professor's Predicament

IN a swiftly revolving door,
He twirled and kept twirling about.
He knew he was here,
But could not get it clear
That he wished to go in or come out.

Wales and Waistcoats

IT ought to be stimulating, in the midst of this depression, to be assured by our press, ever thoughtful and anxious to please, that "the Prince of Wales has his coats and vests made by one tailor, and his pants by another." But somehow the information leaves us thoroughly unthrilled; indeed, prompts us to take out four or five handkerchiefs with which to cover or stifle a yawn. What's getting into us!

Wasn't there a time when everything about Wales was of just as much importance to everybody else as to himself? Ah, yes. Once there was a prince—

But grim reality has since awakened the world from fairy tales and, just now, with the old wolf yowling at the door, and with nearly everybody bothered by a personal problem not as to which tailor will make his pants and which his coat, but as to whether he'll have any pants or coat, at all, the Prince of Wales and his foibles are about as significant as—well, last year's bird's nest.

Hard times have separated us from many, many things; but from nothing do we part, with greater joy, perhaps, than from newspaper records of modern un-merry England's aging, if still rather gilded, youth. We can only hope in passing that, whether or not he gets his trousers in one place and his coats in another, he will continue to get them. Meantime, though, we might submit that he be less careful, in these rumbling times, about

where this section of his wardrobe or that will come from. He would do well just to be careful.

Once there was a prince—

Outre Mer

IN Madrid, entrants in a beauty contest had to wash their faces with soap and water. If the minds of beholders could only be similarly treated, such contests wouldn't be so bad.

In Siam, monkeys are used in banks to test coins with their teeth. In America, however, we'd not hear tell of any such thing. Don't have to. We make monkeys of our depositors, and let them test the banks with their cash.

Over in England, the upside-down meal has been introduced. (Menus held in front of mirror, to be deciphered, you know; coffee leading off, and oysters ending, etc.) But over here in America, the only novelty we care about at present, when we sit at table, is something to eat.

Paris has decreed the modish lady shall wear a necklace of medallions, each containing a rare stamp. In this sophisticated age, you see, every female is expected to be extra well posted.

Hard Times in Cages

WHO would ever have thought, when the depression started out, that it would get even into the cages of our zoological gardens! But it has. And how much! In fact, unless the City Council in Philadelphia, for instance, votes \$100,000 in the 1933 budget, its poor animals will have to join the Hollywood talkie queens in a rigid diet of nothing-at-all. Boa-constrictors will then look like either Greta Garbo or elongated threads; hippopotami, like four-footed potatoes; elephants like dematerialized Kate Smiths; giraffes, so slender-necked that, if they swallowed a pea, it would seem a goitre; monkeys, indistinguishable from grass-hoppers; and lions—why, nothing will be left of them but their quadrupedity and a growl.

And what's to be done? Will Philadelphia vote the hundred thousand, thus setting an example to other animal-embarassed cities? Or will she be modernly wise and decide that, with all the boot-leg liquor at present inbibed, enough fantastic beasts (pink elephants, golden snakes, and lavender jack-asses) are guaranteed the local thirsty brotherhoods, without a huge appropriation to support or supply actual specimens?

At least in this Prohibition might be permitted to prove itself economical.

Still another suggestion: Philadelphia and other zoologically-troubled communities could empty their cages, sell the contents to bologna factories, and permit worthy but indigent capitalists to live in the

vacated cubic spaces. There is a lot of able, big-hearted, poor people who would be glad to feed such occupants with peanuts.

Our Times

A NEW method of opening oysters by the use of narcotics has been proposed. Will someone now suggest a method, other than narcotics, of shutting up our current Washingtonian clams?

David Selznick, film executive, says that the talkies should be as intelligent as the novels of the day. We thought they *were*, and that that was just the trouble.

A scientist in California announces that the inside of the world is radium. There! And all the while, Italy kept thinking it was Mussolini.

Trees

AND now certain British scientists, we learn, are planning a journey to Madagascar to seek and study a tree whose specialty it is to gobble up human beings. The taste of this aboreal cannibal is no more terrible than tender: quite Don Juan-ish, it prefers young women, if you please. And what short work it makes of its maiden fare! Place a sweet young thing (as the obliging natives do) on its yearning, branches, and *pronto: à la* octopus, it draws in and crushes little Jane or Juliet, consuming all but her bones.

Fairy-tale-y, isn't it!

Yet there's a tree, familiar to all of us, that's been doing precisely this thing from the very beginning of man's story, and has been working overtime in our own day. Never, perhaps, in the history of morals, has the delicate sex comported itself more indelicately, as a whole, than in this twentieth century. Hardly the bones of the good old-fashioned virtues, at times, seen left; and the world appears strewn with evidences of slaughtered ideals. Here is a tree far more tragic than the leafy monster on the Isle of Sinbad the Sailor in far-off Madagascar. The well-known Tree of Life, whose fruit is so often eaten unto death.

This bad old Madagascar tree is good not only for gouging itself on toothsome females, but also for secreting an intoxicating liquor very popular with the natives. The Tree of Life is likewise rich in an essence that inebriates; the insane stuff which, entering the spirit, takes the reason prisoner.

Our scientists do well to investigate this distant wonder-tree, so sinister to bodies: our moralists would do better to study harder than ever the nature of that super-oak whose branches are everywhere; whose juices, if taken with too bold a freedom change women from angels, and men into swine; whose victims are not bodies, but much more fearfully, souls.

The CATHOLIC PRESS of FRANCE

By Denis Gwynn

IN the first week of December, 1932, *La Croix* newspaper in Paris celebrated its golden jubilee, after fifty years of successful and always expanding life. So many ramifications have developed from the newspaper, and the celebrations involve such a large proportion of the Catholic Press of France, that the event deserves much more than passing attention.

The success of *La Croix* has led to the much more ambitious and comprehensive organization known as the *Maison de la Bonne Presse* (The Good Press House), which now includes such subsidiary enterprises as the distribution of Catholic films and lantern slides. How far that success could be imitated in other countries depends on many factors which are worth examining in some detail.

A Double Anniversary

THE story of *La Croix* newspaper is certainly one of the most curious in the history of modern journalism. A double anniversary was celebrated in Paris, because its founder, Père Bailly, was fifty years of age when he launched his bold enterprise; this year, consequently, brings both the centenary of his birth and the golden jubilee of his paper. He belonged to the Assumptionist Order in Paris, and until he was over forty he had no journalistic experience whatever. As a young man he had entered the Polytechnique, which is the most famous engineering college in France, and he saw active service in the Franco-Prussian War.

His first efforts in journalism arose out of his connection with various Catholic movements. He was a pioneer of Catholic social reform; he helped to promote the Catholic trade unions and the annual Catholic conferences on social questions; and one of his principal interests was the organization of pilgrimages—in the days when Lourdes was becoming widely known in France and other countries.

To give news of the pilgrimages to various shrines which were then being fostered, he produced a small periodical called the *Pèlerin* (Pilgrim), which gradually increased in size and circulation until it became a very popular little magazine, largely intended for young people. It was founded in 1873, when, in the aftermath of the Franco-Prussian War, the Assumptionists had organized the League of Our Lady of Salvation to promote a general religious revival in France. One of the objects of its promoters was to develop the possibilities of Catholic preaching through the Press; and Père Bailly made

this special concern. In 1877 he introduced illustrations into the *Pèlerin*, and it rapidly became one of the most widely read weekly papers in France.

Five years later, in December, 1882, Père Bailly started a new venture, in founding the *Croix-Revue* as a monthly magazine which was to further the Catholic revival. It met with considerable success, but Père Bailly soon found that a monthly magazine was inadequate to provide the constant religious propaganda which he had in view. Very soon he became restless, and decided that nothing less than a daily Catholic newspaper would serve his purpose.

He had no funds, and the whole bank balance of the Review was barely 200 dollars. But he determined to appeal for subscriptions in advance, through the papers which he had already started. Through the *Pèlerin* and the *Croix-Revue*, he launched his appeal, and several thousand subscribers answered it. He had no printing establishment, no editorial staff, and no capital. But with a few thousand readers guaranteed in advance, and with the money collected by the advance subscriptions which they had paid, he went boldly ahead.

In the early summer of 1883 he transformed the monthly *Croix-Revue* into a daily newspaper, and printed 10,000 copies of its first issue. He had not even a distributing agency; and his assistant was sent around the newspaper shops and kiosks with bundles of the paper, to distribute the bulk of the first issue free. Other subscribers enrolled quickly, and for some time their number increased at the rate of 200 a day. Before long he had reached a daily circulation of 14,000 copies; but then an unexpected set-back occurred.

Criticism Evoked

THE paper had provoked a great deal of criticism, chiefly on the ground that this unofficial organ claimed to speak for Catholic public opinion, and particularly that it had taken the very daring step of printing a large crucifix on the front page as the emblem of the paper. Three alternative titles had in fact been considered. One was to call the paper the *Catholique*; another to call it the *Crucifix*. The third alternative, *La Croix*, was adopted.

Many devout Catholics were scandalized by seeing a large crucifix used as the badge of a newspaper, which inevitably incurred hostility and became involved in controversies. Cardinal Mathieu was ap-

proached. He was told that the newspaper was likely to identify Catholic teaching with its own views in many controversial matters, and that many devout people intensely disliked the idea of a crucifix being used in that connection. The Cardinal was impressed by these objections—which obviously had much weight. He referred the matter to Rome.

A Reversal Reversed

THERE the General of the Assumptionists decided that such objections ought to be avoided, and he instructed Père Bailly to remove the emblem from his newspaper. Père Bailly obeyed, and a most disconcerting result followed at once. More than half the sale of the paper was lost within a few days. There could be no doubt that most of his readers resented what had been done. Père Bailly went at once to Cardinal Mathieu to tell him what had happened. The Cardinal then withdrew his own objection, and told Père Bailly to restore the crucifix to his front page. Within a few weeks the whole lost circulation had been recovered, and the paper went steadily ahead.

That incident revealed the special characteristic of the public which was supporting the venture. They were not ordinary newspaper readers, but extremely devout people—both priests and laity—who regarded *La Croix* as a religious organ which supplied them with all the news they desired. The distribution of the newspaper was enormously helped by that feeling.

Volunteers came forward in many parts of France to sell the paper at the church doors, and even to sell it on the boulevards in Paris. Groups of poor working-class people subscribed for single copies. Others sent word that, while they could not even afford the daily *son* to buy a copy, they were making novenas or offering other devotions for its success. Before long, committees were formed in many towns to organize its distribution; and in time congresses were held in various centers to provide for discussion of the best method of extending the paper's sale.

Such continued success soon enabled Père Bailly to take a modest printing office and to employ a small staff, instead of having it printed by another newspaper. The other periodicals also grew continually. In 1889 a new venture started, when *La Croix du Dimanche* appeared, to provide a weekly summary of the news for those who could not afford to buy the daily paper or had not time to read one. This aimed

specially at the peasant class, and the Sunday *La Croix* contained articles about farming and similar subjects.

A few years later, another venture arose out of the great success of the *Pèlerin*. Père Bailly went with one of the early pilgrimages to the Holy Land, and at Bethlehem he prayed for a good title for the children's magazine which he then contemplated. The title came to him at once and, when he returned to Paris he launched the weekly *Noël*. It has since attained an immense circulation, and its Christmas number, the *Almanach de Noël*, is equally successful.

An Expanded Mission

VARIOUS other developments followed, as the enterprise grew. Special local editions of *La Croix* were published in certain districts, where the agents knew that there would be a wide response if the paper contained more local news. Today there are fully a dozen, or, perhaps, twenty such local editions. Some of them appear every second day, some twice a week, some weekly. The *Maison de la Bonne Presse* (as the whole enterprise came to be called) also has obtained a controlling interest in several of the most important Provincial papers with older titles.

Among other developments, book publishing followed. The *Bonne Presse* has produced a whole library of popular books, concerning lives of the Saints and similar subjects. Not the least important of its enterprises, especially for foreign journalists, is its admirable fortnightly publication, the *Documentation Catholique*, which prints the full text of important ecclesiastical documents such as the Papal encyclicals or decrees or letters, or important pastoral letters, together with an excellent summary of newspaper comment on subjects of special importance to Catholics.

It also gives a complete survey, for the guidance of the French clergy, of all legislation or other decisions affecting their relations with the public authorities. Later developments again have been the provision of lantern slides for lectures. A more recent and rapidly developing department supplies devotional films and others suitable for schools or for parish halls.

No other country has yet produced anything like the development of the Catholic Press which the *Maison de la Bonne Presse* has thus established. *La Croix* is unique as a daily newspaper. Its news service is in many respects backward, and it attaches little importance to rapid publication, except for the most important subjects. But it contains a complete summary of all news affecting the Church in all parts of the world. For the working journalist, who wishes to follow such news, there is no paper to compare with it. In practice it provides almost all the working journalist would obtain from reading the *Observatore Romano* every day. Its achievement is a truly marvelous tribute to the energy

and zeal and foresight of Père Bailly and its other early directors.

When Père Bailly died, in 1900, he had incurred much criticism, and there were many Catholics who deplored the political tone of his publications. But he had deliberately set himself to use modern journalism for Catholic propaganda; and whatever may be said for or against his political views, and his policy in regard to many critical controversies concerning the relations of Church and State, he had at least accomplished his purpose of creating a national newspaper, conducted by Catholics for the Catholic public.

Without expressing any opinion as to the merits of the controversies, it may be well to state briefly what objections have in fact been raised against the *Croix* as a newspaper. They were inherent in the very nature of what Père Bailly attempted; but it may be fairly asked whether the conduct of such a daily newspaper should ever have been left entirely in the hands of any Religious Community, whether small or large.

Most of his contributors were priests; and for a long time one of the nuns—an Oblate of the Order—directed the women's features in the various periodicals. Such editorship inevitably restricted the scope of the paper and gave an extremely pious coloring to many of its features. Many of its chief contributors, including its editor, the Abbé Merkelen, are ecclesiastics; though the direction of policy is largely influenced by that brilliant, vigorous and scholarly publicist, M. Jean Guiraud. Its proprietors also had a considerable influence.

The financing of so large a venture required substantial assistance, and the Brothers Féron-Vrau, with their big industrial interests in Lille and northern France generally, contributed enormously by their generosity to the development of the whole enterprise. M. Féron-Vrau was a very devout Catholic, with rigidly fixed views on most subjects, and many of the younger Catholics felt that his influence was always "reactionary" and inflexible, in a rapidly changing age.

The Political Attitude

THE question whether a Catholic newspaper, which more or less claimed to speak for all Catholics, should engage in any political controversy became more directly actual in France than it might have been elsewhere. During the fierce controversies over the Dreyfus case, which focussed all the sympathies of the Right and the Left on opposite sides, *La Croix* became identified with the anti-Dreyfus campaign, and it suffered in consequence when the political tide turned some years later. The buildings of *La Croix* were confiscated, and there were direct conflicts with the anti-clerical Government.

Many of the younger Catholics who had democratic sympathies came to regard the paper even as a hindrance to their own

efforts to win popular sympathy for the Church in districts where the Church had lost contact with the masses. In quite recent years, it was still suspected of having strong sympathies with the royalist movement; but it immediately and unequivocally accepted the Pope's condemnation of the *Action Française* movement, and has done all in its power to support the Pope's denunciation of M. Maurras and his friends.

Episcopal Support

IT is, of course, impossible for any popular newspaper to avoid political controversy. Especially in such questions as the Government's attitude towards the Catholic schools, *La Croix* felt obliged to take an uncompromising line, and all its allied newspapers have upheld the same attitude. Some of the younger Catholics have deplored this attitude, and have complained bitterly that *La Croix* has estranged the sympathies of moderate men who might have evolved a workable compromise. But such controversies are inevitable when a Catholic newspaper claims to speak for the whole Catholic body.

The *Croix* certainly had the support of the French bishops, who were probably more conservative than the mass of Catholics. Conditions, however, have changed a good deal in that respect in recent years. Before the war the majority of the French bishops still regarded the Republic with a deep distrust, which was cordially reciprocated by the anti-clerical politicians. But since the war a new type is apparent among the French hierarchy. Many of the new bishops have served in the trenches, either in the ranks, like the present Bishop of Lourdes, or as army chaplains like Cardinal Binet or Cardinal Lienart and many others. As such, they have gained contacts which the older bishops never had. Such problems in France are largely the result of local traditions and inherited conflicts between the Church and State.

A question of much wider application arises in regard to the scope of *La Croix* newspaper. It is admittedly the organ of people who are more than usually pious. *La Croix* has been able to claim that the reigning Pope reads it regularly as one of his daily newspapers. A hardened newspaper journalist, like the present writer, cannot help wondering, with all deference, whether that claim is likely to help in creating a wide popular sale for a modern newspaper.

There are two schools among the Catholic journalists of France. One believes in concentrating upon religious propaganda and attempting to prevent the peasantry, especially, from acquiring the habit of reading newspapers of the modern type. The other believes in gaining control of the ordinary daily Press wherever possible, and ensuring that the popular Press shall be under the control of Catholics. But it

has no desire to infuse a definitely religious spirit, except by creating a Catholic atmosphere surrounding the whole paper and affecting the selection of its news.

Conditions in France are peculiar and more complicated than most people realize. It is a mistake to regard France as a solidly Catholic country. Careful investigations have shown that even on the widest interpretation of the term (even in the sense of counting as Catholics those who do not go to Mass but do have their children baptized and insist on Catholic burial for themselves) probably half of France cannot be counted as Catholic at all. But the Catholic tradition is still very strong in certain districts which are overwhelmingly Catholic. In other parts of France, such as the Center, religion is almost dead, so far as the ordinary people are concerned; and even Baptism has ceased to be a general practice.

La Croix, of course, circulates chiefly in the Catholic districts; to that extent the newspaper preaches to the converted, and only the devout would ever dream of buying or even reading it. Consequently, in other countries, where such overwhelmingly Catholic districts with a long Catholic tradition do not exist, the example of *La Croix's* success could never be imitated.

The whole success of the *Maison de la*

Bonne Presse is undoubtedly based on those Catholic districts, and upon the immense number of clergy and nuns and Religious Orders in France. It has catered primarily to that large and devoutly Catholic public. It has scarcely attempted to reach the much larger public which is constantly influenced by pagan or anti-Catholic papers and propaganda. But within the limited scope it has available it has created a Press organization which is of enormous value to the whole Catholic Press. No Catholic newspaper in any country which aims at being well informed can dispense with its news; and no other news service so far has been able to compete with it, or even to supplement it in regard to general European affairs. And it is most unfortunate that, owing to internal dissensions in France, those popular newspapers which are definitely Catholic in sympathy or are even under directly Catholic control have so far failed to reach a basis for coöperation in creating a Catholic news agency for all Europe.

A Central News Agency

THE time has surely come for such coöperation in all countries. Among all the Press organizations which might coöperate helpfully the *Maison de la Bonne Presse* is much the most solidly established. From time to time efforts have been made

to form a central Catholic news agency to serve the Catholic Press of all countries and, also, to supply Catholic news to the wider Press.

Some years ago I was brought in touch with an effort of the sort in Paris which was remarkably simple in its outlines. The capital required was surprisingly small. Only a small office was needed. The Paris correspondents of all the principal newspapers concerned—in Germany, Austria, Poland, Belgium, Holland, Italy, Switzerland, and other European countries, as well as England and the United States—would have pooled their information if the scheme had materialized. There would even have been certain economies in working expenses for some of the newspapers, in addition to greatly increased supplies of information and other facilities. But, for various reasons, it came to nothing although it had powerful backing.

Perhaps the time has come for some similar effort to be revived. It may well be that the celebrations in connection with *La Croix* and its allied publications, which are assembling so many distinguished Catholic journalists for the occasion, may create the opportunity for a development which would be of great benefit to other countries and the whole Catholic Press in France as well.

Think With the Church

By John F. Power

WE are told that the supreme test of sound Catholicity is to *think* with the Church.

At first sight this statement may appear rather obvious. We can imagine our readers saying to themselves "Why, of course, every Catholic *thinks* with the Church. Surely, by obeying her commands we are giving expression to our conformity of mind with that of the Church."

But is it a fact that to *obey* we necessarily *think* with her? We do not believe that this is so. For example, there are many good, practising Catholics who in all probability would never wilfully transgress the laws of the Church who most certainly do not *think* with her. Obedience in many cases comes from the knowledge that the law-giver, or whoever issues the command, is in a position of authority over one. That authority can be accepted and the command fulfilled in the face of a feeling that rather too much is being asked from us in a particular instance.

What, then, do we mean when we talk about *thinking* with the Church? To think with her, our minds must be so attuned to

her mind that whatever is pleasing to her is correspondingly pleasing to us and whatever is viewed by her as evil, dangerous, or unCatholic, produces the same sentiments in ourselves. Further, our outlook on life, our criteria of values, our social and private life will all take their color from our Catholicity.

TO return to our example above of the act of obedience in an instance where the human element feels that rather too much is being demanded. In the case of a person who is at one with the Church's mind—thinks with the Church—no such feeling would arise. In its place there would be a firm conviction that to obey was but the fulfilling of a course of action that was obviously desirable as being in harmony with the mind of the Church.

In short, the Catholic who *thinks* with the Church wants to do her will even before the question of her commands enters his mind.

To many of us this acquiring of a really Catholic mentality may appear very hard. At the outset it is, naturally enough, but

by constant practice it gradually becomes part of a person's character and is transformed into a habit.

The greatest difficulty is the breaking away from our former outlook. So many Catholics nowadays have nothing more or less than a *pagan* attitude towards all that does not directly fall within the limits (which they have defined for themselves) of their Catholicity. While they are exact in their attendance at Holy Mass, receive the Sacraments regularly and contribute generously towards the financial needs of the Church, they have erected an invisible barrier which cuts off all but a very small portion of their life, and outside that portion they act as though there were no possible question of their Faith having any concern with their "everyday" existence.

WHEN they are engaged in business, politics, or in the academic sphere, economics, history, literature, drama, the arts, or in any of all those varied achievements which go to the making of social and cultural life their outlook is indistinguishable from that of any of those around them

who have rejected all belief in the supernatural.

That this results in a great deal of harm to the Church will appear self-evident to our readers. We who are the possessors of the Truth, who are members of the Faith which civilized the West and preserved for it all that it possesses of culture and learning, are allowing ourselves to drift away from the mind of this great cultural Force and are taking our ideas and shaping our mentality according to the dictates of modern paganism.

To take a few examples of the process of training ourselves to acquire the real Catholic outlook. We have mentioned business as one of the aspects of everyday life in which many Catholics appear to act according to the principles of modern utilitarianism.

How many of our Catholic business men have ever so much as looked at a copy of Pope Leo XIII's encyclical on the Condition of the Working Classes or at that of the present Holy Father on the Restoration of the Social Order? We can go further and ask how many of them realize that the Church is concerned with Social questions, and she is concerned how they run their workshops and factories, that she has the right to concern herself with such matters?

To many of them the idea of any interference on the part of the Church in such matters would appear to be almost an impertinence. The acquiring of a Catholic mind for this type of business man will be in the nature of a revolution, but it is one which will have far-reaching results. It will need study of the encyclicals mentioned, of the lives of men like Leon Harmel and the Brothers Vrau—men who did not cease to be efficient business men by conducting their concerns in conformity with Catholic Social Ideals—and it will need courage and sacrifice in the face of ridicule.

A CATHOLIC outlook should come easier to the workingman because his position, although it has its own dangers and responsibilities, is not so difficult as that of the employer. The workingman's biggest danger is that of falling under the influence of Communism, with its denial of the supernatural and its advocacy of revolution by force, and this without the knowledge that the Catholic Church has ever been his greatest friend and advocate. The same two encyclicals will do much towards achieving the Catholic mentality in our workmen.

In the academic sphere the possession of a really Catholic outlook becomes a necessity, without which there is grave danger to the Faith of the student. History as taught in many of our colleges and universities is a complete travesty of the actual facts. Professors utter judgments on the Middle Ages, on the idea of Religious life, on the "Reformation" in Europe, on the Church, the Papacy and

Mediaeval Life in general without the remotest conception of the spirit of the period or the Faith which lay at the heart of it.

THE Catholic student is equipped to study the period with real understanding. He is a member of the Church which governed the people of that time, he understands what is meant by the Papacy, he can feel at-one with his fellow Catholics of mediæval times and he has no misconceptions concerning the meaning of the "Reformation." But he is equipped only in so far as he develops the habit of thinking with the Church and his understanding of her dealings with men throughout the ages.

The student of Science is in need of this Catholic mentality in no less degree that he may check any materialistic teaching and so that he may realize that there is no such thing as a "conflict" between the Church and true Science. But he will, if he is possessed of the Catholic mind, realize that the hypotheses of various professors are not always scientific.

To take another example—that of Art. The Catholic artist who neglects to form his mind on Catholic lines may not endanger his Catholicity, but he does run the risk of ceasing to be an artist in the highest sense of the word. The true artist must realize the real meaning of Truth, Beauty and Goodness and the Catholic artist will find his art become the more perfect in so far as his grasp of the Church's philosophy deepens.

Our examples so far have been concerned with the development of the habit of thinking with the Church—the acquiring of a Catholic mentality—in the case of persons engaged in various vocations. We might extend our examination of the need and the value of this mentality and apply

it to many other professions and occupations but space will not permit.

Let us in conclusion take the ordinary Catholic man and woman living their home-life with their family and endeavor to see the effect of a really Catholic mentality working within the home. It is to be regretted that so many Catholic husbands and wives do not realize more fully the Catholic idea of matrimony. St. Paul's beautiful example of the likeness of the union existing between husband and wife to that between Christ and His Church should be the ideal which the Catholic Husband and Wife have ever before them. Their family should be permeated with the spirit of Nazareth and the home itself should be everything that is expected from a Catholic home.

ALL that might endanger the purity and Faith of those under their care should be abhorrent to the father and mother who have the Catholic mentality. They will be fully conscious of the great responsibilities which are theirs and they will realize that they are the real educators of their children who will be the Catholic men and women of tomorrow.

We have been able to touch but the fringe of this subject but we hope that we have shown, first, the necessity of working to bring our minds into perfect conformity with the Mind of the Church and, secondly, that it should be the aim of every Catholic who appreciates the Faith to achieve the habit of thinking with the Church.

How many of us will pass this supreme test of a sound Catholicity? When we have examined our consciences let us commence at once to think with the Church. If we are not sure of her mind on any particular point let us study until we acquire it and then hold fast to it and make it our own.

To One Owing a Letter

By Sister Miriam

NOT all the gold of lilies,
Nor all the blue of skies,
Can weave delight like ebon ink,
Word-winged for absent eyes.

The wind may blow the gold away;
The clouds, the blue dismiss;
But letters penned by love protest
A better world than this.

Though men who stray are starved for love—
While wine or wealth we blame!—
Great men succeed by kindness spurred,
Not urged by feud or fame.

Then take your pen, my dear, and write
What in your heart you find:
For God you serve by sacrifice,
But men, by being kind!

The Skeleton at the Feast

No. 6 in The Divine Tragedy

By Daniel B. Pulsford

THE previous history of "the Woman who was a sinner" is not revealed by the Evangelists. They show a reticence which has not been imitated by some of those who have retold the story.

In modern versions the love-affairs of this penitent occupy a prominent position. Even the Gospel itself, it appears, must be spiced for contemporary tastes by the sex-appeal. And so the slime of pornography has been trailed over the holiest story ever written. The film-fan, if he is to be shown scenes from the New Testament, must have his money's worth and be given something to gratify the taste which has been stimulated by obscene novels.

It is not only the destructive Higher Critic whom we have to fear in this sacred realm but those who exploit religion in the interests of a debased mentality. The saccharine sentimentality of writers like Maeterlinck is a more deadly thing than the absurd attempts made by a certain school to discredit the narrative. And worse than either is the profanation effected by this characteristically modern exaggeration of the erotic element. They can have no appreciation of its austere beauty who thus incense it with the perfumes of the harlot's boudoir.

As I have said, we know nothing of this woman's previous history. She bursts upon the scene in that highly dramatic episode which occurred at the feast given to Our Lord by Simon the Pharisee. The hospitality exercised in this case does not appear to have been of a very warm-hearted character. It may well have been that Simon's motive was no higher than that of the social "lion-hunter" who takes a pride in entertaining celebrities.

The Discourteous Spirit

At any rate, the treatment meted out to the Distinguished Guest did not observe even the usual courtesies. "I entered into thy house, thou gavest Me no water for My feet," Jesus remarked. It was a small matter, as was the absence of the usual kiss. But Oriental custom enforces very strictly the ritual observed on such occasions and its omission may have been purposed.

We may be sure that Christ was not punctilious on these points, but lack of courtesy is often indicative of more serious lapse. The individual who is careless in the minor points of behavior thereby betrays not seldom the presence of a discourteous spirit. The person who is consistently irreverent in manner in the pres-

ence of the Blessed Sacrament must not be surprised if some suspect him of irreligion. The studied omission of the ritual which Christian tradition associates with worship, though meant to imply sincerity and simplicity, cannot be exonerated from the charge of irreverence.

The bareness of Protestant churches and the undemonstrative coldness of Protestant worship are symptoms of a lowered spiritual and devotional temperature. It is something more than racial temperament which separates the Neapolitan peasant kissing a statue of Our Lady from the Boston Unitarian refusing even to kneel when in prayer. The difference may be no less than that between loving God with all our heart and mind and strength and rendering Him only the homage of a cold intellectualism.

The Ritual of Worship

THAT Our Lord called attention to Simon's omissions is a clear sign that He is not indifferent to the ritual of worship. It is incumbent upon those who frequent His Court to behave at least as ladies and gentlemen.

The admonition which He administered to His host was enforced, it will be remembered, by reference to the very different conduct of the notorious Woman who had intruded on this select company. She had broken over Him a box of alabaster ointment and then, passionately weeping, wiped His feet with her hair.

To point the contrast further, a parable was related concerning two debtors, one of whom owed much and one little. There followed a saying the exact significance of which it may be difficult to determine. It is not related in St. Luke's version but the other accounts of the incident report our Lord as defending this demonstrative penitent against her critics by saying: "She hath done what she could; she is come beforehand to anoint my body for the burial."

Is there in this reference to the body which ere long would be a corpse a delicate suggestion that, at the opposite pole to Simon's cold indifference, might lie a sin of excess? We remember how, after His Resurrection, when Mary Magdalene would have embraced His feet, He gently disengaged Himself, saying, "Do not touch Me for I am not yet ascended to My Father."

These are mysterious sayings until we remember the character of the woman con-

cerned. She, it is assumed, had sinned against the flesh. She had responded to the lustful embrace of temporary lovers. The sense of touch had been polluted and, though her sins had been forgiven and she herself had been renewed in spirit, the effects of such pollution cannot be all at once and completely annulled. The associations of sin attach themselves to the sense that has sinned. One whose embraces have been too freely bestowed may well find it necessary to be reserved in manner. There are lips so soiled that, however sincere be the devotion expressed, they scarce dare kiss Christ. It is not that He is unforgiving or pharisaically afraid of pollution; it is only that our flesh is weak, habits of thought linger even when our intentions have been purified; the will may be holy while the body remains involuntarily subject to former habits.

Things good in themselves may be forbidden us because a perverse nature has in the past found them stumbling blocks. Thus, Our Lord Himself declared that it might be necessary to pluck out the eye that had offended. Not that eyes are evil but that, in some cases, the faculty of vision, speaking metaphorically, has been so bound up with evil that we cannot exercise it without invoking temptation. It is merely a matter of moral expediency not to expose ourselves by the revival of unholy memories to the risk of quickening former sins.

An Interpreted Saying

IF this interpretation of these mysterious sayings is correct, it is easier to understand them. The reference to the grave, even though cloaked under phrases that praised and defended the woman, becomes intelligible as a gentle warning. It is as though He had said:

"The body which you rapturously clasp, though it will rise again, will soon die. Instead of the glow of health will be seen in my countenance all the gruesome tokens of mortality. What you touch now are warm limbs, but the time is coming when they will give back the chill of death. I shall be such as men shrink from. Regard me as though I were already lying in the tomb—the mangled victim of the Cross. If you would embrace Me, let it be as you would embrace one cold and unresponsive in death, for such I shall soon be."

There is a type of Christianity which professes to adore Jesus as the Son of God but obscures His agony. It dwells lovingly



THE WOMAN WHO WAS A SINNER

on His humanity, picturing the home at Nazareth, His love of little children, His appreciation of birds and flowers. It likes to repeat His simple parables and the teaching so adapted to unsophisticated people. It hovers sentimentally over the home at Bethany. And it likes, with St. John, to lean its head against Him at supper.

But it shrinks from the sight of blood. It has never realized that "the Divine Peasant" of its pretty pictures was the center of the cruellest tragedy that ever took place. This is Christianity without the Cross, an ineffective thing, untrue to history and without potency to uproot sin.

The Church does indeed worship a human Savior—One Who carried His full humanity up to Heaven. But it is a humanity which has passed through the ordeal of crucifixion and bears in hands and feet and side the tokens of suffering and death. To those who approach Him with a sentimental intimacy that ignores the Passion Our Lord says: "Touch Me not." He has a woman-like fear of unhallowed hands and permits embraces only to those who have passed with Him through the shadows of Gethsemane and Golgotha.

The Church, because it so persistently

holds the Crucifix before our eyes, has been accused of being a kill-joy. It has been called the Skeleton at the Feast. Heine, the German poet, described the pagan gods seated drinking around the table in high revelry and with lusty enjoyment of the good things of life. Suddenly appears "the pale Galilean" and flings His Cross on the board, whereupon the pagan deities rise in disorder and vanish from the scene.

A Common Charge

THERE is a certain measure of truth in this picture of the way in which Christianity affected the licentious world into which it first came. Dissolute youth saw its pleasures frowned on. The shadow of Hebraic seriousness fell across a society from which moral earnestness had well-nigh disappeared. A religion which forbade attendance at the gladiatorial games, and withdrew its devotees from those gala days whereon with licentious rites honors were paid the pagan gods was characterized as anti-social. The Christians were said to be haters of mankind.

A similar charge, based on the attitude of the Church towards art and learning, during the period known as the Dark Ages, is that Catholicism is opposed to the "humanities." The critics quote the severe

asceticism of those hermits and monks who withdrew from the world, renouncing not only the pleasures of the body but even the advantages of culture.

It is customary to say that, during this time, the glorious civilization which Greece and Rome had built up was well-nigh lost to mankind. Poetry and philosophy ceased and artistic genius no longer functioned. The accusation is not altogether false, but the fact is overlooked that, in so far as this puritanical phase was voluntary, it was necessitated by the decadence which had overtaken the social and cultural life of the Roman Empire. Beauty had become so associated with lust, learning with error, and conviviality with licentiousness, that, to save the whole body, it was necessary to pluck out the eye; to preserve the purity of Christian life, it was necessary to forbid things good in themselves though evil through their associations.

A Vital Difference

A CLEAR vindication of the course adopted is provided by the great outburst of creative energy during the Middle Ages and the Renaissance. It is only necessary to quote the names of St. Thomas Aquinas, Dante and Cimabue (not to speak of those anonymous masters who adorned Europe with cathedrals which are still the architectural marvels of the world) in order to show with what rejuvenated vigor the purged and purified civilization of the ancient world was reborn.

When Christianity is described as the Skeleton at the Feast it is essential to remember the vital difference between the Puritanism which, at times, has dominated the life of the Church and that which has sprung up outside her borders. The latter has its roots in a profound distrust of the flesh and an insuperable suspicion of the reason.

These things were accounted evil in themselves. The Puritan of this type did not merely discourage Christmas festivities because the occasion had been abused but because a false seriousness made him discountenance all kinds of festivity. He did not forbid the drama because playwrights had betrayed their art but because he thought "play-acting" of any sort wrong.

The Catholic Puritan, no matter to what lengths of asceticism he has gone, has been preserved from these errors by His Church's firm insistence on the rights of the body, on the claims of social pleasure and of the necessity for exercising our reasoning powers. In these matters Catholic authority has never faltered, and if it has seemed to do so the cause will be found in the temporary need for breaking an unholy association.

It is on these lines of thought that we can best elucidate the episode of Simon's feast. We there find Our Lord deliberately throwing the shadow of the Cross over a festive occasion and diverting the thought of an adoring Woman to thoughts of the

sepulchre and the process of embalming. The meaning of this apparent inopportune-ness we have seen.

The way in which He steered a middle course between His host's sins of omission and what may have been the woman's sins of commission has been, I hope, made clear. But there remains to be noted the singular preoccupation with the thought of His death which could force the topic on a company so little disposed to consider it.

Always the Friend

CHRIST'S adaptability to His surroundings is one of the things which the New Testament makes plain. So far from being a "wet-blanket" at the wedding-feast of Cana He supplied the means for continuing the banquet. The same Divine Friend Who had joined in the rejoicings of this happy occasion, however, is found no less sympathetically weeping at the tomb of Lazarus.

To fishermen he talked as a fisherman, to housewives as one familiar with their special difficulties. Children found Him accessible and learned rabbis discussed with Him intricate points of the Law. He had all the sensitiveness to "atmosphere" which enables the wise to say "the right thing at the right time." His sayings fit the occasion on which they are uttered.

The Hebrew prophets must have been uncomfortable guests to entertain for they seem to have had little capacity for adapting themselves to ordinary company. Their utterances at times have the irrelevancy of a thunder-storm on a summer day. Their message obsesses them and they must proclaim it in season and out of season. I imagine that the common folk regarded them as bores and fanatics.

Jesus' discourse, on the other hand, is like the flow of a river which follows the course of the valley, winding its way according as the lie of the land directs. It is all the more surprising, therefore, to find Him introducing a topic on this occasion so alien to the festal atmosphere, so discouraging to the ardent devotion of the intrusive penitent. Men do not generally talk about their decease at banquets. It must have required some specially strong preoccupation with the subject that it should rise to His mind and find utterance under the circumstances.

And this impression is strengthened by the natural and casual way in which so dread a topic is introduced. The reader is led to conclude that the theme is never very far from His thought. Reference to it springs to His lips on the slightest provocation. It only needs the fragrance of alabaster ointment to make Him think of sepulchral rites. From that to His Own death and burial is an easy step.

Is it not obvious from this that the Cross occupied the first place in Jesus' mind? It obtruded itself even among the clinking of cutlery and amid the drinking of wine. The host, representing the antagonistic element in Jewish society—that element



THE RISEN CHRIST APPEARS TO MARY MAGDALEN

which will prove largely responsible for the Tragedy to be enacted on Calvary—has, in inviting the Preacher to his table, held out the olive branch of peace.

The circumstances are such as to suggest a cessation of hostility. It looks as though the opposition of the Pharisees was not invincible and, if tactfully dealt with, might give way to an understanding. Many a quarrel has been ended by a feast: why not this? Wine is a well-known lubricator and has healed many a feud: why not now? All the factors are present for suggesting peace and allaying suspicions.

But Jesus is not deceived. He cannot be bribed by the amenities of the table to repudiate the truth or even to forget that the man near whom He sits belongs to the party which is plotting His death.

No distraction of this kind, no social olive-branch in the form of an invitation to dine can make Him oblivious of the fact—so central to His whole mission—that He must soon die. The little incident is another side-light on Our Lord's interior self. It assures us once again that death was no accident in His case but the purposed goal toward which He ever moved.

A Promise

By Abbie Hargrave

IF he has a rose and you have a rose, and yours is the fairer rose of the two, then take his rose and give your rose—if his is the only rose for you. But promise yourself you will not say that he cheated you, on a far off day.

THOSE whom we idealize we wrong. Some roses fade, some live too long.

The Intellectual Freedom of Catholics

By Theodore Maynard

MRS. GASKELL in her *Life of Charlotte Brontë* includes a terrible but revealing letter. Just one phrase should be quoted. The novelist writes of being "smitten to the heart with the conviction that ghastly Calvinistic doctrines are true."

It seems to me inconceivable that anybody could feel like that about Catholicism. A man brought up in the Faith, and fully retaining it, might in the bitterness of his spirit cry out, as Henry II of England did on his death-bed. "Because Thou hast deprived me of what I most loved, I will deprive Thee of what Thou lovest most in me, my immortal soul!" But that is purely personal spite, and is rooted in no principle.

Then, too, a man might find his Catholicism fade, as did Renan, and yet feel affection to the end in what he had come to regard as merely a beautiful fairy-tale. No normal person who believed in Catholicism could think Catholicism unworthy of his belief. Nor could anyone who half believed give vent to such a cry as that which came from the tormented soul of Charlotte Brontë.

On the contrary, thousands of intelligent and cultivated modern men are attracted to Catholicism, who, lacking faith, sigh, "Oh, that Catholicism were true!" They would like to believe, but they cannot, or think that they cannot.

Faith, such men forget, is an act of the will quite as much as it is an act of the intellect; and so the initial step forward into the blind darkness that is the threshold of light is not taken. In many cases the deterrent factor is the fear that the acceptance of Catholicism will involve the surrender of their intellectual freedom.

Yet such men can see that other men just as intelligent as themselves become Catholics. Therefore they have to concoct theories to explain so strange a fact. "Yes," they say, "So-and-so is a man of exceptional esthetic sensibility. The gorgeous architecture of Catholic churches naturally appeals to him. He has been intoxicated by the superb music, by the magnificent ritual. His mind has become drugged by incense."

ALL these things may indeed be found in the Church, but anybody who has gone even into the fringe of Catholic circles soon becomes aware that they are hard to find. The churches are stucco; the painted plaster statues come from Barclay Street; Mass is said only too often in an undecorously hurried manner; and the music is appalling

and as a rule quite unliturgical. The esthete is likely to get a bad jolt if he is looking for artistic satisfaction in the Church.

In passing I offer the suggestion that anybody who wants to find what Catholicism means to Catholics should attend Mass at a church where he can place himself so that he can look at the faces of the worshippers. He will then discover that despite the varieties of devotions among the congregation—some people saying their beads, others following the Mass in their prayer-books—all are intent upon what is happening on the altar. And to those intent faces the music, the splendor of ritual (if it exists), the incense, the candles and all the rest of it are merely incidental to a central act of worship.

But I throw this out in passing. It may be true that there are men—and of these Huysmans was one—who are first attracted to the Church because of her esthetic appeal. But unless they find something else they will not remain in the Church. For that matter, they could not be received if they applied for admission on the ground of their artistic sensibility.

In the same way it may be that there are minds that have worn themselves out with intellectual speculation, and finding no end to it, have allowed themselves to drop with a weary gasp upon the bosom of the Church, who (according to this theory) is quite ready to hush them off to sleep. I say it may be that there are such men; but I must also add that I have never encountered them.

On the contrary, I have known many converts to the Catholic religion (and I am one myself) who speak of the intellectual freedom they have found in the Church. These men have varied spiritual histories, for among them are those who had formerly been Anglicans, others who had been Quaker quietists, and others again who had professed agnosticism. All have the same story to tell: they now at last feel intellectually free. And it was quite evident that, so far from their acceptance of Catholicism sinking them into mental sloth, they had all been greatly stimulated—one might say exhilarated—by becoming Catholics. How is so strange a fact to be explained?

I THINK everything will become clear if we remember that the mind is an instrument designed to reach certitude. There is no great value in intellectual activity merely for its own sake; for though there

is, no doubt, a great deal of fun in speculation, it is, after all, futile unless it is experimental—that is unless it has for its purpose the establishing of conviction.

THIS will account for the cases of which we all know, of men who have gone through a large number of religious phases, only to end their search in the Catholic Church. When that happens their acquaintances, knowing that these men have been in turn (let us say) Baptists and Theosophists, Seventh Day Adventists and Spiritualists, smile knowingly and say, "Oh, just wait till next year. By then poor old Bill will probably be a Mohammedan."

And that will probably happen if their friend Bill is a merely frivolous person flitting from flower to flower. But even the frivolous person is likely to be sobered when he stumbles upon the Catholic Church. Having come to it merely for a new spiritual thrill, he may discover that the thrill of Catholicism only follows after conviction, and that the conviction has an odd way of outlasting the thrill. To everybody's surprise Bill does not become a Mohammedan after all.

St. Thomas Aquinas has classified the modes of human knowledge as those of opinion, of science and of faith. Opinion he defined as something a man believes without demonstration and is prepared to admit he may be mistaken about. The opinion may be held strongly, but so long as he admits, however hypothetically, the possibility of his error, it is after all only opinion.

Science (and St. Thomas was thinking of philosophy, though what he has to say would apply to what we understand by science) is what a man believes after demonstration, and about which he cannot admit any possibility of error. Physical science is the only kind of knowledge the positivist will allow.

Faith, says St. Thomas, is what a man believes without demonstration, yet about which he cannot admit that he may be mistaken.

Catholicism, of course, is received as Faith. The Catholic may find, and does find, that it is supported by reason; but he accepts it on other grounds in the first place.

If he is a mystic he may proceed to some degree of experimental knowledge of God, which means that, to that extent, faith has been changed to science. For the mystic is to be defined as a man for whom mysteries have ceased to exist—since he has

penetrated them. This mystical knowledge is that enjoyed by the angels, and the blessed, and which will eventually be enjoyed—eternal both in quantity and in quality—by those who gain the Beatific Vision.

The crown of human life is therefore the intellectual contemplation of God, complete satisfaction and unquenchable desire simultaneously experienced for ever. In that state, as Dante puts it, the most sublime mysteries will be as self-evident as the axioms.

THAT is our ultimate destiny. But even on earth certitude concerning Divine things may be achieved; and that certitude can only be reached by Faith. It is only normal to man to desire such certitude; and, as the Church holds, such certitude is within the reach of all.

But though it is attainable only by faith, there is much that reason by itself can reach. In fact, the scope of reason is so great that it can even attain to a knowledge of the existence of God, if not to the knowledge of God.

To obtain that, revelation is necessary. The revelation of God possessed by pagans is true revelation, fragments that have been preserved, in however a distorted and attenuated a form from man's original knowledge.

Moreover, this revelation was confirmed and supplemented by the sibyls and the oracles, though it still remained as no more than a fitful gleam.

Fuller, but still not complete, was the revelation given to the Jews. The final revelation was that given by Christ.

Now I am aware that all this will seem highly absurd in the ears of many of my readers, and I mention it merely in passing without any intention of discussing it. What needs to be discussed, however, is the eminently reasonable idea that man could attain to God only by means of a communication of Himself that He chose to give to man.

If this be admitted—and surely the most complete agnostic would admit as much—I think it must be further admitted that the mind of man is quite unequal to passing any judgment upon the nature of that revelation when it occurs. Our minds of course may (and in fact must) decide upon the validity of the revelation.

For example, all, except Mormons, would say that the vision and the plates of gold seen by Joseph Smith were spurious. And in the same way we are at liberty to decide that the revelations of Sinai and Bethlehem were not genuine. But we are not at liberty to say that revelation is impossible, or that a specific revelation cannot be true merely because we find it startling. It is the essential nature of revelation to be startling. If our reasoning faculties were capable of formulating the same thing, no revelation would have been made.

God does not waste His time in inspiring a prophet to inform us that the square on

the hypotenuse of a right-angled triangle is equal to the sum of the squares on the other two sides. For centuries men did not know that fact, but they were always capable of discovering it, as Euclid eventually did.

The acceptance of revelation is therefore not a surrender of the intellect, but an aid given to the intellect which, once it has seized upon the given truth, uses it in the discovery of fresh truth. The mind is bound by conviction only to be energized by it.

And this of course is true in every form of mental activity. I have demonstrated to me, or I discover by experiment, that a square may be divided into two equal triangles. I can never afterwards believe anything else on the point. But with that bit of certain knowledge as a basis I may go on to discover a number of other fascinating and valuable facts. One truth leads to another. Conviction broadens its scope, but there can be no broadening at all without conviction.

There is, therefore, no sense of humiliation in the act of accepting a revelation concerning whose authenticity one has rationally assured oneself. It is not a case of bowing one's neck to the yoke, but of lifting up one's eyes to the stars. For the believer is taken out of himself by his belief, and given a new dignity. What he accepts in faith is incomprehensible without faith, but is never metaphysically inconceivable. He is not asked to believe that three equals one, but that the Godhead is Three in One and One in Three—which is quite a different matter. The mystery exalts him, and he begins to see all kinds of analogies and dim adumbrations of the doctrine all around him, and he has no difficulty at all in believing it.

On the contrary, his imagination is fired. He finds for himself a thousand implications not stated in the bare formulation of the creed; and, bit by bit, according to the measure of his gifts and of the grace imparted, he becomes aware of the incalculable wealth and subtlety of the religion he has accepted.

I do not say that this invariably happens. No doubt there are thousands of people who have been brought up in the Church who do no more than sleepily acquiesce. But such would be still duller dogs outside of the Church. The real test of the matter is the effect of Catholicism upon the daring mind and heart.

THE initial act of the will calls for courage, sometimes of a very bleak and dour sort. It will also call for a severe moral wrench, which however is not my concern just now. I limit myself to the intellectual consequences. These are a quivering intellectual excitement, and the apprehension of a quite unsuspected vastness.

For the moment the souls seems strange and uprooted, cut off from so much that is unfamiliar. But that is only for the moment. The sudden daylight is dazzling,

and there may be an instant of frightened recoil at the unknown. Then the eyes find their new focus, and the convert perceives that he has walked out of a small room into the endless expanse of the open air. He looks out into the distance, and draws a clear sharp air into his lungs, and knows himself a new man.

And the little room that he has left behind? Well, he may think of it as a very comfortable, cozy place. But he sees at last how narrow and close and dusty it always was, and he cannot imagine ever wanting to be back in it. He may continue to be grateful to the Calvinism, or the Agnosticism, or whatever it was that first prompted him to think; but it knows that at best these things were only means of preparing him for an infinitely wider range of thought. At last he is free.

HE now understands for the first time the inadequacy of "free thought," which meant merely that he was not free to believe in the supernatural. How narrow were the explanations that had been given him! How little did they satisfy his mind and heart! They were all very well as far as they went, and he is not obliged to discard them because he perceives their limitations, any more than he suddenly becomes an idiot in practical affairs merely because he had discovered that the positive and the practical and the material leave much out of account. He has now become in the literal sense "broad minded," and knows how "narrow minded" he once was. He is now able to think with clearness and precision; and so far from finding Catholicism a fetter to the mind he feels it as a spur.

It is a rather curious fact that Catholicism, which a couple of generations ago was accused of being the foe of reason, is now almost the last surviving defender of reason in the modern world. But it is not so curious, after all. The Church's position is precisely the same now as it was a hundred, or a thousand, or two thousand years ago: that reason can function up to a certain point, and beyond that point is helpless. It is the critics of the Church who have changed their position.

In the same way historic Protestantism began by affirming that salvation was by faith alone, which the Church said that while faith was indeed necessary, works were also necessary. Today we have the amusing spectacle of the majority of Protestants murmuring consolingly that it isn't a man's faith that matters but his conduct. Whereas the Church continues to say what it always said.

This leads one to the reflection that Catholic thought is not only sweeping and audacious, but exquisitely poised. There is a cool detached sanity about it, which every Catholic finds refreshing and which many even of those who are not Catholics acknowledge and admire.

That balance is secured by the fixity of the central point. So supported the Catholic intellect can range widely, can indulge

itself in speculation and debate, and have, in short, a splendid time. There is always a rope to hang onto if one gets into too deep water, whereas those who venture there without it are pretty sure to drown.

Because of security the Catholic is saved from making a fool of himself. He will be able to laugh at himself, and can afford to laugh at the vagaries of an endless series of fashionable fads. If there is some truth in these things (as there nearly always is) he will use it for what it is worth, without being committed to swallowing the

latest theory lock, stock and barrel. That, too, is a considerable intellectual advantage.

For all truth is Catholic truth. Because he has accepted revelation—the truth about God which he could not otherwise possess—he is by no means obliged to reject any discoveries that human reason or experiment may make about man or the physical universe. Because of his humor and his sanity, however, and the fact that he is the heir of all the culture of the world, he will be a little more cautious than other

people about accepting these things until they are definitely proved; but also he is able to see their significance more clearly than other people.

The only dogmas he is prepared to accept are those of faith, and his faith does not extend to current and ephemeral speculation. If he accepts these it is at the dictate of reason, which he has throned but which he does not worship. And the chief law of reason is that God is above itself, and that all truth is in God who is Truth.

Our Gregorian Calendar

By P. W. Browne, D.D., Ph.D.

WE are so accustomed to the regular succession of the seasons that we do not reflect on why they have been so named. This is particularly true as regards the division of the year as set down by the ecclesiastical calendar. Our forefathers seem to have been either more reflective or, perhaps, better informed. I recall vividly my Irish grandfather's efforts to explain to the youthful members of the parental home, who were then attending high school, what the terms Epact, Golden Number, and Dominical Letter really mean. He usually compiled his own Church calendar; and when we used to ask him why he went to so much trouble, he invariably replied: "We were taught to do that in the old land, and the schoolmaster would stick us up in the corner if we were not able to do it."

IN order to understand the structure of the Christian calendar it is necessary to know what is meant by chronology. This, briefly, is an investigation and arrangement of events in the order of time. As it is now rated among the sciences, chronology may be defined as the science that treats of the computation of time. It is of paramount importance to the historian, and for him chronology is just as important as a knowledge of latitude and longitude is for the geographer.

Some form of chronology has been used by mankind from the earliest days, and, look where we will, we shall find it in some form among ancient peoples. Even among the early American tribes there were rude inscriptions, sometimes called "winter count," recording notable events in the history of the tribe. The woodland tribes made inscriptions on trees or on birch bark; dressed skins were used by the tribes of the prairies; while in Mexico and Yucatan calendric inscriptions of related character were preserved in scrolls of maguey paper.

Though certain writers have stated that

"there is no chronology in the Bible," yet we find that the Hebrews had a system of chronology and they faithfully recorded the various epochs in their chequered history. The Greeks dated events by Olympiads, or periods of four years intervening between celebrations of the Olympic games. The Olympiads were dated starting from 776 B.C., and thus A.D. 1. was the fourth year of the 194th Olympiad. The Romans reckoned from the traditional foundation of their city by Romulus and Remus (*ab urbe condita*, A.U.C.). In their 753rd year, according to a system of chronology devised by a Scythian monk, Dionysius Exiguus, Christ was born. They also had system of "regnal years," or the number of years in which an Emperor reigned; and this continued to be observed far into the Middle Ages. It subsists in documents both civil and ecclesiastical even down to our own day. Another chronological system, which no longer exists, at least officially, was to specify dates by some well-known feast in the ecclesiastical calendar, as e.g., "the Friday before Pentecost," or "the day of St. John the Baptist."

In early papal documents we find the term *Indiction*. This meant originally a period of fifteen years, at the close of which the financial accounts of the Roman Empire were balanced. The indiction period was conventional, however. It was initiated in the reign of Constantine the Great, and thus doubtless was introduced into the ecclesiastical field.

ANOTHER term, still found in ecclesiastical chronology, is the *Epact*. This, briefly, is the number of days elapsed at the beginning of the year since the preceding new moon. Once the Epact is known it is easy to calculate the days of all the following lunar phases throughout the year. But to calculate the Epact for any year it is a prime necessity to know what is called the *Golden Number*. Add 1 to the date of

the year, and divide by 19; the remainder is the Golden Number. When the remainder is 0 the Golden Number is 19.

THOSE whose business it is to prepare the Diocesan Ordo each year must be familiar with this method of the computation of time, otherwise they must labor under a serious handicap. In the *Kalendarium* for each year (found customarily at the beginning of the several parts of the Breviary) you find the Golden Number, the Epact, and the Dominical Letters, A.B.C.D.E.F.G., and they are used to indicate the Sundays throughout the year. As the common year consists of 52 weeks and one day over, the Dominical Letters go backward one day every common year. If in the beginning of a leap year the Dominical Letter is G, E. will be the Dominical Letter for the next year. In our calendar February 24 is counted twice, and as the letters are seven in number, the same order of letters must return in four times seven years, or 28 years.

The Romans divided the year into nundinal periods of eight days each, and they were marked by the first eight letters of the alphabet. When, in the time of Augustus, the week of seven days was introduced, the first seven letters only were needed, and this custom was adopted by the early Christians to determine the day of the month on which a feast came during the year.

Nowadays we seem to pay little attention to the calendar, though it is of the utmost importance for the correct performing of the liturgy: we depend entirely upon the *Diocesan Ordo*, which, if rumor may be credited, is not always correct. It was not so in olden days, as a knowledge of the calendar was deemed an essential qualification of the priestly office. It was regarded as being of such importance that frequent mention is made of the calendar in the ordinances of bishops, and priests

were commanded to learn it: *presbyteri computum discant*. A canon of the Council of Aix-la-Chapelle (789) and the *Capitulaire Interrogationis* of Charlemagne ordain *ut scholae legentium puerorum fiant, psalmos, notas cantium computum, grammaticam . . . discant* ("that there be established schools for boys in which they are to learn the psalms, the liturgical chant, the calendar, and grammar").

There is an elaborate work on the calendar, entitled *De Computo* ("Concerning the Calendar"), by Rabanus Maurus, Archbishop of Mayence (847). Yearly, on the feast of the Epiphany, the bishop announced the date of Easter for that year, as enjoined by the Fourth Council of Orleans (547), and from him the clergy, together with this announcement, received notice of any new festival appointed, in order that the same might be entered in their calendars, and thus made known to the people.

AS feasts and Saints' days multiplied, it became desirable that some sort of record should be kept of them. The records were divided into two categories: *Calendars* and *Martyrologies*, both officially recognized by the Church. It is difficult to state the difference between the two. It may be said, however, that the entries in the Martyrology followed the orderly sequence of the Calendar, but under each day not one but many Saints' names are given in the former, sometimes with biographical and topical details.

The earliest calendar of which we have record is the so-called "Philoocalian Calendar," but it was not of any special value ecclesiastically. It was purely secular and pagan. Next we find the "Calendar of Polemios Sylvius" (cir. 448). This was a medley of facts, and not unlike a modern almanac; but it contained a list of several Christian feasts, such as the Epiphany, and presented a considerable array of martyrs.

During the late Middle Ages a calendar was a common adjunct to all service-books, and, after the age of printing was ushered in a calendar was hardly ever omitted in missals and breviaries. In the old form of calendar there is a great variety of information, whilst at the present day there is just a bare catalogue of Saints. Those early calendars were sometimes ornamented with vignettes illustrative of the seasons of the year. One such feature has come down to us in the printed calendars found in our breviaries and missals, viz., the insertion of the Epact and the Dominical Letters.

In addition to calendars that were provided for ecclesiastics during the Middle Ages, calendars were frequently produced for the laity. One of the most remarkable of these was the *Calendrier des Bergers*, or "Shepherds' Calendar," in which an astrological element held a prominent place. Editions of the "Shepherds' Calendar" were published in England far into the sixteenth century, indicating that the

Faith had not been entirely snuffed out in what had become "Protestant" England.*

There was great lack of uniformity in the old calendars, which often led to much confusion; and there was great need for revision in their content. This was largely a result of the religious upheaval which had occurred; and it was one of the many matters that needed readjustment. Hence it occupied the attention of the Council of Trent (1545-1563). When new missals and breviaries were ordered by a decree of the Council, a new calendar was issued, of which the observance was made obligatory for all churches which could not prove a prescription of two hundred years in the enjoyment of their own distinctive customs. The calendar has within recent years undergone notable modifications, "partly in consequence of new Saints' days that have been introduced, partly in consequence of changes made in the grade of feasts already admitted."

Feast days were very numerous in the late Middle Ages. In 1287 there were, besides Sundays, forty-two festivals on which the people were obliged to rest from servile work (*festa chori, et fori*). In 1642 Urban VIII deprived bishops of the right to institute ecclesiastical holidays. As late as 1772 eighteen holidays were of obligation in the Austrian Empire. In France during the Napoleonic regime the number of holidays was reduced to four, the Annunciation, the Ascension, the Assumption and All Saints. In the United States at the present time there are six holidays of obligation, Christmas Day, New Year's Day, the Ascension, All Saints and the Immaculate Conception.

THE Civil Calendar has been several times "reformed," and for many decades attempts are being made in many countries to bring about a further reformation. The earliest reform of the calendar was made by Julius Caesar, in 46 B.C., and it bore the name of the Julian Calendar. According to this calendar the year ordinarily has 365 days, and every leap year is a year of 366 days. This calendar prevailed, somewhat modified, until 1582, and then, owing to great disturbances caused by unfixing the time for the celebration of Easter, upon which all other movable feasts depend, it became necessary to make a new adjustment.

The history of the celebration of Easter starts from the Jewish Passover, which was celebrated on the 14th day of the month originally called Ahib, afterwards Nisan, which month was to be the first month of the Jewish year. This, according to the most reliable authors, was that month which contained the vernal equinox, al-

though the beginning of the month might precede the occurrence of the equinox. Yet, strange to state, correct knowledge concerning this was developed by Alexandrian astronomers. It were a long and complicated story to discuss the fixation of the celebration of Easter. This, however, may be said: Because the Sunday after the 14th Nisan was the historical day of the Resurrection, this Sunday was adopted by Rome as the Christian feast of Easter; and the Council of Nicea (325) decreed that the Roman practice should be observed throughout the Church.

EASTER, from earliest times, has been regarded as "the crown and head of all festivals," and thus the reason for fixing the time at which it should be celebrated and observed became of the utmost importance, and that even the days that immediately precede as well as the days that immediately follow should be regarded as of special solemnity. Evidence of this is abundant. When the Roman Empire became Christian, during Eastertide prisons were thrown open, and pardon was granted to all criminals. Debtors were forgiven, slaves manumitted, and all actions at law, except in special cases, were suspended. These acts were prescribed by the Justinian Code (*lib. I, tit. 12, leg. 8*). The Council of Macon (585) forbade all servile work for six days, during which time the faithful were to assemble three times a day for religious worship, singing paschal hymns, and offering daily sacrifices (Smith and Cheetham, *Christian Antiquities*, p. 596).

During later ages many discrepancies occurred regarding the time for the celebration of Easter; and these became so pronounced that a reformation of the Christian Calendar became imperative. Gregory XIII, with the assistance of the astronomer, Clavius, undertook a reformation, and he ordained that the error in the computation of time, since the Council of Nicea, should be corrected. Thus originated our present Calendar, which is known as "The Gregorian." Gregory XIII ordained that Easter should be celebrated on the Sunday following the vernal equinox. The adjustment was made by deducting 10 days from the year 1582, by calling what should have been reckoned as the 5th of October, the 12th of October. In order that this displacement might not recur, it was further ordained that every hundredth year (1700, 1800, 1900, etc.) should be counted as a leap year, except every fourth hundred, beginning with 1600. In this way the difference between the civil and the natural year will not amount to a day in 3000 years.

The Pope's ordinance was adopted immediately in Spain, Portugal, and in parts of Italy. In France the change took place in the same year by calling the 10th the 20th of December. During the Revolution in France a fantastic calendar was

*An enlightening article on "The Kalendar of Shepherds," by G. C. Heseltine, appeared in the January, 1931, issue of *The Sign*. The original book was published in 1493 by Guy Marchant, theologian, scholar and printer. He had made an earlier edition, little more than a calendar simply, in 1491. A copy of the 1493 edition, printed on vellum and beautifully illuminated, was made for Charles VIII of France and is now one of the treasures of the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris.

introduced, and it lasted until Napoleon brought sanity back to the French Republic. The "New Style," as it is called, was adopted in Denmark and the Netherlands, in the year of its formulation, 1582; by the Protestants of Germany and

Switzerland, 1700, and those of Prussia, 1778; in Great Britain, 1752, when the eleven days between September 2 and 14 were omitted, and the beginning of the year was moved from March 25 to January 1; in Ireland, 1782; and lastly in Russia,

1902. Greece and the Balkan States, and wherever the Orthodox Church predominates, still adhere to a revised Julian Calendar, drawn up, in 533, by Dionysius Exiguus, a Scythian monk, residing in Rome.

THE CHESTERBELLOC

Cartoon and Text by Thomas Derrick



Gilbert
We, Hilaire, like two artificial gods,
Have with our needles created both one flower
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key,
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted;
But yet an union in partition;
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem;
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart;
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.

NOT THAT ONE

By John

Gilland Brunini

THE Gospel of the day was that of the Pharisee and the Publican. It disturbed Matthew Tenniel as it had always done. He read it in his missal and his mind was busy with the story while Father McCahill read the weekly announcements. Somehow the easiness with which he had accomplished a good life bothered him when he read this particular Gospel. Of course he had much for which to be thankful when it came to his religion. He had an unswerving faith bulwarked by a careful and thorough education. His wife, too, was a woman of equal religious strength and his four children were both practical and devoted.

Perhaps he should worry more about St. Mark's quotation in regard to the rich man, the camel and the needle's eye, for he was a wealthy man. But he had always used his wealth wisely from the standpoint of the Church nor had his charity nor that of his wife been conducted with any sanctimonious publicity.

Once Mass was over, however, and he and his family on their way home for breakfast, he had forgotten the meditations which had made him oblivious to Father McCahill's announcements. Instead he was immediately distracted, once outside the church, by the appearance of his married daughter whom he had not seen all week.

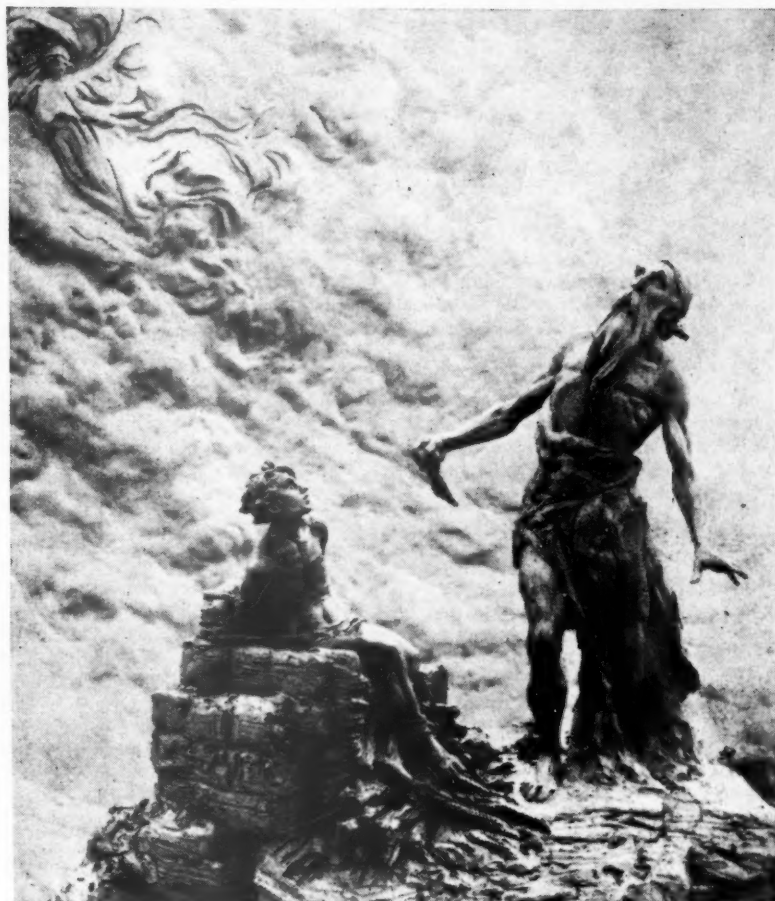
MARY had been and still was his favorite daughter which was natural since she was the firstborn. Of course his love for her, although it had never lessened, had to take second place beside that he held for Tom. For a man could be pardoned preference when after two girls, his third child should be a son, and an only son.

"Where's Tom?" Mrs. Tenniel asked as they reached the curb.

"He'll be home shortly. I sent him for the mail. Well, Mary, what's been doing with you all week? You're coming to breakfast, aren't you?" Matthew asked, as he ushered his wife and daughter into the car, got behind the wheel and drove off.

"Yes, Dad. Oh, nothing of much interest. Bobby has been having trouble with his ear and Jane's tonsils simply must come out so I've been rather busy with them both. But I must tell you I saw George Cartwright last Thursday at the country club."

"You mean young George?" Mrs. Tenniel asked.



"Yes, I didn't know he was at home," Mary said, "but he got in last Monday on a vacation visit to his family. He's been made a curate—I think that is what he called himself—to one of the very high Episcopal churches in New York. From all he told me his church isn't very different in appearances from ours. They have statues to the Blessed Virgin, Gregorian chants and even confessions."

"They do indeed," Mrs. Tenniel said promptly. "I was in a church when Dad and I were there and actually started in confessing, everything was so like a Catholic church. But when I began 'I confess to God and to you, Father,' the man stopped me and asked if I thought I was in a Roman Catholic church. It seems they don't begin their confessions that way. I was certainly upset when he told me I wasn't."

"You and George must have had quite a religious discussion," Matthew commented interestedly.

"We did, Dad," Mary went on. "And do you know, I really believe George is

a good candidate for conversion. There were certain things he said which definitely gave me the idea. For instance, he talked about you."

"About me!" Matthew exclaimed.

"Yes; he mentioned what a wonderful blessing we had had in getting the Faith from one who followed it so loyally as you. But, he said a strange thing in that connection, too. That it had been an easy thing for you and for us."

"EASY?" Matthew questioned. "Yes," he added when he remembered his meditation in church, "I don't know but what he is right. I was just thinking this morning that I've never had any real struggle along that line. Anything, for instance, like what Catholics during and after the reformation suffered in England."

"Well, George didn't say anything about persecutions. What he did say was that your and our acceptance of faith was made as children and that there was never any sudden decision to confront. He then said that, even if he were intel-

lectually convinced of the truths of Catholicism, he would have another battle to wage."

"Oh, I see. He would and the first would be his father. Mr. Cartwright, Senior, as it is, doesn't hold to his son's very high church leanings. Then again, unless he decided to study for the priesthood, he would have to choose another means of livelihood should he become a convert."

"He intimidated all that," Mary said, "and I believe he's gone into the matter very thoroughly."

MATTHEW fell silent, which was not uncommon with him when he was driving. But his thoughts were far from the mechanics of an automobile. Mary and her mother were continuing the discussion but he was thinking again about the morning's gospel. There had been Father McCahill's sermon, too. He had dwelt on Abraham—the patriarch in obedience climbing the hill with his only son, building an altar, binding Isaac for the victim.

Somehow at the time he had thought of himself as Abraham toiling up the hill of sacrifice. But his analogy was weak. If he were to offer a victim it would be his youngest daughter, Lucille. And how could he compare Lucille to Isaac? He had thought in a vague way how pleased he would be if one of his daughters should become a nun but the idea that Lucille should do so was hers not his. It would be her sacrifice not his. And Lucille was not even his *only* daughter.

He had not noticed that the women were silent and he almost started when Mary addressed him. "Where are Janet and Lucille, Dad?"

"At home. They're going to High Mass."

"Isn't that rather unusual for Lucille?"

"Well, if the truth might be known," Mrs. Tenniel answered for him, "I think there is a young man Lucille is interested in and he goes to High-Mass."

"Lucille! Mother, have you been keeping something from me? I didn't know Lucille was interested in any young man. What's happened to the idea of her entering the convent?"

"Well, Mary, you know I never did believe very much in Lucille's supposed vocation. Your father did, of course, but I always told him that he allowed his wish to run away with his thought. Lucille hasn't said anything either one way or the other but at the same time if she has a vocation it won't do her any harm to know more about what she will be giving up."

"But, Dad," Mary appealed to her father, "would you really want Lucille to go into the convent?"

"If that is what she feels she is called to, yes. I want my children to do what they think best. You're married, Janet is engaged, and—well, I would be very happy if one of my children devoted her life to God."

"Oh!" Mary exclaimed. "I always knew you had very definite plans for Tom but I never thought you had any particular ideas along that line for us girls."

"Well, this is a serious conversation," Matthew said as he pulled up in front of his home. "Tom's a boy and that makes things different."

"It would," Mrs. Tenniel said to Mary as she got out of the car, "for you must remember the mill. Your father would naturally want his son to carry on the business which he has spent a lifetime building up."

Sunday breakfast was always a pleasant occasion in the Tenniel household. This morning, however, Matthew Tenniel, with his children seated around him, realized that next week they would not be united for Lucille and Tom would be returning to college. The thought somewhat dampened his happiness. Still to be honest with himself he had to admit that he would scarcely miss Lucille but Tom's departure would mean a great deal to him.

TOM himself seemed to be slightly uneasy during the meal. He talked more than usual which, with him, was always a sign that there was something pressing he had in mind. But Matthew did not worry about Tom. One of the best things life had given him was Tom who had been adaptable to all the plans that had been made for him. It was as though he had been cut to a predetermined pattern and all his attributes bespoke success in the business which he would inherit.

Matthew, training him at the mill—he had not needed to insist that Tom spend his vacations there—found him a steady and thorough worker. Tom, despite the love and attention lavished on him by both his parents and his sisters, had remained unspoiled nor had the fact that he was a wealthy man's son disabused him of the idea that he should apply himself to the tasks in hand.

"What's this I hear about a young man, Lucille?" Mary asked as she dug her spoon into a grapefruit.

Lucille blushed and looked reproachfully at her mother. "Don't blame me," the latter spoke up hurriedly. "I didn't let the cat out of the bag."

"It's Harry Anderson," Janet spoke up, "and he's about as nice a boy as Lucille could find."

"Oh, I don't doubt that," Mary replied easily. "But I was just wondering—"

"It seems to me," Lucille said, her face redder than ever, "that my family is taking too much for granted. You'd shove me into a convent willy-nilly."

"Why, Lucille," her father said somewhat indignantly, "we've never given you cause to say anything like that. You know what I told you last year when you brought the subject up, that if you were sure, I would be glad, but that I wanted you to be sure."

"Well, I'm not," she said. "In fact I am almost certain I foolishly didn't know my own mind. Anyhow I wish you all would stop talking about it."

"Father's disappointed. I can see it in his eyes," Janet said.

"I'm not," but as he disclaimed disappointment, Matthew knew that he was not sticking strictly to the truth. He had to admit to himself that he had taken a certain pride and joy in the consideration of the fact that he was giving one of his daughters to God. However Lucille was still young, she was only in her third year at a good Catholic college, and there was plenty of time.

After breakfast, Matthew busied himself with the mail which Tom had brought him from the postoffice. He made several notes on letters and passed them over to his son. Janet and Lucille came into the living room, their hats on, gloves, purses and prayerbooks in hand.

"We'll take the big car, Tom," Janet said. "If Dad wants to go anywhere, or Mary, you'll take them in your roadster?"

"All right," Tom replied. "Say a prayer for me."

"As if you needed it," Lucille retorted.

"You never can tell," Tom said, but his voice was grave although he had attempted to make it jocose.

The telephone rang and Mrs. Tenniel answered. From her conversation it was evident she was talking with Mrs. Murphy and Tom grinned at his father's sudden gesture of amusement. For Mrs. Murphy was his mother's oldest crony and their telephone chats were the subject of much chaffing in the family. When Mrs. Murphy called it was certain that the two would hash over all the current happenings.

TODAY was no exception and Tom, absently listening, discovered that he was being discussed. Of course! He was leaving Thursday night and, yes, he had only one year more at college. As if Mrs. Murphy didn't already know that.

"Oh, no, he isn't going to study law," Mrs. Tenniel said. "Ever since Tom was a little boy he had made up his mind that he would go into the mill with his father. You know someone will have to look after the business later. We're very happy about Tom's doing what is so obviously the best thing for him."

"I think I'd better be getting home," Mary said, discarding the paper she had been reading. "No, Tom, don't bother, I'd rather walk. I'll be back for dinner with Bob so I won't wait for Mother to finish that news bulletin she's giving Mrs. Murphy about you. So long."

"Try and get that husband of yours to come over early," Mr. Tenniel called after Mary as she went through the door.

He was reading the paper when Mrs. Tenniel turned from the telephone and resumed her sewing. Tom sat idly, nervously running his finger around his collar. Several times he looked toward his father

who was lost behind the extended news sheets. At last he sat forward in his chair and spoke.

"Dad, I've something I want to say to you and mother."

Mrs. Tenniel went placidly on with her work but Matthew dropped his paper with a loud sound of crackling. Tom's worried, grave voice carried an intimation of something of fear but his father, so deep was his confidence and certainty in his son, disregarded any indication of this.

"It's—it's not easy for me," Tom said huskily, "for I know what I have to say will be a surprise for which you are not at all prepared." He looked intently first at Matthew, who wore an indulgent smile, and then at his mother very calmly bent over her sewing. Then he added with a weakly humorous grin, "Unless you read a personal application into Father McCahill's sermon this morning."

"Oh!" Matthew exclaimed. "You mean about Lucille. Well, Tom, if she's

delegated you to make the final announcement about her changed decision you needn't be worried. Lucille herself at breakfast pretty well took all element of surprise out of that situation. To you and to mother, I'll confess I was disappointed in a way, but—"

"It's not about Lucille, Dad," Tom said quietly. "I talked with Father McCahill yesterday and I have an idea—in fact I'm almost sure—he preached as he did this morning because of what I said to him. About Abraham, I mean, Dad. I've thought it over for two years and now I know there is nothing which could change my mind. Dad, Mother, I want to study for the priesthood. You must know I've gone over everything carefully, I've considered everything from your viewpoint and mine, and particularly from yours, Dad. I didn't say anything until I was absolutely sure—"

Matthew Tenniel realized that his son was talking and his wife crying but he did

not hear anything beyond that phrase which leaped into his consciousness with such startling clarity—"to study for the priesthood." He could sense in a brief moment the many implications—the mill, his long years of planning, the solace and joy and pride he had had and had anticipated in association of Tom with himself and his business.

But these were swept away. The analogy of Abraham was almost perfect. With Lucille, he had climbed the hill. And now he realized that what young Cartwright had said about his religion had been demonstrated in the easiness with which he was prepared to make the offering of his daughter. But God was now saying: "Not that one—but the dearest of your heart, your only son." And although for the time his emotions must be overwhelmed with sorrow, his intellect could take a fierce joy that the ultimate had been demanded and that in the test he had strength to forget self and yield to it.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS

CHRISTOPHER AND CRESSIDA.
By Montgomery Carmichael. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$2.00.

There is a quality in Mr. Carmichael's writing that can only be called early Victorian and as one reads the pages of his novel, *Christopher and Cressida*, one feels himself transported back into an atmosphere of an almost overstrained romanticism, a feeling further heightened by little tricks of manner and language typical of a period we have supposed ourselves to have outgrown.

Let no one suppose that this is meant in dispraise. That the scenes between Christopher and Cressida have something of the "high flown" tenuity of, let us say, a passage between Kenneth of Scotland and Edith Plantagenet, does not convict them of unreality, but merely of being at odds with the contemporary interpretation of life.

Attention has often been called to the fact that people under the stress of emotion talk to one another like actors on the melodramatic stage and not at all as they are represented as doing by the modern writer who would have them say their farewells in the same tone as they might express their preference for grapefruit or caviar. Lovers do not in their final embrace remark that they really must be going now since the bus leaves at half-past five. On the contrary they are actually much more likely to resort to such an exclamation as "I could not love you, dear, so much, loved I not honor more."

This, of course, is merely a tribute to the realism of the melodrama and to the

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early Victorians, the greatest of melodramatists of whom Mr. Carmichael is a belated survivor.

There is one fact that should not be forgotten, however. In order to write convincingly in this strain an author must have a distinct poetic power. That is the reason why most modern authors sidestep the issue, their powers are unequal to the task of making their characters act and speak as people really do in the grip of emotion. But the fact remains that people do speak in a "high flown" manner in the stress of romantic passion and tragedy and Mr. Carmichael knows the truth of this. The question rises: is Mr. Carmichael poet enough to carry it off convincingly? The answer is that most aggravating of all answers, both yes and no.

Our author has here a great plot, a fascinating plot, and one into the spirit of which he is capable of entering, but his talent at drawing his characters and the background of their life is uneven. The opening section of the book, for example, provides us with a series of short sketches of the hero's ancestors. The Mavourez (pronounced Mavvers) family is, it seems, one of great antiquity and nobility, and since Gideon Mavourez, locally known as St. Gideon, who was a crusader under Richard the Lion Heart, its members have been gifted with the strange power of beholding certain supernatural manifestations, such as a mystical light playing about the heads of their chosen ladies upon important occasions, whereby they know that their love is approved by heaven.

It is when describing these earlier Mavourez that Mr. Carmichael is at his



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best. The sketch of Christopher's father, that delightful old pedant and authority on the noble art of heraldry and ancient seals, is all too short. He puts an apology into the mouth of his hero for dwelling so long upon his forebears, but we have no quarrel with him on that score. Rather we could have wished for more and longer descriptions. We should have enjoyed some account of cousin Ludovic Aloysius Mavourez or Nicholas Jerome Mavourez, for there is a strain of easy humor in these as of a Catholic Washington Irving that is truly charming.

His success with the principal theme of the story is not so conspicuous though he certainly holds our attention. There was a saying in our parents' day that applies to his failure, where he does fail. They would have said that Mr. Carmichael's characters were just a little "grand, gloomy and peculiar," and we think that just describes them. Only a little, though, and we can most cheerfully recommend the story alike for its sincerity in exalting the obviously noble, its insight in perceiving that in the good alone lies true happiness and because it affords a welcome contrast to that matter of fact depression of all things great to the commonplace that is the bane of so much modern writing.

A LITTLE SISTER MISSIONARY. By her Benedictine Sister. Translated from the French by Ida Mary Smalley. Benziger Brothers, New York. \$1.75.

The "Benedictine Sister" of Sister Marie-Mercedes, about whom she writes, has certainly a most delightful gift of telling a story. Her heroine from the time of infancy to the day of her death is the center of a delightful and moving tale, not less delightful because it happens to be true. More than this she has that discrimination, the faculty of picking out the essentials, which enables her to show to her readers a complete and well rounded character study of her subject. We feel when we lay the book aside that we have met and become friends with Sister Marie-Mercedes, and what a delightful friend she is.

Sister Marie-Mercedes, Jeanne de B—, was born at Rousillon in France and her childhood was spent in that lovely country in the atmosphere of absolute faith and

warm human affection that has been the nursery of so many saints. As one reads of her childhood, a natural, high spirited, even mischievous, and strongly devotional childhood, one realizes how completely satisfactory such training is. There were no doubtful "isms," nothing dubious and tentative to confuse the issues of life but the assured training that has lain at the base of Christian manhood and womanhood for two millenniums.

The religious element in her grew ever more pronounced and positive as she approached maturity and led her at last, obedient to her true vocation, to the religious life.

Her entrance into the Order of the Little Sisters of the Assumption, opened up an entirely new chapter in her experience, not only interiorly, but in external circumstances as well. The work of these sisters is that of visiting the sick poor in their homes and, as the order was a new one, there was ample opportunity as well as need to extend its activities to other parts of the world. For this work Sister Marie-Mercedes was peculiarly well fitted. From one who had moved but little from her native home, she became, in consequence, a traveler to the ends of the earth and many lands were the scenes of her labors.

This little volume is charming and its translation into English is most admirably done. Sister Marie-Mercedes is dead, but her work goes on and it is well for us that the records of such lives of devotion as hers should be preserved.

THE HISTORY AND LITURGY OF THE SACRAMENTS. By A. Villien. Translated by H. W. Edwards. Benziger Brothers, New York. \$2.70.

Father Villien, Professor at the Institut de Paris, and the learned author of this work, remarks in his preface that "The life of a Society is always best understood from the history of its institutions." This is a very evident truth, since the institutions of a society are the infallible mirror of the spirit of its members. To understand the life of the Church, then, that society at once human and divine, it is necessary to be familiar with its divine institutions and their administration by the human instruments to whom they have been intrusted.

Characteristic of the Church to a pre-eminent degree are the great institutions known as the Sacraments which were established by Our Lord Himself and it is the history of these and their administration as it has developed in the Church's liturgy through the ages that forms the subject of this intensely interesting work.

To those of us who are interested in the history of the Church, the most important and significant of all histories, Father Villien's work makes the most fascinating reading. To trace the modification of the liturgical usages, surrounding the unalterable essences of the sacraments is at once delightful and highly enlightening, illustrating as it does the flexibility that comes from strength. The sacraments may be likened to an impregnable citadel around which may grow up a freely developing city, the very freedom of its growth depending on the certainty of the eternal guardian in its midst.

Like St. Paul, the Church can be all things to all men because it lives, not itself, but Christ liveth in it, absolute and unalterable.

THE SONG OF THREE CHILDREN. By Daniel Sargent. Bruce Humphries, Inc., Boston. \$1.00.

This is one of the thinnest volumes that ever came to us for review, this little book printed with the consummate skill that characterizes all the productions of St. Dominic's Press at Ditchling, Sussex, yet small as it is it might call for one of the largest reviews ever written. Not that it is by any means the greatest book that has come this way; it is not, far from it, though we are tempted to believe that there is in it a germ of something that may grow very great indeed, but because it serves as a suggestive text to so many varied comments.

For those who have preached a strict observance of metrical rules in verse—oh yes, we forgot to mention that it is a poem—it furnishes an example of how rules may be played with—if you know how. Again for us who have longed for a return of colloquial simplicity to literature, it offers an example of what that may mean in practice, an example that may leave us somewhat agape. We wonder and we question—is this really such a return or merely the crafty use of sophisticated art simulating it?

We confess to enjoying it immoderately—there is enough of the exquisitely beautiful in it to justify that—even while we felt puzzled. Yes, we are tempted to write a long review and then, again, not to review it at all but merely quote it, let it speak for itself.

It is the song of the three children cast into the fiery furnace by Nebuchodonozor, the song that they sang when they were in the midst of the flames and yet were:

"Walking their conflagration leisurely
As if through sunset villages they
strolled. . . ."

It is a sort of Te Deum in which they call on all created things to praise God in strange yet beautiful voices. Perhaps it is the unusual circumstances of composing a hymn in the midst of a conflagration that gives to it a touch of the outré. What shall we say to a verse that likens the three children to kindling wood or one that runs:

"Hark to their voice! (Like acrobats they fell)

Into those terrible flames, down on those coals.

Their names were Ananias, and Misael, And Azarias. They were three strange souls."

Yet as we read we become converted. How can one quarrel with:

"Praise God, you streams which ever love to lace

With silver every field, and every sand, And lakes which show the sky its own fair face,

And oceans them like laughter round the land. . . .?"

When we had finished our feelings were somewhat like that of old Nebuchodonozor himself when the boys were brought before him smelling not of smoke,

"But freshness of the forest. Then he felt Night in his eyes. One of his heart-strings broke."

We must omit to mention the exquisite illustrations that embellish this little volume. These, even more than the text, are an almost violent return to an almost primitive simplicity that may seem strange, even strained to some modern eyes, but the discriminating will not fail to appreciate their high decorative value.

Once more the temptation arises to preach a sermon on a new Catholic art, literary and practical, with this volume as text, but we restrain ourselves. Suffice it to say that from many quarters come whispers in evidence that the foundations of such an edifice are being laid down and it seems very evident that Ditchling in Sussex is doing its share towards giving it a form at once sound and lovely.

PUSILLUM. By Father Athanasius, O.F.M. In 4 volumes. \$1.00 each. Franciscan Herald Press, Chicago.

Pusillum—A Little—is the title chosen by Father Athanasius Bierbaum, O.F.M. for this beautifully conceived and planned series of meditations for priests. It is taken from the Gospel of St. Mark 6, 31, when Our Lord, addressing His disciples, bids them "Rest a little," *Requiesce pusillum*.

This, the authorized translation, is published in four attractive little volumes, one for each of the four seasons and together making up the year, and providing a meditation for each and every day.

There is a robust and invigorating

quality about these that render them especially valuable, for the author's theme is the eternal inviolability of priesthood and he dwells with equal pointedness on the dangers and privileges involved, the punishments or rewards in the life to come.

Father Athanasius is a Franciscan of the Province of the Holy Cross in Germany, and it is a great pleasure to welcome him and add his name to those that have already reached us as marking the great revival of the Catholic spirit and Catholic life in that country. More than any other element in the modern world does this revival, limited to no race or country, hold out promise for the healing of all wounds, the banishment of all differences between peoples. In the Church and in the spirit of the Faith alone, which here burns with so clear a flame, exists the power to unify the world and restore Christendom.

THE CREATION OF THE HUMAN SOUL. By Rev. William Reany, D.D. Benziger Brothers, New York. \$1.75.

There are few points about which has raged more controversy than the Catholic doctrine of the creation of the human soul. It is a point about which the great religious and philosophical systems outside Christianity were at odds with the Church, which furnished a stumbling block for many heresies, ancient and modern and which is today a matter of offence to the prevailing pseudo philosophy based by modernist thinkers on the theory of evolution.

In the present volume Dr. Reany, with profound scholarship and a very notable gift of clear expression, takes up this tremendous doctrine and the pregnant issues surrounding it and presses home its demonstration to conviction.

The book, by no means a large one, is divided into sixteen chapters of which the first two are devoted to *Erroneous Opinions*. In these he traces the main types of thought in opposition to the Christian doctrine from the interpretations of pagan mysticism in the pre-Christian past, down to the latest anti-Christian theories.

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THE PASTORAL COMPANION. By Fr. Louis Auler, O.F.M., L.G. Adapted from the German by Fr. Honoratus Bonzelet, O.F.M. Franciscan Herald Press, Chicago. \$2.00.

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This work is already well known, the present volume being the fifth edition published by the Franciscan Herald Press of Chicago, but this latest edition appears in an enlarged form and has been revised to bring it into line with all the latest rulings.

ST. JOHN OF THE CROSS. By Fr. Bruno, O.D.C. Edited by Fr. Benedict Zimmerman, O.D.C. with an introduction by Jacques Maritain. Benziger Brothers, New York. \$5.50.

The subject of mysticism is a difficult one and, unless under the guidance of strict teaching of Holy Church, one especially liable to lead astray those who take up the study of its forms and manifestations. Here almost more than in any other realm, a little knowledge is a thing of danger.

It is for this reason without doubt that many misunderstandings have arisen concerning St. John of the Cross, regarding both the man himself and his doctrine.

The appearance then, of an authoritative life of St. John of the Cross is of great importance, "as a corrective to the strange ideas concerning him that are commonly to be found in the minds of those interested in the mystical life," as M. Maritain puts it in his introduction to the present work.

This work by Fr. Bruno, O.D.C., himself one of St. John's spiritual sons, is especially well qualified to act as such a corrective. The author brings to his task a powerfully sympathetic understanding of his subject, the critical instinct of the true historian and a nice discrimination unusual in an enthusiast such as he is. Add to this the fact that his extended research led him not only to the painstaking examination and comparison of original records, especially of the invaluable documents in the archives of the Carmelite Order, but to visiting the actual scenes that formed the background of St. John's life and that of his great co-worker, St. Teresa, and it will be seen that it would have been difficult to have found a more competent biographer.

The value of the book is not a little enhanced by the masterly introduction

by Jacques Maritain, a personal friend of the author, whose comments on the problems necessarily raised in any writing on the subject are provocative and enlightening. The opinions and judgments of no contemporary writer are to be trusted more than those of M. Maritain, in a subject such as this and his commendation of the work has almost the authority of an imprimatur. He calls attention to the fact that, though this work of Fr. Bruno's has filled the long felt want for an authoritative of St. John of the Cross we are still without "a definite, critical edition" of the Saint's writings, which should form its companion for students of this great hero of the Church. In a note at the end, however, he gives us hope that this gap too will be filled in the near future and by no other than Father Silverio de Santa Teresa, who has so deeply studied the mystical life and writings of the Saint.

ON PATHS OF HOLINESS. Adapted from the German of the Rev. Karl Eder, S.T.D. by the Rev. Frank Gerein, B.A., S.T.D. B. Herder Book Co., St. Louis and London. \$2.25.

On Paths of Holiness is a work of interpretation. It is a study of the priesthood in a rather unusual connection, taking up its subject not from the standpoint of the ideal but from that of the average person in holy orders. It is an interpretation of the individual priest, especially the parish priest, as the layman meets him, in the church and in the exercise of his ecclesiastical functions, in the rectory, on the street, or as received in the home or office.

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In this decidedly original attempt, Dr. Eder displays a keen but tolerant insight into his subject, and has produced a book that makes excellent reading alike for priest and layman. There is, we feel, one opportunity that the author has missed. His points are well taken and eloquently urged but surely, surely he could have made them yet more telling with a touch of humor. The relations of men to one another, be they ever so serious, always contain that element, and more particularly the relation of a pastor and his flock contains it as a very real and heartening factor in his and their lives. In spite of this lack, however, the book is a real contribution to human sympathy and understanding.

AVE MARIA. By Rev. J. E. Moffatt, S.J. The Bruce Publishing Company, Milwaukee. 50 cents.

The habit of meditation while praying does not come any too easily to some, but meditation on mysteries—joyful, sorrowful and glorious—is an essential part of proper recitation of the Rosary and, of course, we all desire to so complete this sublime devotion in the fullest manner possible in order alike to more justly praise Our Blessed Lady and to gain for ourselves the greatest possible spiritual advantage.

For those of us who find difficulty in sufficiently concentrating on the appropriate meditations, this little volume should offer welcome assistance. *Ave Maria* is described in its subtitle as *Thoughts on the Mysteries of the Holy Rosary*, and in it are collected, very brief, very simple and very clear suggestions for each of the fifteen mysteries, which, if read before the recitation of the prayers, should dispose us to the proper frame of mind for meditation. Father Moffatt has done an excellent piece of work which should be appreciated.

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The Methods: No set form of prayers is prescribed. The kind of prayers said and the number of them is left to the inclination and zeal of every individual member. In saying these prayers, however, one should have the general intention, at least, of offering them for the spread of Christ's Kingdom in China.

Membership: The membership is not restricted to any class. Men, women and children not only may join Gemma's League but are urged to do so. We are glad to announce that in our membership we have many priests, both secular and regular, as well as many members of various Religious Orders. "The Spiritual Treasury," printed every month on this page, shows the interest taken by our members in this campaign of united prayer and sacrifice.

Obligations: It should never be forgotten that Gemma's League is a strictly spiritual society. While, of course, a great deal of money is needed for the support of our Passionist missions in China, and while many members of the League are



GEMMA GALGANI

generous in their regular money contributions to the missions, nevertheless members of the League are never asked for financial aid. There are not even any dues required of members, though a small offering to pay the expense of printing the monthly leaflet is expected.

The Reward; One who helps the spread of Christ's Kingdom on earth is hardly looking for any reward. We feel that the members of Gemma's League are satisfied with the knowledge that Almighty God knows their love for Him and knows also how to reward them for the practical display of their love! However, our members cannot be unaware that their very zeal must bring God's special blessings on themselves, their families and friends. Besides, they will surely merit the reward of an apostle for their spiritual and corporal works of mercy.

The Patron: Gemma Galgani, the White Passion Flower of Lucca, Italy, is the patron of the League. Born in 1878, she died in 1903. Her life was characterized by a singular devotion to the Sacred Passion of Our Blessed Lord. Denied the privilege of entering the Religious Life, she sanctified herself in the world, in the midst of ordinary household duties, and by her prayers and sufferings did much for the salvation of souls. Her "cause" has been introduced and we hope soon to call her Blessed Gemma.

Headquarters: All requests for leaflets, and all correspondence relating to Gemma's League should be addressed to the Reverend Director, Gemma's League, care of THE SIGN, Union City, New Jersey.

SPIRITUAL TREASURY FOR THE MONTH OF DECEMBER

Masses said.....	12
Masses heard.....	27,606
Holy Communions.....	21,566
Visits to B. Sacrament.....	51,151
Spiritual Communions.....	71,817
Benediction Services.....	12,844
Sacrifices, Sufferings.....	62,592
Stations of the cross.....	13,127
Visits to the Crucifix.....	20,210
Beads of the Five Wounds.....	12,822
Offerings of PP. Blood.....	137,089
Visits to Our Lady.....	22,622
Rosaries.....	49,106
Beads of the Seven Dolors.....	16,529
Ejaculatory Prayers.....	1,825,245
Hours of Study, Reading.....	20,926
Hours of Labor.....	75,689
Acts of Kindness, Charity.....	25,374
Acts of Zeal.....	58,354
Prayers, Devotions.....	499,430
Hours of Silence.....	49,299
Various Works.....	528,382
Holy Hours.....	688

✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ "Restrain Not Grace From The Dead." (Eci. 7, 39.) ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠

KINDLY remember in your prayers and good works the following recently deceased relatives and friends of our subscribers:

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KATHERINE SEVENICH
MARGARET HARTERY
ROBERT W. NOONAN
MICHAEL CONROY
NICHOLAS HORVATH
WANDA POWER
GEORGE LEBER
JOHN KENNEDY
JOHN DANAHY
MARGARET LAWLOR
HELEN SPUBEL
LEO SCHAEFER
DELIA A. FITZGERALD
ERNEST BENDEL
STEPHEN M. COOKE
ELLEN CUNNINGHAM STATES
MRS. JOHN H. LAUER
JOHANNA QUINNAN
RICHARD L. HIGGINS

JOHN F. POWERS
KATE BROWNE
FRANK J. RAMISCH
MR. J. M. JENNINGS
HANNAH O'BRIEN
EUNICE A. GOODALE
PATRICK HANNON
KATHRYN HARRIS
ANTHONY POPLINSKI
MRS. POPLINSKI
MR. POPLINSKI
SARAH GREENWELL
NELLIE T. HARRIGAN
JOHN DEHS
MARY CONROY
KATHERINE M. KIERNAN
AGNES HOY
WILLIAM CROTTY, SR.
NELLIS S. CLARK
MARY HOHAN
EDWARD CAROLAN
JOHN BURNS
ELIZABETH DAYTON
MARY KENNEY
SUSANNA DIRR
JOHN PFRANG
JOHN KESSLER
MARY E. RILEY
CHARLES I. FAHY
JOSEPH MARTIN
BRIDGET FORD
DELIA HOGAN
ALEX KUNZLE
MARY DOYLE
MARY WIVELL
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WALTER SCOTT
DR. I. LEWIS JERGE
THOMAS KING
WILLIAM KING
THOMAS DEGNAN
MRS. MICHAEL HONAN
GENEVIEVE HESSELL
FRANCIS J. O'NEIL
MRS. DAVID S. MORAN
MARY ROGAN
ANDREW J. FLYNN

MAY their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace.
Amen.

Who Will Die Tonight?—

THOUSANDS! Who they shall be, no one knows. I, myself, may be among them. From my heart I pray God that when the summons comes, no matter when or where, I may be ready to give an account of my stewardship. Before I die I must settle my affairs. The things that concern my soul are of chief importance and must come first. I have today in which to get ready. Tomorrow may be too late.

Besides my spiritual affairs I must look after my worldly affairs. Have I made my will? What do I wish to become of my property? Even though I have very little to leave, I should give some of it to God's service.

LEGAL FORM FOR DRAWING UP YOUR WILL

*I hereby give and bequeath to **PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INCORPORATED**, a Society existing under the laws of the State of New Jersey, the sum of (\$.....) for the purpose of the Society as specified in the Act of Incorporation. And I hereby direct my executor to pay said sum to the Treasurer of **PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INCORPORATED**, taking his receipt therefor within..... months after my demise.*

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand this.....day of, 19.....

*Signed..... Witness.....
Witness..... Witness.....*

Painless Giving ♦ ♦ ♦



GOOD THING to have in the house is a Mite Box or a Dime Bank. They are convenient receptacles for your loose change. What you put into them you will probably not miss. This is a sort of painless giving. If you do miss it, so much the better for the cause for which you make the sacrifice. Self-sacrifice money has a double value; it has a certain buying power and it surely carries a blessing. Which do you want—the Box or the Bank? You may have both, if you wish.

Address: **PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INC., THE SIGN, UNION CITY, N. J.**

Just drop us a line asking for a Box or a Bank. It will be sent you by return mail!

Please write or print Name and Address very plain.

FOR CHRIST'S CAUSE:

— 3 SUGGESTIONS —

MISSION NEEDS



1 Readers of THE SIGN, particularly of our mission department, cannot but be aware of the many and pressing needs of our missionary Fathers and Sisters in China. Their personal wants are few and simple. Were they seeking their own ease and comfort they would not abandon the luxuries of America for the hardships of China. They require a great deal of money for the building and maintenance of chapels, schools, orphanages, dispensaries, homes for the aged and crippled. They are dependent for this money upon the generosity of their American friends and benefactors. They do not look for large donations, but are counting on the consistent giving of small amounts. Please remember that they are grateful for pennies as well as dollars.

STUDENT BURSES



2 Not only do we need money for our missionaries already in the field; we also need funds for the education and support of young men studying for the holy priesthood. God is blessing our Order with an abundance of splendid vocations. Some of these aspirants pay full tuition, others pay part, but others are too poor to pay anything. No worthy aspirant, however, will be rejected simply because of his poverty. About \$300 per year is required for the support of a student. To provide means for poor students we are appealing for student burses. A burse is \$5,000, the interest on which will support and educate a poor student in perpetuity. Can a better cause than that of bringing worthy young men into the priesthood of Christ appeal to the sympathy and generosity of a convinced Catholic? If you cannot give an entire burse, your contribution, however small, will aid in the starting or completing of a burse.

YOUR LAST WILL



3 It has been well said that it is a poor Will which does not name Our Lord Jesus Christ among its beneficiaries. No Catholic should ever forget that whatever he has he owes to God Almighty. To give His Cause some of it is doing Him no compliment whatever. He owns us and everything we have. May we suggest this special provision to be embodied in your last Will:

I hereby give and bequeath to Passionist Missions, Inc., a corporation organized and existing under the laws of the State of New Jersey, the sum of (\$) Dollars, and I further direct that any and all taxes that may be levied upon this bequest be fully paid out of the residue of my estate.

The above clause incorporated in your last Will and Testament will enable the Passionist Missions properly and legally to receive whatever bequest you may care to make for their benefit, and your generosity will be kept in spiritual remembrance.

YOUR COOPERATION SOLICITED!

Address: PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INC., UNION CITY, N. J.

Where Put Your Money?

GET A
LIFE INCOME

6% to 9%

HELP CHRIST'S
CAUSE

What is an Annuity Bond?

An Annuity Bond is a contract between Passionist Missions, Inc., and the holder of the Bond, who is called an Annuitant.

♦ ♦ ♦

What does this Contract consist in?

The Annuitant makes an outright gift to Passionist Missions, Inc., and Passionist Missions, Inc., binds itself to pay a specified sum of money to the Annuitant as long as the Annuitant lives.

♦ ♦ ♦

What is the amount paid to the Annuitant?

The sum ranges from six to nine per cent interest on the amount of the gift given.

♦ ♦ ♦

What determines the rate of interest?

The age of the Annuitant.

♦ ♦ ♦

When do payments on a Bond begin?

Interest is reckoned from day the Annuitant's money is received. First payment is made six months later and thereafter payments are made semi-annually.

♦ ♦ ♦

When do payments cease?

On the death of the Annuitant.

♦ ♦ ♦

If Bond is lost, do payments cease?

By no means. Payments are made regularly and promptly as long as the Annuitant lives.

♦ ♦ ♦

What is the price of Annuity Bonds?

Five Hundred Dollars and upwards.

♦ ♦ ♦

Are Liberty Bonds accepted?

Liberty Bonds, at their market value, are received in payment for Annuity Bonds, but not real estate or mortgages.

You can't take it
with you!

Will you hoard or
spend it?

Give it away or
make a Will?

Why not buy Life
Annuities?

Can Annuity Bonds be sold by Annuitants?

No. An Annuity Bond has no market value.

♦ ♦ ♦

How can I get an Annuity Bond?

Send to Passionist Missions, Inc., Union City, N. J., the sum you wish to give; also send full name, with date and year of birth.

♦ ♦ ♦

What is Passionist Missions, Inc.?

It is a duly authorized Catholic Missionary Society incorporated under the laws of the State of New Jersey.

♦ ♦ ♦

What are its purposes?

Its purposes, for which it uses the gifts of Annuitants, are the education of young men for the priesthood, and the spread of the Faith through home and foreign missions.

♦ ♦ ♦

What advantages have Annuity Bonds?

1. PERMANENCE: An Annuity Bond never requires reinvestment.
2. ABUNDANT YIELD: The rate of interest is the highest consistent with absolute safety.
3. SECURITY: Annuity Bonds are secured by the moral as well as financial backing of the Passionist Order.
4. FREEDOM FROM WORRY: Annuitants are relieved from the care of property in their old age; are saved from the temptation to invest their savings unwisely; and have the ease of mind obtained by the banishment of anxiety.
5. ECONOMY: There are no commissions, lawyers' fees or waste in legal contests.
6. STEADY INCOME: The income from Annuity Bonds does not decline.
7. CONTRIBUTION TO THE CAUSE OF CHRIST: An Annuity Bond makes the Annuitant an active sharer in the missionary work of the Passionist Fathers in building up the Kingdom of Christ at home and abroad, and a perpetual benefactor of the Passionist Order, participating in many rich spiritual blessings.

For Further Information Write to

PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INC., *Care of The Sign*, UNION CITY, NEW JERSEY

